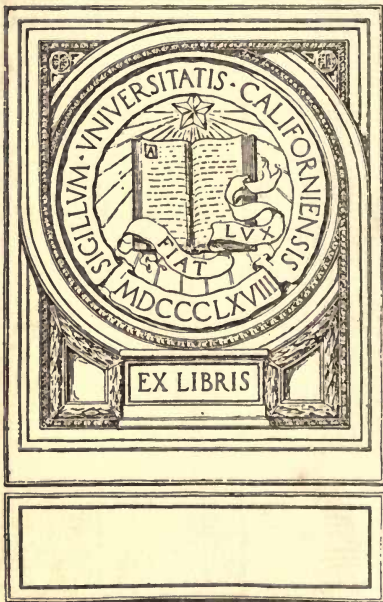


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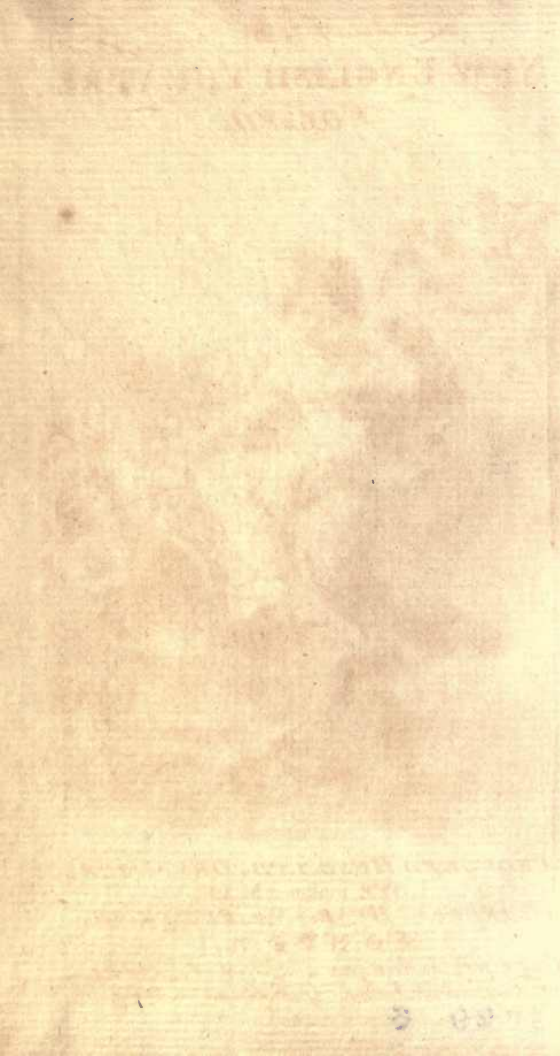












*THE*  
**NEW ENGLISH THEATRE,**  
*VOL. VII.*

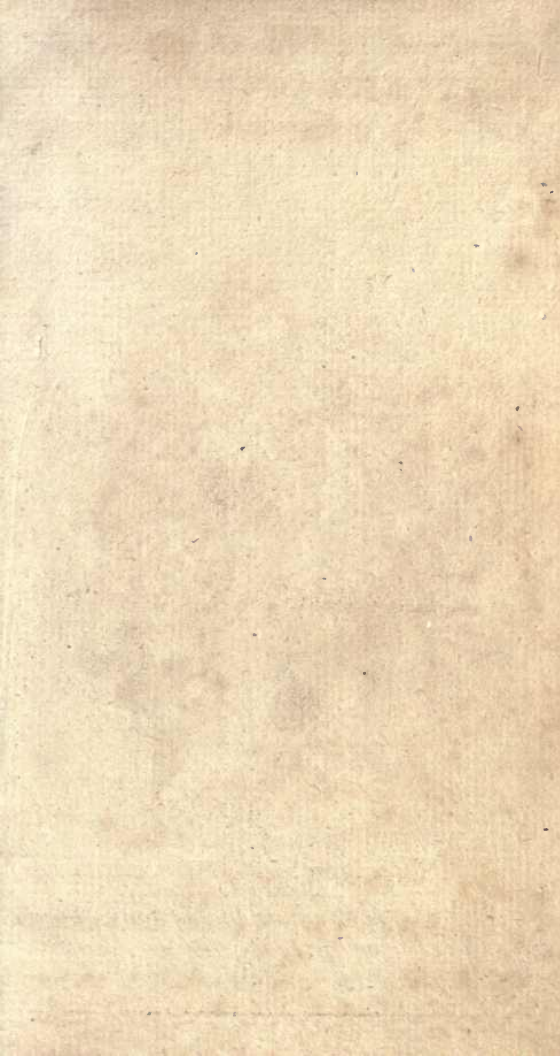


*Anger* *Byron*  
**PROVOKED HUSBAND, DRUMMER,**  
**LOVE makes a MAN,**  
**CARELESS HUSBAND, FUNERAL.**

**END**

Printed for J. Rivington and Sons, J. Dodsley,  
 J. Longman, J. Lowndes, G. Robinson &c. 1777.

6346



# PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Act II.

Scene the last.



*Dodd ad viv del.*

*Reading sculp.*

**MR. MACKLIN and MR. DUNSTALL,**  
*in the Characters of*

**S<sup>R</sup> FRANCIS WRONGHEAD and JOHN MOODY.**

Sir Fran. Odoobud! if I take him in hand  
I'll play the Devil with him.

*published Decr. 24 by J. Lowndes & Partners.*



THE  
*PROVOK'D HUSBAND;*  
OR,  
*A JOURNEY to LONDON.*

A  
C O M E D Y,

WRITTEN BY

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and Mr. CIBBER.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s   B O O K ,

A T   T H E

*Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden,*

— VIVIT TANQUAM VICINA MARITI,      Juv. Sat. VI,



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. LOWNDES, N<sup>o</sup> 77,  
IN FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

¶ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 16 to 20 in Page 19.—*Also*, The Additions made at the Theatres are distinguished by *Italics*, between inverted Commas; as at Line 32 in Page 50.

AMERICAN TO VINDICATE  
HONORABLE MENTIONS

# P R O L O G U E.

*THIS Play took birth from principles of truth,  
To make amends for errors past, of youth.  
A Bard, that's now no more, in riper days,  
Conscious review'd the licence of his plays :  
And though applause his wanton muse had fir'd,  
Himself condemn'd what sensual minds admir'd.  
At length he own'd, that plays should let you see  
Not only what you are, but ought to be :  
Though vice was natural, 'twas never meant,  
The stage should shew it, but for punishment !  
Warm with that thought, his muse once more took flame,  
Resolv'd to bring licentious life to shame,  
Such was the piece his latest pen design'd,  
But left no traces of his plan behind.  
Luxuriant scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd ;  
Yet, through the mass, his native fire surviv'd :  
Rough as rich ore, in mines the treasure lay,  
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a play.  
In which the bold compiler boasts no merit,  
But that his pains have sav'd you scenes of spirit,  
Not scenes, that would a noisy joy impart,  
But such as hush the mind, and warm the heart.  
From praise of hands no sure account he draws,  
But fixt attention is sincere applause.  
If then (for hard you'll own the task) his art  
Can to those embryo-scenes new life impart,  
The Living proudly would exclude his lays,  
And to the Buried bard resign the praise.*

# Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

## M E N.

Lord Townly, of a regular life	_____	At Covent Garden.	Drury Lane.
Mr. Manly, admirer of Lady Grace	_____	Mr. LEWIS.	Mr. SMITH.
Sir Francis Wronghead, a country gentleman	_____	Mr. CLARKE.	Mr. PACKER.
'Squire Richard, son to Sir Francis, a mere welp	_____	Mr. MACKLIN.	Mr. YATES.
John Moody, servant to Sir Francis; an honest clown	_____	Mr. QUICK.	Mr. BURTON.
Count Bassett, a gamester	_____	Mr. DUNSTALL.	Mr. MOODY.
	_____	Mr. LEE LEWES.	Mr. DODD.

## W O M E N.

Lady Townly, immoderate in her pursuit of pleasures	_____	Mrs. BARRY.	Mrs. YATES.
Lady Grace, sister to Lord Townly, of exemplary virtue	_____	Mrs. BULKLEY.	Miss SHERRY.
Lady Wronghead, wife to Sir Francis, inclin'd to be a fine lady	_____	Miss MACKLIN.	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Miss Jenny, daughter to Sir Francis; pert and forward	_____	Mrs. MATTOCKS.	Mrs. DAVIES.
Mrs. Motherly, one that lets lodgings	_____	Mrs. POUSSIN	Mrs. CROSS.
Myrtilia, her niece, seduc'd by the Count	_____	Mrs. WHITEFIELD.	Miss PLATT.
Mrs. Trusty, Lady Townly's woman	_____	Mrs. WILLEMS.	Mrs. JOHNSON.

*Masqueraders, Constables, Servants, &c.*

*The SCENE Lord Townly's House, and sometimes Sir Francis's Lodgings.*

T H E  
P R O V O K ' D H U S B A N D ;  
Or, A J O U R N E Y t o L O N D O N .

---

ACT I. SCENE Lord Townly's Apartment.

Lord Townly *solus*.

W H Y did I marry ?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of so different a way of thinking ? —Is there one article of it, that she has not broke in upon ?—Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That—I have no reason to believe is in question—But then how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking question ! and her presumption while she keeps it—insupportable ! for on the pride of that single virtue, she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice, this fertile town affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a woman of quality—Amazing ! that a creature so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness — Thus, while she admits no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband ; and while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch ! is left at large to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time indeed some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet let me not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient ; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable—Here she comes —Let me be calm a while.

*Enter Lady Townly.*

Going out so soon after dinner, madam ?

*La. Town.* Lard, my Lord ! what can I possibly do at home ?



6 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND ; Or,

*L. Town.* What does my sister, Lady Grace, do at home ?

*La. Town.* Why, that is to me amazing ! Have you ever any pleasure at home ?

*L. Town.* It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

*La. Town.* Comfortable ! and so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit, stay at home to comfort her husband ! Lord ! what notions of life some men have !

*Is. Town.* Don't you think, madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant ?

*La. Town.* Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the pen of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed !

*L. Town.* And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of 'em then ?

*La. Town.* Oh ! this world is not so ill bred, as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

*L. Town.* Nor am I, madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it ; in short, the life you lead, madam——

*La. Town.* Is, to me, the pleasanter life in the world.

*L. Town.* I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

*La. Town.* Why, whom would you have her please ?

*L. Town.* Sometimes her husband.

*La. Town.* And don't you think a husband under the same obligation ?

*L. Town.* Certainly.

*La. Town.* Why then we are agreed, my lord —— For if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home —— which you know is the case —— is it not equally reasonable, not to come home till one's a weary of being abroad ?

*L. Town.* If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

*La. Town.* Don't let it be long a coming then —— for I am in haste.

*L. Town.* Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

*La. Town.* Before I know the question ?

*L. Town.*

A JOURNEY TO LONDON. 7

*L. Town.* Pshaw—have I power, madam, to make you serious by intreaty ?

*La. Town.* You have.

*L. Town.* And you promise to answer me sincerely ?

*La. Town.* Sincerely.

*L. Town.* Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously, why you married me ?

*La. Town.* You insist upon truth, you say ?

*L. Town.* I think I have a right to it.

*La. Town.* Why then, my lord, to give you at once a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures, while I was a single woman.

*L. Town.* How, madam, is any woman under less restraint after marriage, than before it ?

*La. Town.* O my lord ! my lord ! they are quite different creatures ! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

*L. Town.* Name one.

*La. Town.* Fifty, if you please—To begin then, in the morning—a married woman may have men at her toilet, invite them to dinner, appoint them a party in a stage box at the play ; engross the conversation there, call 'em by their Christian names ; talk louder than the players ;—from thence jaunt into the city—take a frolicksome supper at an India house—perhaps, in her *gaieté de cœur*, toast a pretty fellow—then clatter again to this end of the town, break with the morning into an assembly, crowd to the hazard table, throw a familiar levant upon some sharp lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry—you'll owe it him, to vex him ! ha ! ha !

*L. Town.* Prodigious ! *[Aside.*

*La. Town.* These now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife from that of a single woman.

*L. Town.* Death ! madam, what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife, than an unmarried woman ?

*La. Town.* Why the strongest law in the world, custom—custom time out of mind, my lord.

## 8 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

*L. Town.* Custom, madam, is the law of fools : but it shall never govern me.

*La. Town.* Nay then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

*L. Town.* I wish I could see an instance of it.

*La. Town.* You shall have one this moment, my lord : for I think, when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why — she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again.

[*Going.*

*L. Town.* Hold, madam — I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the life we lead ! You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity : for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

*La. Town.* Oh ! don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have my senses !

*L. Town.* What is it I have done to you ? what can you complain of ?

*La. Town.* Oh ! nothing in the least : 'tis true, you have heard me say I have owed my lord Lurcher an hundred pounds these three weeks — but what then — a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know — and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him ? as long as he loves her, to be sure she can have nothing to complain of.

*L. Town.* By Heav'n, if my whole fortune thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the chearful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

*La. Town.* That is, my lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

*L. Town.* No, madam ; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine ; but, different as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it — Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home — at least it shall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company. — There, there's a bill of five hundred — and now, madam —

*La. Town.* And now, my lord, down to the ground I thank you — Now am I convinced, were I weak enough

enough to love this man, I should never get a single guinea from him. *[Aside.]*

*L. Town.* If it be no offence, madam—

*La. Town.* Say what you please, my lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

*L. Town.* How long, in reason then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

*La. Town.* Oh! my dear, dear lord! now you have spoil'd all again! How is it possible I should answer for an event that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get money, than to throw it away—I have a strong possession, that with this five hundred I shall win five thousand.

*L. Town.* Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

*La. Town.* O! the churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!—Ten thousand! O! the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas! O' my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit——she——she might lose 'em all again!

*L. Town.* And I had rather it should be so, madam; provided I could be sure that were the last you would lose.

*La. Town.* Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good housewife I can; I am now going to a party at quadrille, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the duchess of Quiteright. *[Exit Lady Townly.]*

*L. Town.* Insensible creature! neither reproaches or indulgence, kindness or severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual licence has lull'd her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence, as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken!—But how to cure it—I am afraid the physic must be strong that reaches her—Lenitives, I see, are to no purpose—take my friend's opinion—Manly will speak freely—my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case—I'll talk with 'em.

10 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know if your lordship was at home.

*L. Town.* They did not deny me?

*Serv.* No, my lord.

*L. Town.* Very well; step up to my sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

*Serv.* Lady Grace is here, my lord. [*Ex. Serv.*

*Enter Lady Grace.*

*L. Town.* So, lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

*La. Grace.* A huge folio, that has almost kill'd me—I think I have half read my eyes out.

*L. Town.* O! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

*La. Grace.* That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

*L. Town.* Who's there?

*Enter Servant.*

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly.

*La. Grace.* And why is he excepted, pray, my lord?

*L. Town.* I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company?

*La. Grace.* Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

*L. Town.* And your ladyship's inquiry into the reason of those orders, shew, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you!

*La. Grace.* Lord, you make the oddest constructions, brother!

*L. Town.* Look you, my grave lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

*La. Grace.* I can't help that.

*L. Town.* Hah! you can't help it! ha! ha! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable!

*La. Grace.* Pooh! you teaze one, brother!

*L. Town.* Come, I beg pardon, child—this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope, you'll give me leave to be serious.



*La. Grace.* If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me——I know nothing of it.

*L. Town.* Well——there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it——But in short, I find, by his conversation of late, he has been looking round the world for a wife; and, if you were to look round the world for a husband, he's the first man I would give to you.

*La. Grace.* Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

*L. Town.* O! that's the last thing he'll do; he'll never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refus'd.

*La. Grace.* Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

*L. Town.* Not directly; but that imports nothing: he is a man too well acquainted with the female world, to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examin'd proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which as yet, (notwithstanding our friendship) I have neither declin'd nor encourag'd him to.

*La. Grace.* I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking: for to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me: you know he has a satyrical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue: and upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

*L. Town.* You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer, without scorn or coquetry.

*La. Grace.* Hush! he's here——

*Enter Mr. Manly.*

*Man.* My lord! your most obedient.

*L. Town.* Dear Manly! yours—I was thinking to send to you.

12 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND ; Or,

*Man.* Then I am glad I am here, my lord——Lady Grace, I kiss your hands !——What ! only you two ! how many visits may a man make, before he falls in to such unfashionable company ? A brother and sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding ! I question if there is so particular a tête-à-tête again, in the whole parish of St. James's !

*La. Grace.* Fy ! fy ! Mr. Manly ; how censorious you are.

*Man.* I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I saw you an exception to it——Where's my lady ?

*L. Town.* That I believe is impossible to guess.

*Man.* Then I won't try, my lord——

*L. Town.* But 'tis probable I may hear of her by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

*Man.* Now if that were my case, I believe I should——But I beg pardon, my lord.

*L. Town.* Indeed, sir, you shall not : you will oblige me if you speak out, for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

*Man.* Why then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed——If that were my case——I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

*La. Grace.* How do you mean ?

*Man.* Only a compliment, madam.

*La. Grace.* A compliment !

*Man.* Yes, madam, in rather turning myself out of doors than her.

*La. Grace.* Don't you think that would be going too far ?

*Man.* I don't know but it might, madam ; for, in strict justice, I think, she ought rather to go than I.

*La. Grace.* This is new doctrine, Mr. Manly.

*Man.* As old, madam, as *Love, Honour, and Obey !* When a woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a man balance any thing that's right ?

*La. Grace.* Bless me ! but this is fomenting things——

*Man.* Fomentations, madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel tumours : tho' I don't directly advise my lord to do this——This is only what, upon the same provocation, I would do myself.

*La. Grace.*

*La. Grace.* Ay! ay! you would do! Bachelors' wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

*Man.* If the married men's were as well—I am apt to think we should not see so many mutual plagues taking the air in separate coaches!

*La. Grace.* Well! but suppose it your own case; would you part with a wife, because she now and then stays out in the best company?

*L. Town.* Well said, Lady Grace! come, stand up for the privilege of your sex! This is like to be a warm debate! I shall edify.

*Man.* Madam, I think a wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her husband's; and that frequent unseasonable hours make the best company—the worst company she can fall into.

*La. Grace.* But, if people of condition are to keep company with one another; how is it possible to be done, unless one conforms to their hours?

*Man.* I can't find that any woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

*L. Town.* I doubt, child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the question.

*La. Grace.* Why so, my lord? I can't think the case so bad as Mr. Manly states it—People of quality are not tied down to the rules of those who have their fortunes to make.

*Man.* No people, madam, are above being tied down to some rules, that have fortunes to lose.

*La. Grace.* Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

*L. Town.* Well! what say you to that, Manly?

*Man.* Why 'troth, my lord! I have something to say.

*La. Grace.* Ay! that I should be glad to hear now!

*L. Town.* Out with it!

*Man.* Then, in one word, this, my lord—I have often thought that the misconduct of my lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

*La. Grace.* Bless me!

*L. Town.*

14 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND : Or,

*L. Town.* My treatment !

*Man.* Ay, my lord; you so idoliz'd her before marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a mistress, after it: in short, you continu'd the lover, when you should have taken up the husband.

*La. Grace.* O frightful ! this is worse than t'other ! can a husband love a wife too well ?

*Man.* As easily, madam, as a wife may love her husband too little.

*L. Town.* So ! you two are never like to agree, I find.

*La. Grace.* Don't be positive, brother ;—I am afraid we are both of a mind already. [*Aside.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly ?

*Man.* Never, madam, 'till I can meet with a woman that likes my doctrine.

*La. Grace.* 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear it.

*Man.* Pity me, madam, when I marry the woman that won't hear it.

*La. Grace.* I think, at least, he can't say that's me. [*Aside.*]

*Man.* And so, my lord, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself ! And, mercy on us ! how many fine women's heads have been turn'd upon the same occasion !

*L. Town.* O Manly ! 'tis too true ! there's the source of my disquiet ! she knows, and has abus'd her power ! Nay, I am still so weak (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an hour ago that, in the midst of my impatience—I gave her another bill for five hundred, to throw away.

*Man.* Well—my lord ! to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for, the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

*La. Grace.* Ay, Mr. Manly ! here now I begin to come in with you : who knows, my lord, you may have a good account of your kindness !

*Man.* That, I am afraid, we had best not depend upon : but since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more ! and upon her ladyship's next fally, be a little rounder in your expostulation ;

expostulation; if that don't work———drop her some cool hints of a determin'd reformation, and leave her———to breakfast upon 'em.

*L. Town.* You are perfectly right! how valuable is a friend, in our anxiety!

*Man.* Therefore to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

*La. Grace.* Ay! for goodness sake, let's have done with this.

*L. Town.* With all my heart.

*La. Grace.* Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

*Man.* *A propos*———I have some, madam; and, I believe, my lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

*L. Town.* Pray, let's have it.

*Man.* Do you know, that your country neighbour, and my wise kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family.

*L. Town.* The fool! what can be his business here?

*Man.* Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you———No less than the business of the nation.

*L. Town.* Explain!

*Man.* He has carried his election———against Sir John Worthland.

*L. Town.* The deuce! what! for———for———

*Man.* The famous borough of *Guzzledown*!

*L. Town.* A proper representative, indeed.

*La. Grace.* Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

*Man.* You have din'd with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord, at Bellmont.

*La. Grace.* Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table, in making his compliments to my lady?

*Man.* The same.

*La. Grace.* Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

*Man.* Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a-year: though, as it was left him saddled with two jointures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is——But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse, young hussy, for love, without ever a penny of money! Thus having, like his brave  
ancestors,



16 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND: Or,

ancestors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon) he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what's left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament-man.

*L. Town.* A most admirable scheme, indeed!

*Man.* And with this politic prospect, he's now upon his journey to London——

*L. Town.* What can it end in?

*Man.* Pooh! a journey into the country again.

*L. Town.* Do you think he'll stir, 'till his money's gone? or at least, 'till the session's over?

*Man.* If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

*L. Town.* How so?

*Man.* O! a bitter business! he had scarce a vote, in the whole town, beside the returning officer: Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

*L. Town.* Then he has made a fine business of it indeed!

*Man.* Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done, in as few days as possible.

*La. Grace.* But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

*Man.* No, madam, I would only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

*La. Grace.* How are you concerned enough to do either?

*Man.* Why——— I have some obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy at this time a pretty estate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to: but——— by his being a booby; the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it me.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* [To Manly.] Sir, here's one of your servants from your house desires to speak with you.

*Man.* Will you give him leave to come in, my lord?

*L. Town.* Sir——— the ceremony's of your own making.

*Enter*



*Enter Manly's Servant.*

*Man.* Well, James! what's the matter now?

*Jam.* Sir, here's John Moody's just come to town; he says, Sir Francis and all the family will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

*Man.* Where is he?

*Jam.* At our house, sir: he has been gaping and stumping about the streets, in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a parliament-man, till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

*Man.* I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

*L. Town.* Pr'ythee! let's have him here: he will divert us.

*Man.* O, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

*La. Grace.* I beg of all things we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely!

*Man.* Then desire him to come hither, James.

*[Exit James.]*

*La. Grace.* Pray, what may be Mr. Moody's post?

*Man.* Oh! his *maître d'hôtel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman; and sometimes——his companion.

*L. Town.* It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down, in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public, in his own county.

*Man.* Yes; and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to dinner.

*La. Grace.* And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure, in her sphere too.

*Man.* That you may depend upon: for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses: and run in debt to all the shop-keepers that will let her into their  
books:

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books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds, by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille, in the parish of St. James's.

*L. Town.* So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship will be ready for a gaol.

*Man.* Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to London——— But see, here comes the fore-horse of the team!

*Enter John Moody.*

Oh! honest John!

*J. Mood.* Ad's waunds, and heart! measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a bufs! Why that's friendly naw! flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do master?———Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness——I did not see 'at his honour was here.

*L. Town.* Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family is well.

*J. Mood.* Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' th' road.

*La. Grace.* I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

*J. Mood.* Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

*Man.* What has been the matter, John?

*J. Mood.* Why, we came up, in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

*Man.* Come, tell us all———Pray how do they travel?

*J. Mood.* Why, i'th' owld coach, measter: and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to th' four owld geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach-and-six! And so Giles Joulter, the plowman, rides postilion!

*Man.* Very well! The journey sets out as it should do.

do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

*J. Mood.* Noa, noa, only the younk squire, and miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head a week, with Joan Growse, at Smoak-Dunghill farm.

*Man.* Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

*J. Mood.* Anon, sir! [*Not understanding him.*]

*La. Grace.* Poor souls! What will become of 'em?

*J. Mood.* Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, they are in very good hands: Joan loves 'um, an as thof' they were all her own: for she was wet-nurse to every mother's babe of 'um——Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a belly-full there!

*La. Grace.* What simplicity!

*Man.* The Lud 'a mercy upon all good folks!  
' What work will these people make!

[*Holding up his hands.*]

*L. Town.* And when do you expect them here, John?

*J. Mood.* Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld wheaze-belly horse tir'd: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash! down at once, in Waggon-Rut Lane, and there we lost four hours 'afore we could set things to rights again.

*Man.* So they bring all their baggage with the coach then?

*J. Mood.* Ay, ay, and good store on't there is——Why, my lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portmantel trunks, beside the great deal box, that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

*L. Town. La. Grace, and Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

*La. Grace.* Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

*J. Mood.* Why, there's my lady, and his worship; and the younk squire, and miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all——Only Doll puked a little with riding backwards, so they hoisted her into the coach-box——and then her stomach was easy.

*La. Grace.* Oh! I see 'em! I see 'em go by me.  
Ah! ha!

[*Laughing.*]

*J. Mood.*

*J. Mood.* Then you mun think, measter, there was some stowage for th' belly, as well as th' back too: childer are apt to be famisht upo' th' road; so we had such cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boil'd beef ——— And then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty as made th' owld coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to town, I say.

*Man.* Ay! And well out on't again, John.

*J. Mood.* Ods-bud! measter, you're a wise mon; and for that matter, so am I ——— Whoam's, whoam, I say: I'm sure we ha' got but little good, e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us, awth' dey lung! Crack! goes one thing: Bawnce! goes another. Woa! says Roger ——— Then sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw! cries miss! scream go the maids! and bawl, just an an' thof' they were stuck! And so mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in such murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I tould her, it was Childermas Day.

*Man.* These ladies, these ladies, John ———

*J. Mood.* Ah, measter! I ha' seen a little of 'em; and I find that the best ——— when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

*L. Town.* Well said, John. Ha! ha!

*Man.* I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still.

*J. Mood.* Ay! ay! much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me: tho' as for her goodness ——— why she was willing to come to London too ——— But hawld a bit! No, no, says I, there may be mischief enough done, without you.

*Man.* Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

*J. Mood.* Ah, weast heart! were measter but hawld the mon that I am ——— Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stawtly too sometimes ——— but then he conno' hawld it ——— no! he conno' hawld it.

*L. Town.*

*L. Town. La. Grace. and Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

*J. Mood.* Ods flesh! But I mun hye me whoam! I th' coach will be coming every hour naw — but measter charg'd me to find your worship out; for he has hugey business with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neck-cloth.

*Man.* O John! I'll wait upon him.

*J. Mood.* Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

*Man.* If you'll tell me where you lodge.

*J. Mood.* Just i th' street next to where your worship dwells, the sign of the Golden Ball ——— It's gold all over; where they sell ribbands, and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

*Man.* A milliner's?

*J. Mood.* Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly: Waunds! she has a couple of clever girls there a stitching i th' fore room.

*Man.* Yes, yes, she is a woman of good business, no doubt on't — Who recommended that house to you, John?

*J. Mood.* The greatest good fortune in the world, sure? For as I was gaping about streets, who should look out of the window there, but the fine gentleman, that was always riding by our coach side, at York races — Count — Count Basset; ay, that's he.

*Man.* Basset? Oh, I remember? I know him by sight.

*J. Mood.* Well! to be sure, as civil a gentleman, to see to ———

*Man.* As any sharper in town. [*Aside.*]

*J. Mood.* At York, he used to breakfast with my lady every morning.

*Man.* Yes, yes, and I suppose her ladyship will return his compliment here in town. [*Aside.*]

*J. Mood.* Well, measter ———

*L. Town.* My service to Sir Francis, and my lady, John.

*La. Grace.* And mine, pray, Mr. Moody.

*J. Mood.* Ah, your honors; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

*Man.* I'll bring my compliments myself: So, honest John ———

*J. Mood.*



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*J. Mood.* Dear measter Monly! the goodness of goodness blefs and preserve you. [*Exit J. Moody.*]

*L. Town.* What a natural creature 'tis!

*La. Grace.* Well! I can't but think John, in a wet afternoon in the country, must be very good company.

*L. Town.* O! the tramontane! If this were known at half the quadrille-tables in town, they wou'd lay down their cards to laugh at you.

*La. Grace.* And the minute they took them up again they would do the same at the losers——But to let you see, that I think good company may sometimes want cards, to keep them together, What think you, if we three sat soberly down, to kill an hour at ombre?

*Man.* I shall be too hard for you, madam.

*La. Grace.* No matter! I shall have as much advantage of my lord, as you have of me.

*L. Town.* Say you so, madam? Have at you then! Here! Get the ombre-table, and cards.

[*Ex. L. Town.*]

*La. Grace.* Come, Mr. Manly——I know you don't forgive me now?

*Man.* I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam: Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

*La. Grace.* I'm sorry my Lord is not here to take his share of the compliment——But he'll wonder what's become of us!

*Man.* I'll follow in a moment, madam——[*Exit*

*La. Grace.*]*—It must be so——She sees, I love her——Yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation! How amiable is every hour of her conduct! What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recover'd in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments, that pride, folly, and falshood ever gave me!*

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,

What Halcyon days were in the gift of wives!

Vain rovers, then, might envy, what they hate;

And only fools would mock the married state.

[*Exit.*]

A C T.



## ACT II. SCENE Mrs. Motherly's House.

*Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.*

*C. Bas.* **I** Tell you there is not such a family in England, for you! Do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body, that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

*Moth.* Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the gentleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

*C. Bas.* Pshaw! Pr'ythee never trouble thy head——His pay is as good as the Bank!—Why he has above two thousand pounds a year.

*Moth.* Alas-a-day! that's nothing: your people of ten thousand a year have ten thousand things to do with it.

*C. Bas.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly.

*Moth.* As how?

*C. Bas.* Why I have a game in my hand, in which if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

*Moth.* Say you so?—Why then, I go, Sir—and now pray let's see your game.

*C. Bas.* Look you, in one word, my cards lie thus—When I was down this summer at York, I happened to lodge in the same house with this Knight's lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

*Moth.* Did you so, Sir?

*C. Bas.* And sometimes had the honour to breakfast, and pass an idle hour with her——

*Moth.* Very good; and here I suppose you would have the impudence to sup, and be busy with her.

*C. Bas.* Pshaw! pr'ythee hear me!

*Moth.* Is this your game? I would not give sixpence for it! What, you have a passion for her pin-money—no, no, country ladies are not so flush of it!

*C. Bas.*

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*C. Bas.* Nay! if you won't have patience——

*Moth.* One had need to have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate! Is this your way of making my poor niece Myrtilia easy?

*C. Bas.* Death! I shall do it still, if the woman will but let me speak——

*Moth.* Had not you a letter from her this morning?

*C. Bas.* I have it here in my pocket—this is it.

[*Shews it, and puts it up again.*]

*Moth.* Ay, but I don't find you have made any answer to it.

*C. Bas.* How the devil can I, if you won't hear me?

*Moth.* What! hear you talk of another woman?

*C. Bas.* O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her fortune—'Ounds! I'll marry her.

*Moth.* A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a maid, your stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

*C. Bas.* Hey day! why your head begins to turn, my dear! The devil! you did not think I propos'd to marry her myself!

*Moth.* If you don't, who the devil do you think will marry her?

*C. Bas.* Why, a fool——

*Moth.* Humh! there may be sense in that——

*C. Bas.* Very good—One for t'other then; if I can help her to a husband, why should not you come into my scheme of helping me to a wife?

*Moth.* Your pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable affair, you know, you may command me——but pray where is this blessed wife and husband to be had?

*C. Bas.* Now have a little patience——You must know then, this country knight, and his lady, bring up, in the coach with them, their eldest son, and a daughter, to teach them to—wash their faces, and turn their toes out.

*Moth.* Good!

*C. Bas.* The son is an unlick'd whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school; and begins to hanker after every wench in the family: the daughter, much of the same age, a pert, forward hussy, who, having eight thousand pounds left her by an old doating grandmother

grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be doing, in her way too.

*Moth.* And your design is, to put her into business for life?

*C. Bas.* Look you, in short, Mrs. Motherly, we gentlemen, whose occasional chariots roll only upon the four aces, are liable sometimes, you know, to have a wheel out of order; which, I confess, is so much my case, at present, that my dapple-greys are reduced to a pair of ambling chair-men: now if, with your assistance, I can whip up this young jade into a hackney-coach, I may chance, in a day or two after, to carry her in my own chariot, *en famille*, to an opera. Now what do you say to me?

*Moth.* Why, I shall not sleep—for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the family's smothering your design?

*C. Bas.* By renewing my addresses to the mother.

*Moth.* And how will the daughter like that, think you?

*C. Bas.* Very well—whilst it covers her own affair.

*Moth.* That's true — it must do—but, as you say, one for t'other Sir—I stick to that—if you don't do my niece's business with the son, I'll blow you with the daughter, depend upon't.

*C. Bas.* It's a bet—pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred shall be stak'd in a third hand.

*Moth.* That's honest——But here comes my niece! shall we let her into the secret?

*C. Bas.* Time enough! may be I may touch upon it.

*Enter Myrtila.*

*Moth.* So niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

*Myr.* Yes, madam; but Mr. Moody tells us the lady always burns wax in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

*Moth.* Odsso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; this is a busy time, you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

*C. Bas.* Myrtila! how dost thou do, child?

*Myr.* As well as a losing gamester can.

*C. Bas.* Why, what have you lost?

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*Myr.* What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it don't seem to be much the better for't.

*C. Bas.* Why, child, dost thou ever see any body overjoy'd for winning a deep stake, six months after its over?

*Myr.* Would I had never play'd for it!

*C. Bas.* Pishah! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

*Myr.* Dull ones.

*C. Bas.* Useful ones, perhaps — suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

*Myr.* I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

*C. Bas.* What do you think of the young country 'squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

*Myr.* How should I know what to think of him?

*C. Bas.* Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you——' Hark! what bustle's that without?'

*Enter Mrs. Motherly, in haste.*

*Moth.* Sir! Sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door! they are all come!

*C. Bas.* What, already?

*Moth.* They are just getting out—won't you step, and lead in my lady? Do you be in the way, niece! I must run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

*C. Bas.* And think of what I told you. [*Exit Count.*]

*Myr.* Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live——' A faithless fellow!' I am sure, I have been true to him; and for that only reason, he wants to be rid of me: ' But ' while women are weak, men will be rogues! ' And, for a bane to both their joys and ours, when ' our vanity indulges them, in such innocent favours as make them adore us; we can never be ' well, 'till we grant them the very one, that puts ' an end to their devotion.' — But here comes my aunt, and the company.

*Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wrong-head led by Count Basset.*

*Moth.* If your ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour,

parlour, madam, only for the present, 'till your servants have got all your things in.

*La. Wrong.* Well! dear sir, this is so infinitely obliging—I protest it gives me pain tho', to turn you out of your lodging thus!

*C. Bas.* No trouble in the least, madam; we single fellows are soon mov'd; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hindrance.

*Moth.* The Count is so well bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more, to accommodate your ladyship.

*La. Wrong.* O dear madam!—A good well-bred sort of a woman. *[Apart to the Count.]*

*C. Bas.* O, madam, she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

*La. Wrong.* Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

*Moth.* Now your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

*La. Wrong.* I am mighty glad of that! for really I think people of quality should always live among one another.

*C. Bas.* 'Tis what one would chuse, indeed, madam.

*La. Wrong.* Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

*Moth.* Sir Francis, madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

*Sir Fran.* *[within]* John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out——Come, children.

*Moth.* Here they are, madam.

*Enter Sir Francis, 'Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.*

*Sir Fran.* Well, Count! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed!

*C. Bas.* Sir Francis! give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

*Sir Fran.* Pshah! how dost do mon——Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this!

*C. Bas.* Is not that Master Richard!

*Sir. Fran.* Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful——why dost not baw, Dick?



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'*Squ. Rich.* So I do, feyther.

*C. Basf.* Sir, I am glad to see you——I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

*Sir Fran.* Come forward, Jenny.

*Jenny.* Sure, papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

*C. Basf.* If I have permission to approach her, Sir Francis ——

*Jenny.* Lord, sir, I am in such a frightful pickle——  
[*Salute.*

*C. Basf.* Every dress that's proper must become you, madam——you have been a long journey.

*Jenny.* I hope you'll see me in better, to-morrow, sir.

[*La. Wrong. whispers Mrs. Moth. pointing to Myrt.*

*Moth.* Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me; she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance, in her power.

*La. Wrong.* A pretty sort of a young woman ——  
*Jenny,* you two must be acquainted.

*Jenny.* O, mama! I am never strange, in a strange place!  
[*Salutes Myr.*

*Myr.* You do me a great deal of honour, madam ——  
Madam, your ladyship's welcome to London.

*Jenny.* Mama! I like her prodigiously! she call'd me, my ladyship.

'*Squ. Rich.* Pray, mother, maun't I be acquainted with her too!

*La. Wrong.* You! you clown! stay 'till you learn a little more breeding first.

*Sir Fran.* Od's-heart! my lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put hiimself forward?

'*Squ. Rich.* Why ay, feather, does mother think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

*Myr.* Master has so much good-humour, madam, he would soon gain upon any body. [*He kisses Myr.*

'*Squ. Rich.* Lo'you theere moather: and yow would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

*La. Wrong.* Why how now, firrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

'*Squ. Rich.* Why, 'an I know nobody, haw the murrain



murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you, and I, and sifter, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one-and-thirty bone-ace, purely.

*Jenny.* Speak for yourself, sir! d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

'*Squ. Rich.* Why and you woan't, yo' ma' let it aloane; then she, and I, may hap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

*Sir Fran.* Noa! noa! Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

*Myr.* If master pleases, I'll shew it him.

'*Squ. Rich.* What! th' Humber! Hoy-day! why does our river run to this tawn, feyther?

*Sir Fran.* Pooh! you silly tony! Ombre is a geam at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but sifter is always so cross-grain'd ———

*Jenny.* Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people — and one has really been stuff'd up in a coach so long, that ——— Pray, madam ——— could not I get a little powder for my hair?

*Myr.* If you please to come along with me, madam.

[*Ex. Myr. and Jenny.*]

'*Squ. Rich.* What, has sifter ta'en her away naw! mefs, I'll go, and have a little game with 'em.

[*Ex. after them.*]

*La. Wrong.* Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change you lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thou'st nowght to do.

*C. Basf.* Well, Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

*Sir Fran.* Why ay naw, that's hearty!

*Moth.* Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

*La. Wrong.* If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

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*Moth.* Very well, madam: it shall be ready immediately. [Exit Mrs. Motherly.]

*La. Wrong.* Won't you walk up, sir?

*Sir Fran.* Moody!

*C. Basf.* Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, madam!

*La. Wrong.* Lard! don't mind him! he will come, if he likes it.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, ne'er heed me —— I ha' things to look after, [Ex. La. Wrong, and Count Basf.]

*Enter John Moody.*

*J. Mood.* Did your worship want muh?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, is the coach clear'd? and all our things in?

*J. Mood.* Aw but a few bandboxes, and the nook that's left o'th' goose poy —— But a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us the slip, I think —— I suppose he's goan to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of 'um in this tawn —— but heavy Ralph is skawer'd after him.

*Sir Fran.* Why let him go to the devil! —— no matter and the hawnds had had him a month agoe —— but I wish the coach and horses were got safe to th' inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John, therefore I would have you goa along with Roger, and see that no body runs away with them before they get to the stable.

*J. Mood.* Alas-a-day, sir; I believe our owld cattle woant yeafily be run away with to-night —— but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best care we can of 'um, poor sawls.

*Sir Fran.* Well, well; make haste then ——

*[Moody goes out, and returns.]*

*J. Mood.* Od's-flesh! here's measter Monl; come to wait upo' your worship!

*Sir Fran.* Where is he?

*J. Mood.* Just coming in, at threshould.

*Sir Fran.* Then goa about your business.

*[Ex. Moody.]*

*Enter Manly.*

Cousin Monly! sir, I am your very humble servant.

*Man.* I heard you were come, Sir Francis —— and ——

*Sir*

*Sir Fran.* Od's-heart; this was so kindly done of you, naw.

*Man.* I wish you may think it so, cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleas'd to have seen you in any other place.

*Sir Fran.* How soa, sir?

*Man.* Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

*Sir Fran.* Look you, cousin! thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

*Man.* I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe, you will find it the most expensive one ——— your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

*Sir Fran.* Why ay! it's true! That ——— that did lick a little; but if a man's wife, (and I han't sawnd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

*Man.* Nay, if you have that secret ———

*Sir Fran.* Don't you be fearful, cousin ——— you'll find that I know something.

*Man.* If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

*Sir Fran.* In short then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at Westminster ——— that's one thing!

*Man.* Very well! but what good is that to do you?

*Sir Fran.* Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

*Man.* Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

*Sir Fran.* Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have liv'd all my days i'th' country ——— what then ——— I'm o'th' Quorum ——— I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too ——— and mayhap they may find here, ——— that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

*Man.* If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence

here, will be, to shew that you have any right to make use of it at all.

*Sir Fran.* How d'ye mean?

*Man.* That Sir John Worthland has lodg'd a petition against you.

*Sir Fran.* Petition! why ay! there let it lie —— we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you! —— why you forget, cousin, Sir John's o'th' wrung side, mon!

*Man.* I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for in cases very notorious (which I take yours to be) there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

*Sir Fran.* With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

*Man.* And this is the scheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

*Sir Fran.* In one word, cousin, I think it my duty! the Wrongheads have been a considerable family, ever since England was England; and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they shan't say it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

*Man.* Nay! this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

*Sir Fran.* And let me alone to work it! mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither. ———

*Man.* You astonish me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

*Sir Fran.* Ay, thof' I say it — every whit, cousin! you'll find that I have more irons i'th' fire than one! I doan't come of a fool's errand!

*Man.* Very well.

*Sir Fran.* In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up ——

*Man.* [*Aside*] — And what in the devil's name would he do with the dowdy?

*Sir Fran.* Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap i'this tawn she may be looking out for herself. ———

*Man.*

*Man.* Not unlikely.

*Sir Fran.* Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

*Man.* [*Aside.*] Oh! he has taken my breath away! but I must hear him out.—Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

*Sir Fran.* Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true: but she has tongue enough: she woant, be dasht! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her haw to stond still, you know.

*Man.* Very well; but when she is thus accomplished, you must still wait for a vacancy.

*Sir Fran.* Why I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin! For if I take it right, that's a post, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—it's like an orange-tree, upon that accawnt—it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

*Man.* Well, sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But pray where is my lady, and my young cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

*Sir Fran.* She is but just taking a dish of tea with the Count, and my landlady—I'll call her dawn.

*Man.* No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

*Sir Fran.* Od's-heart! but you mun see her naw, cousin; what! the best friend I have in the world! —Here! sweetheart! [*To a servant without.*] pr'ythee desire my lady, and the gentleman, to come down a bit; tell her, here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

*Man.* Pray, sir, who may the gentleman be?

*Sir Fran.* You mun know him, to be sure; why it's Count Basset.

*Man.* Oh! is it he? —Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

*Sir Fran.* Troth! I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life—why! here he would go out of his own lodging, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind, naw?



34 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

*Man.* Extremely civil——The family is in admirable hands already!

*Sir Fran.* Then my lady likes him hugely——all the time of York races, she would never be without him.

*Man.* That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

*Sir Fran.* Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

*Man.* Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

*Sir Fran.* Only naw and tan, he——he stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

*Man.* O never fear! he'll mend that every day—Mercy on us! what a head he has!

*Sir Fran.* So! here they come!

*Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Basset, and Mrs. Motherly.*

*La. Wrong.* Cousin Manly! this is infinitely obliging! I am extremely glad to see you.

*Man.* Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well, after your journey.

*La. Wrong.* Why really! coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

*Man.* Yet the way of living here, is very apt to deaden the complexion—and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

*La. Wrong.* Lord, cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moap'd up in the country?

*C. Bas.* Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant——a-hem.

*Man.* Familiar puppy! [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient—I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [*Aside.*]

*C. Bas.* Was you at White's this morning, sir?

*Man.* Yes, sir, I just call'd in.

*C. Bas.* Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

*Man.*



*Man.* Much as usual, fir; the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

*C. Bas.* The Demoivre Baronet had a bloody tumble, yesterday.

*Man.* I hope, fir, you had your share of him?

*C. Bas.* No faith! I came in when it was all over—I think I just made a couple of betts with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

*La. Wrong.* What a genteel, easy manner he has!  
[*Aside.*

*Man.* A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here!  
[*Aside.*

*Enter* 'Squire Richard, *with a wet brown paper on his face.*

*Sir Fran.* How naw, Dick! what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

*'Squ. Rich.* I ha gotten a knuck upon't.

*La. Wrong.* And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

*'Squ. Rich.* Why I was but running after sifter, and t'other young woman, into a little room just naw: and so with that, they flapt the door full in my feace, and gave me such a whurr here——I thought they had beaten my brains out! so I gut a dab of wet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

*La. Wrong.* They serv'd you right enough! will you never have done with your horie-play?

*'Sir Fran.* Pooh! never heed it, lad! it will be well by to-morrow—the boy has a strong head!

*'Man.* Yes, truly, his skull seems to be of a comfortable thickness.  
[*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—Sir, this is your god-son.

*'Squ. Rich.* Honour'd gudfeyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

*Man.* Thou hast it, child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

*La. Wrong.* Oh! here's my daughter too.

*Enter Miss Jenny.*

*La. Wrong.* Miss Jenny! don't you see your cousin, child?

# 36 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

*Man.* And for thee, my pretty dear—[*Salutes her.*] may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother.

*Jenny.* I wish I may ever be so handsome, sir.

*Man.* Hah! miss Pert! Now that's a thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side Highgate. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* Her tongue is a little nimble, sir.

*La. Wrong.* That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there—so I brought her to London, sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

*Man.* O, the best place in the world for it—every woman she meets will teach her something of it.—There's the good gentlewoman of the house, looks like a knowing person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little London behaviour.

*Moth.* Alas, sir, miss won't stand long in need of my instructions.

*Man.* That I dare say: what thou canst teach her, she will soon be mistress of. [*Aside.*]

*Moth.* If she does, sir, they shall always be at her service.

*La. Wrong.* Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

*Sir Fran.* Very kind, and civil, truly—I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

*Man.* O yes, and very friendly company.

*C. Basf.* Humh! I' gad I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoaky—I believe I had as good brush off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions. [*Aside.*]

*Man.* Well, sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family—

*C. Basf.* It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, ladies, without ceremony, your humble servant. [*Ex. Count Bassett, and drops a letter.*]

*La. Wrong.* Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life; but this is no place to examine it. [*Puts it in her pocket.*]

*Sir Fran.* Why in such haste, cousin?

*Man.* O! my lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey.

*La. Wrong.* I believe, sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

*Man.* Why truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

*Jenny.* And mama did not come to it to be idle, sir.

*Man.* Nor you neither, I dare say, my young mistress.

*Jenny.* I hope not, sir.

*Man.* Ha! Miss Mettle! ——— Where are you going, sir?

*Sir Fran.* Only to see you to th' door, sir.

*Man.* Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go, without ceremony.

*Sir Fran.* Nay, sir, I must do as you will have me ——— Your humble servant. [Exit Man.]

*Jenny.* This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour ——— I don't like him half so well as the Count.

*Sir Fran.* Pooh! that's another thing, child ——— Cousin is a little proud indeed! but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and no body knows who he may give it to.

*La. Wrong.* Pshaw! a fig for his money! you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a parliament-man: what! we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs; and then he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

*Moth.* Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married altogether.

*Sir Fran.* Who? cousin Manly?

*La. Wrong.* To whom, pray?

*Moth.* Why, is it possible your ladyship should know nothing of it? ——— to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

*La. Wrong.* Lady Grace!

*Moth.* Dear madam, it has been in the news-papers!

38 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

*La. Wrong.* I don't like that neither.

*Sir Fran.* Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

*La. Wrong.* [*Aside.*] If it is not too far gone, at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

*'Squ. Rich.* Pray, feyther, haw lung will it be to supper?

*Sir Fran.* Odso! that's true! 'step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us?

*'Moth.* If you please, -sir, I'll order one of my maids to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

*'Sir Fran.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

*'Squ. Rich.* Od's-flesh! what is not it i'th' hawse yet—I shall be famisht—but howl'd! I'll go and ask Doll, an there's none o'th' goose poy left.

*'Sir Fran.* Do so; and doest hear, Dick——see if there's e'er a bottle o'th' strung beer that came i'th' coach with us——if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

*'Squ. Rich.* With a little nutmeg, and sugar, shawn't I, feyther?

*'Sir Fran.* Ay! ay! as thee and I always drink it for breakfast——Go thy ways!—and I'll fill a pipe i'th' mean while. [*Takes one from a pocket-case, and fills it.*] [*Ex. 'Squ. Rich.*]

*'La. Wrong.* This boy is always thinking of his belly!

*'Sir Fran.* Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his journey.

*'La. Wrong.* Nay, ev'n breed him your own way—He has been cramming in or out the coach all this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

*'Jenny.* O for that I could eat a great deal more, mama; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

*'La. Wrong.* Ay so thou would'st, my dear.

*'Enter 'Squire Richard with a full tankard.*

*'Squ. Rich.* Here, feyther, I ha' brougnt it——it's well I went as I did; for our Doll had just

' bak'd a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

' *Sir Fran.* Why then, here's to thee, Dick!  
[*Drinks.*]

' '*Squ. Rich.* Thonk yow, feyther.

' *La. Wrong.* Lord! Sir Francis! I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor—it's enough to make him quite stupid.

' '*Squ. Rich.* Why, it niver hurts me, mother; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*]

' *Sir Fran.* I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty years, and by your leave, madam, I don't know that I want wit: ha! ha!

' *Jenny.* But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been govern'd by my mother.

' *Sir Fran.* Dowghter! he that is govern'd by his wife, has no wit at all.

' *Jenny.* Then I hope I shall marry a fool, sir; for I love to govern dearly.

' *Sir Fran.* You are too pert, child; it don't do well in a young woman.

' *La. Wrong.* Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her; she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

' '*Squ. Rich.* [*After a long draught.*] Indeed, mother, I think my sister is too forward.

' *Jenny.* You! you think I'm too forward! sure! brother mud! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but your belly.

' *La. Wrong.* Well said, miss; he's none of your master, tho' he is your elder brother.

' '*Squ. Rich.* No, nor she shawn't be my mistress, while she's younger sister.

' *Sir Fran.* Well said, Dick; shew 'em that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

' '*Squ. Rich.* So I wull! and I'll drink ageen, for all her!  
[*Drinks.*]

*Enter John Moody.*

*Sir Fran.* So, John! how are the horses?

*J. Mood.* Troth, sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn; it's made up o' mischief, I think.

*Sir Fran.*



*Sir Fran.* What's the matter naw?

*J. Mood.* Why, I'll tell your worship—before we were gotten to th' street end with the coach here, a great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack! went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang! says the glassses, all to shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be London! would we were aw weell i'th' country ageen!

*Jenny.* What have you to do, to wish us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pull'd to pieces.

*Sir Fran.* Hold your tongue, Jenny!—Was Roger in no fault, in all this?

*J. Mood.* Noa, sir, nor I noather—Are not yow asheam'd, says Roger to the carter, to do such an unkind thing by strangers? Noa, says he, you bumpkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that stood by—Very well, says Roger, yow shall see what our measter will say to ye! Your measter! says he; your measter may kifs my ——— and so he clapt his hand just there, and like your worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this tawn.

*Sir Fran.* I'll teach this rascal some, I warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him.

*'Squ. Rich.* Ay do, feyther, have him before the parliament.

*Sir Fran.* Odsbud! and so I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

*J. Mood.* I believe in London, sir.

*Sir Fran.* What's the rascal's name?

*J. Mood.* I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

*'Squ. Rich.* What, my name?

*Sir Fran.* Where did he go?

*J. Mood.* Sir, he went home.

*Sir Fran.* Where's that?

*J. Mood.* By my troth, sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he wou'd pool us over and over again.

*Sir Fran.*

*Sir Fran.* Will he so ! Odszooks ! get me a constable.

*La. Wrong.* Pooh ! get you a good supper. Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world——For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not overturn'd before we were all out on't.

*Sir Fran.* Why ay, that's true again, my dear.

*La. Wrong.* Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at second-hand, for present use : so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

*J. Mood.* Why troth, sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer.

*Sir Fran.* D'ye think so, John ?

*J. Mood.* Why you ha' had it ever sen' your worship were high-sheriff.

*Sir Fran.* Why then go and see what Doll has got us for supper——and come and get off my boots.

[*Exit Sir Fran.*]

*La. Wrong.* In the mean time, miss, do you step to Handy, and bid her get me some fresh night-cloaths.

[*Exit La. Wrong.*]

*Jenny.* Yes, mama, and some for myself too.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

*'Squ. Rich.* Od's-flesh ! and what mun I do all alone ?

I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty miss is,

And she and I'll go play at cards for kisses. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE Lord Townly's House.

*Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.*

*L. Town.* WHO's there ?

*Serv.* My Lord !

*L. Town.* Bid them get dinner——Lady Grace, your servant.

*Enter Lady Grace.*

*La. Grace.* What, is the house up already ? My lady is not drest yet !

*L. Town.* No matter——its three o'clock——she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

*La. Grace.*

42 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND ; Or,

*La. Grace.* Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

*L. Town.* That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

*La. Grace.* No, upon my word, she is engaged to company.

*L. Town.* Where, pray ?

*La. Grace.* At my lady Revel's ; and you know they never dine 'till supper-time.

*L. Town.* No truly——she is one of those orderly ladies, who never let the sun shine upon any of their vices !——But pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day ?

*La. Grace.* O ! in tip-top spirits, I can assure you——she won a good deal last night.

*L. Town.* I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

*La. Grace.* However she is better in good humour than bad.

*L. Town.* Much alike : when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it : when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my share of her.

*La. Grace.* Well, we won't talk of that now——Does any body dine here ?

*L. Town.* Manly promis'd me——by the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation ?

*La. Grace.*——I am a little at a stand about it.

*L. Town.* How so ?

*La. Grace.* Why——I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe rules upon wives, in my hearing.

*L. Town.* Did you think his rules unreasonable ?

*La. Grace.* I can't say I did : but he might have had a little more complaisance before me, at least.

*L. Town.* Complaisance is only a proof of good breeding : but his plainness was a certain proof of his honesty ; nay, of his good opinion of you : for he would never have opened himself so freely, but in confidence that your good sense could not be disoblig'd at it.

*La. Grace.*

*La. Grace.* My good opinion of him, brother, has hitherto been guided by yours : but I have received a letter this morning that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

*L. Town.* A letter ! from whom ?

*La. Grace.* That I don't know, but there it is.

[Gives a letter.

*L. Town.* Pray let's see.

[Reads.

*The inclos'd, madam, fell accidentally into my hands ; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend and humble servant, Unknown, &c.*

*La. Grace.* And this was the inclos'd. [Giving another.

*L. Town.* [Reads.] *To Charles Manly, Esq.*

*Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself : but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest income, for the vain hopes of being ever yours,*

*Myrtilla Dupe:*

*P. S. 'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you.*

*La. Grace.* What think you now ?

*L. Town.* I am considering——

*La. Grace.* You see it's directed to him——

*L. Town.* That's true ! but the postscript seems to be a reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

*La. Grace.* But who could have concern enough to send it to me ?

*L. Town.* I have observed, that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

*La. Grace.* What would you have me do in it ?

*L. Town.* What I think you ought to do——fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

*La. Grace.* Will not that have a very odd look, from me ?

*L. Town.* Not at all, if you use my name in it : if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so, will discover his regard to you : if he is guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his addresses.

*La. Grace.*

44 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

*La. Grace.* But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

*L. Town.* I can't think there's any fear of that.

*La. Grace.* Pray what is't you do think then?

*L. Town.* Why certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concern'd in it.——

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Manly, my lord.

*L. Town.* Do you receive him, while I step a minute in to my lady. [*Exit L. Townly.*]

*Enter Manly.*

*Man.* Madam, your most obedient: they told me, my lord was here.

*La. Grace.* He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

*Man.* So! then my lady dines with us.

*L. Grace.* No; she is engaged.

*Man.* I hope you are not of her party, madam?

*La. Grace.* Not till after dinner.

*Man.* And pray how may she have disposed of the rest of the day?

*La. Grace.* Much as usual! she has visits 'till about eight; after that, till court-time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's: after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my lady Moonlight. And from thence they go together to my lord Noble's assembly.

*Man.* And are you to do all this with her, madam?

*La. Grace.* Only a few of the visits: I would indeed have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have so much upon our hands, that will not be practicable.

*Man.* But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

*La. Grace.* There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charm'd with.

*Man.* And yet I have found that very difficult, in my time.

*La. Grace.* How do you mean?

*Man.* Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

*La. Grace.* What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

*Man.*



*Man.* Idleness, and the fashion.

*La. Grace.* No mistresses in the case?

*Man.* To speak honestly—yes—Being often in the toyshop, there was no forbearing the bawbles.

*La. Grace.* And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

*Man.* Why really, where fancy only makes the choice, madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled in those sort of bargains; which I confess has been often my case: for I had constantly some coquet or other upon my hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough to put it in her power to plague me.

*La. Grace.* And that's a power, I doubt, commonly made use of.

*Man.* The amours of a coquet, madam, seldom have any other view! I look upon them and prudes to be nuisances just alike, tho' they seem very different: the first are always plaguing the men, and the other are always abusing the women.

*La. Grace.* And yet both of them do it for the same vain ends, to establish a false character of being virtuous.

*Man.* Of being chaste, they mean, for they know no other virtue; and, upon the credit of that, they traffic in every thing else that's vicious: they (even against nature) keep their chastity, only because they find, they have more power to do mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

*La. Grace.* Hold, Mr. Manly! I am afraid this severe opinion of the sex is owing to the ill choice you have made of your mistresses.

*Man.* In a great measure it may be so: but, madam, if both these characters are so odious, how vastly valuable is that woman, who has attain'd all they aim at, without the aid of the folly or vice of either?

*La. Grace.* I believe those sort of women to be as scarce, sir, as the men, that believe there are any such; or that allowing such, have virtue enough to deserve them.

*Man.*

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*Man.* That *could* deserve them then—had been  
a more favourable reflection !

*La. Grace.* Nay, I speak only from my little experience : for (I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a man in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit than yourself ; and yet I have a reason, in my hand here, to think you have your failings.

*Man.* I have infinite, madam ; but I am sure, the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number——Pray, what is in your hand, madam ?

*La. Grace.* Nay, sir, I have no title to it ; for the direction is to you. *[Gives him a letter.]*

*Man.* To me ! I don't remember the hand——  
*[Reads to himself.]*

*La. Grace.* I can't perceive any change of guilt in him ! and his surprize seems natural ! *[Aside]*——  
Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly ; that I should never have shewn you this, but that my brother enjoyn'd me to it.

*Man.* I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of me, madam.

*La. Grace.* I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

*Man.* I never yet saw you do any thing, madam, that wanted an excuse ; and, I hope, you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you

*La. Grace.* I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

*Man.* Only this, madam ; to indulge me so far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

*La. Grace.* Inclos'd to me in this, without a name.

*Man.* If there be no secret in the contents, madam——

*La. Grace.* Why——there is an impertinent insinuation in it ; but as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

*Man.* You oblige me, madam.

*[He takes the other letter, and reads.]*

*La. Grace.* *[Aside.]* Now am I in the oddest situation ! methinks our conversation grows terribly critical !

cal! This must produce something:——O lud, would it were over!

*Man.* Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

*La. Grace.* I have no notion of what could be propos'd by it.

*Man.* A little patience, madam —— First, as to the insinuation you mention ——

*La. Grace.* O! what is he going to say now! [*Aside.*

*Man.* Tho' my intimacy with my lord may have allow'd my visits to have been very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those visits are plac'd to your account: and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary circumstances.

*La. Grace.* My lady Wronghead!

*Man.* Ay, madam, for I am positive this is her hand.

*La. Grace.* What view could she have in writing it?

*Man.* To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engag'd in; because if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least uneasiness——I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

*La. Grace.* That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

*Man.* Yes, madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

*La. Grace.* I am sure I have no right to enquire into it.

*Man.* Suppose you may not, madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

*La. Grace.* With what an artful gentleness he steals into my opinion! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me as to want curiosity —— But pray, do you suppose, then, this Myrtilla is a real or a fictitious name?

*Man.*

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*Man.* Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the house where my lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody called Myrtilla: this letter may be written by her—but how it came directed to me, I confess is a mystery; that before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged, in honour, to find out. [Going.]

*La. Grace.* Mr. Manly—you are not going?

*Man.* 'Tis but to the next street, madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

*La. Grace.* Nay! but dinner's just coming up.

*Man.* Madam, I can neither eat nor rest till I see an end of this affair!

*La. Grace.* But this is so odd! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

*Man.* Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam, then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity—— [Exit Manly.]

*La. Grace.* Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or, suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclin'd to pass the rest of his life with me? — I hope not—for I am sure, the case is terribly clear on my side! and why may not I, without vanity, suppose my——unaccountable somewhat——has done as much execution upon him?——why——because he never told me so——nay, he has not so much as mention'd the word Love, or ever said one civil thing to my person——well——but he has said a thousand to my good opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my person, he had paid a very ill compliment to my understanding——I should have thought him impertinent, and never have troubled my head about him; but as he has managed the matter, at least I am sure of one thing—that let his thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my head about any other man, as long as I live.

*Enter Mrs. Trusty.*

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dress'd yet?

*Trusty.*

*Trusty.* Yes, madam; but my lord has been courting her so, I think, 'till they are both out of humour.

*La. Grace.* How so?

*Trusty.* Why, it begun, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day—upon which my lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my lord order'd them to stay the dinner, and then my lady order'd the coach; then my lord took her short, and said, he had order'd the coachman to set up: then my lady made him a great curt'sy, and said, she would wait 'till his lordship's horses had din'd, and was mighty pleasant: but for fear of the worst, madam, she whisper'd me——to get her chair ready.

[*Exit Trusty.*]

*La. Grace.* Oh! here they come; and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company.

[*Exit La. Grace.*]

*Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.*

*La. Town.* Well! look you, my lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing still but about my faults, my faults! an agreeable subject truly!

*L. Town.* Why, madam, if you won't hear of them; how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

*La. Town.* Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them——you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it!

*L. Town.* And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

*La. Town.* Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows, I am never better company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction—why but last Thursday now——there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them——you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade——and pray, what was the consequence! was not I as cross as the Devil, all the night after? was not I forc'd to get company at home? and was it not almost three a-clock in the morning before I was able to come to myself again? and then



the fault is not mended neither—for next time, I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning an old ruffle, to ma' worse than it was before.

*L. Town.* Well, the manner of women's living, of late, is insupportable; and, one way or other—

*La. Town.* It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may; but then, my dear lord, you must give one time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

*L. Town.* Madam, I am not in a humour, now, to trifle.

*La. Town.* Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you, your own way now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—so far are we even, you'll allow—but pray which gives us the best figure, in the eye of the polite world? my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his shop!—faugh!

*L. Town.* Fy, fy, madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then—'Tis not your ill hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill company, that occasion those ill hours.

*La. Town.* Sure I don't understand you now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

*L. Town.* Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it! or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, conceal'd thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—or what, to me, is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared coxcombs, who are so often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their tails hang from their head, and the monkey's grows where it should do.

*La. Town.*

*La. Town.* And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous!

*L. Town.* Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security: or if it were, fortune, sometimes, gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble.

*La. Town.* What do you mean?

*L. Town.* That women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduc'd to try if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

*La. Town.* My lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

*L. Town.* So are the churches——now and then.

*La. Town.* My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

*L. Town.* Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers there were allow'd to furnish cards to the company.

*La. Town.* I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice! I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

*L. Town.* Have a care, madam; don't let me think you only value your chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious—I, madam, have a reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours——The follies of an ungovern'd wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

*La. Town.* My lord—you would make a woman mad!

*L. Town.* You'd make a man a fool.

*La. Town.* If heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

*L. Town.* Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at least.

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*La. Town.* A beggar! Cræsus! I'm out of patience!—I won't come home 'till four to-morrow morning.

*L. Town.* That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be lock'd at twelve.

*La. Town.* Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow-night.

*L. Town.* Then, madam;—you shall never come home again. [Exit L. Town.]

*La. Town.* What does he mean! I never heard such a word from him in my life before! the man always us'd to have manners, in his worst humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of all this——but his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him.—Mr. Manly, your servant.

*Enter Manly.*

*Man.* I ask pardon for my intrusion, madam; but I hope my business with my lord will excuse it.

*La. Town.* I believe you will find him in the next room, sir.

*Man.* Will you give me leave, madam?

*La. Town.* Sir—you have my leave, tho' you were a lady.

*Man.* [*Aside.*] What a well-bred age do we live in! [Exit Manly.]

*Enter Lady Grace.*

*La. Town.* O! my dear lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

*La. Grace.* I thought my lord had been with you.

*La. Town.* Why yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here——

*La. Grace.* Bless me! for what?

*La. Town.* Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning! we have been charming company!

*La. Grace.* I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

*La. Town.* O! the prettiest thing in the world!

*La. Grace.* Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

*La. Town.*

*La. Town.* O, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others——why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that, whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter: nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertain'd us.

*La. Grace.* Certainly, that must be vastly pretty!

*La. Town.* O! there's no life like it! Why t'other day, for example, when you din'd abroad; my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful tête-à-tête meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the room—at last, stretching himself, and yawning——My dear, says he—aw—you came home very late, last night—'Twas but just turn'd of two, says I——I was a-bed—aw—by eleven, says he——So you are every night, says I——Well, says he, I am amaz'd you can sit up so late——How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a thing that happens so often?——upon which we entered into a conversation——and tho' this is a point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that, I believe, in my soul, it will last as long as we live!

*La. Grace.* But pray, in such sort of family dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

*La. Town.* O yes! which does not do amiss at all! A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet! Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

*La. Grace.* Well——certainly you have the most elegant taste——

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*La. Town.* Tho' to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much lemon into it this bout ; for it grew so sour at last, that—— I think—— I almost told him he was a fool——and he again——talk'd something oddly of——turning me out of doors !

*La. Grace.* O ! have a care of that !

*La. Town.* Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for that——

*La. Grace.* How so ?

*La. Town.* Why ——when my good lord first open'd his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion !

*La. Grace.* How do you mean ?

*La. Town.* He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire ev'n his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money ; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of an husband's odd humours.

*La. Grace.* Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her !

*La. Town.* Nay, but to be serious, my dear ; what would you, really, have a woman do in my case ?

*La. Grace.* Why——if I had as sober a husband as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

*La. Town.* O ! you wicked thing ! how can you tease one at this rate ? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me ! And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates ! I doat upon assemblies ! my heart bounds, at a ball ; and at an opera——I expire ! then I love play, to distraction ! cards, enchant me ! and dice——put me out of my little wits ! Dear ! dear hazard ! oh ! what a flow of spirits it gives one ! Do you never play at hazard, child ?

*La. Grace.* Oh ! never ! I don't think it fits well, upon women : there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake, in it ! you see how it makes the



the men swear and curse! and when a woman is thrown into the same passion — why —

*La. Town.* That's very true! one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

*La. Grace.* Well — and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forc'd to make use of?

*La. Town.* Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp — and swallow it.

*La. Grace.* Well — and is not that enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

*La. Town.* O yes! I have forsworn it.

*La. Grace.* Seriously?

*La. Town.* Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

*La. Grace.* And how can you answer that?

*La. Town.* My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding, than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

*La. Grace.* Why, I confess my nature and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

*La. Town.* Well! how a woman of spirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose!

*La. Grace.* I can't tell but I may.

*La. Town.* And won't you live in town?

*La. Grace.* Half the year, I should like it very well.

*La. Town.* My stars! and you would really live in London half the year, to be sober in it?

*La. Grace.* Why not?

*La. Town.* Why can't you as well go, and be sober, in the country?

*La. Grace.* So I would — t'other half year.

*La. Town.* And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

*La. Grace.* A scheme, that I think might very well content us.

*La. Town.* O! of all things let's hear it.

*La. Grace.* Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend, perhaps hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea or a game at cards, soberly! Managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children (if I had any) or in a thousand innocent amusements——soberly! and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.——

*La. Town.* Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years——Under a great tree! O' my soul——But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!——

*La. Grace.* You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

*La. Town.* Well, tho' I am sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

*La. Grace.* Why then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it——but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any disgrace, to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Tho' there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to!

*La. Town.* Ay now for it——

*La. Grace.* I would every day be as clean as a bride.

*La. Town.* Why, the men say, that's a great step to be made one——Well now you are dress'd——pray let's see to what purpose?

*La. Grace.* I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible——I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay play at *quadrille*——soberly: I would see all the good plays; and, (because 'tis the fashion) now and then an opera——but I would not expire there, for fear I should

should never go again: and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade! And this, I think, is as far any woman can go — soberly.

*La. Town.* Well! if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

*La. Grace.* Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

*La. Town.* Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, child, all you propose is but to endure life, now I want to enjoy it.

*Enter Mrs. Trusty.*

*Trusty.* Madam, your ladyship's chair is ready.

*La. Town.* Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? for last night I was poison'd.

*Trusty.* Yes, madam; there were some come in this morning. [Exit Trusty.]

*La. Town.* My dear, you will excuse me; but you know my time is so precious —

*La. Grace.* That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

*La. Town.* You will call on me at lady *Revel's*?

*La. Grace.* Certainly.

*La. Town.* But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear!

*La. Grace.* When it does, I will — soberly break from you.

*La. Town.* Why then, 'till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness.

[Exit Lady Town.]

*La. Grace.* There she goes — Dash! into her stream of pleasures! Poor woman! she is really a fine creature! and sometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with: but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine! — Ha! my brother, and Manly

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with him! I guess what they have been talking of—  
I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't be-  
come me to be inquisitive. [Exit La. Grace.

*Enter Lord Townly, and Manly.*

*L. Town.* I did not think my lady Wronghead had  
such a notable brain: tho' I can't say she was so very  
wise, in trusting this silly girl you call Myrtilla, with  
the secret.

*Man.* No, my lord, you mistake me; had the girl  
been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it  
myself.

*L. Town.* Why I thought you said the girl writ  
this letter to you, and that my lady Wronghead sent  
it inclos'd to my sister?

*Man.* If you please to give me leave, my lord—  
the fact is thus—This inclos'd letter to lady Grace  
was a real original one, written by this girl, to the  
Count we have been talking of: the Count drops it,  
and my lady Wronghead finds it: then only changing  
the cover, she seals it up as a letter of business, just  
written by herself to me: and pretending to be in a  
hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction  
for her.

*L. Town.* Oh! then the girl did not know she was  
superscribing a billet-doux of her own, to you?

*Man.* No, my lord; for when I first question'd her  
about the direction, she own'd it immediately: but  
when I shew'd her that the letter to the Count was  
within it, and told her how it came into my hands,  
the poor creature was amaz'd, and thought herself  
betray'd both by the Count and my lady—in short,  
upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious;  
that she has let me into some transactions, in my lady  
Wronghead's family, which, with my having a care-  
ful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

*L. Town.* You are very generous, to be so solicitous  
for a lady, that has given you so much uneasiness.

*Man.* But I will be most unmercifully reveng'd of  
her: for I will do her the greatest friendship in the  
world — against her will.

*L. Town.* What an uncommon philosophy art thou  
master of! to make even thy malice a virtue!

*Man.*

*Man.* Yet, my lord, I assure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

*L. Town.* Dear Charles! my heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: and as a proof that I have long wish'd thee so—while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my sister's favour; I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit: and since on this occasion you have open'd your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you, we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

*Man.* Impossible! you flatter me!

*L. Town.* I'm glad you think it flattery: but she herself shall prove it none: she dines with us alone: when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together——O! Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided!

*Man.* No more of that, I beg, my lord——

*L. Town.* But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety (however barren of content the state has been to me) to see so near a friend and sister happy in it: your harmony of life will be an instance how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,  
You'll reach, by virtue, what I lost by love.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV. SCENE Mrs. Motherly's House.

*Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilia.*

*Moth.* SO, niece! where is it possible you can have been these six hours?

*Myr.* O madam! I have such a terrible story to tell you!

*Moth.* A story! Ods my life! What have you done with the Count's note of five hundred pounds I sent you about? is it safe? is it good? is it security?



*Myr.* Yes, yes, it is safe: but for its goodness—mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to be hang'd about it!

*Moth.* The dickens! has this rogue of a Count play'd us another trick then?

*Myr.* You shall hear, madam; when I came to Mr. Cash, the banker's, and shew'd him his note for five hundred pounds, payable to the Count, or order, in two months, — he look'd earnestly upon it, and desir'd me to step into the inner room, while he examin'd his books——after I had staid about ten minutes, he came in to me——claps to the door, and charges me with a constable for forgery.

*Moth.* Ah! poor soul! and how didst thou get off?

*Myr.* While I was ready to sink in this condition, I begg'd him to have a little patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the note, that I was myself an innocent, abus'd woman——and as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour Mr. Manly came——so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him upon what design the Count had lodg'd that note in your hands, and in short, laid open the whole scheme he had drawn us into to make our fortune.

*Moth.* The devil you did!

*Myr.* Why how do you think it was possible I could any otherways make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in?—To conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the constable; nay farther promis'd me, if I would trust the note in his hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample revenge upon the count; so that all you have to consider now, madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's hands, or Mr. Manly's?

*Moth.* Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

*Myr.* Well, madam, and now pray, how stand matters

matters at home here? What has the Count done with the ladies?

*Moth.* Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with miss as he is with my lady.

*Myr.* Pray, where are the ladies?

*Moth.* Rattling abroad in their own coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: 'they have been 'scouring all the shops in town over, buying fine 'things and new cloaths, from morning to night:' they have made one voyage already, and have brought home such a cargo of baubles and trumpery——mercy on the poor man that's to pay for them!

*Myr.* Did not the young 'squire go with them?

*Moth.* No, no; miss said, truly he would but 'disgrace their party: so they even left him asleep by 'the kitchen fire.'

*Myr.* Has not the young 'squire ask'd after me all this while? for I had a sort of an assignation with him.

*Moth.* O yes! he has been in a bitter taking about it. At last his disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the maids and John Moody abroad with him, to shew him——the lions, and the monument. Ods me! there he is, just come home again——you may have business with him—so I'll even turn you together. [*Exit.*

*Enter 'Squire Richard.*

*'Squ. Rich.* Soah! soah! Mrs. Myrtilla, wheere han yow been all this day, forsooth?

*Myr.* Nay, if you go to that, 'squire, where have you been, pray?

*'Squ. Rich.* Why, when I fun' 'at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong mysel—so John Moody, and I, and one o' your lasses have been——Lord knows where——a seeing o' foights.

*Myr.* Well, and pray what have you seen, sir?

*'Squ. Rich.* Flesh! I cawnt tell, not I——seen every thing, I think. First there we went o' top o' the what-d'ye-call-it? there, the great huge stone post, up the rawnd and rawnd stairs, that twine and twine about, just an as thof it were a cork-screw.

*Myr.*

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*Myr.* O, the monument! well, and was not it a fine sight, from the top of it?

*'Squ. Rich.* Sight, miss! I know no'—I saw nowght but smoak and brick housen, and steeple tops—then there was such a mortal ting-tang of bells, and rumbling of carts and coaches, and then the folks under one look'd so small, and made such a hum, and a buz, it put me in mind of my mother's great glass bee-hive, in our garden in the country.

*Myr.* I think, master, you give a very good account of it.

*'Squ. Rich.* Ay! but I did no' like it: for my head—my head—begun to turn—so I trundled me dawn stairs agen, like a round trencher.

*Myr.* Well! but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

*'Squ. Rich.* Noa! noa! we went after that, and saw the lions; and I liked them better by hawlf; they are pure grim devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a stick, and gave one of them such a poke o'the noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my head off, an he could ha' got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

*Myr.* Well, master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier sights than these—there's a masquerade to-morrow.

*'Squ. Rich.* O laud! ay! they say that's a pure thing for merry-andrews, and those sort of comical mummers—and the Count tells me, that there lads and lasses may jig their tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all night lung,

*Myr.* What would you say now, if I should get you a ticket, and go along with you?

*'Squ. Rich.* Ah dear!

*Myr.* But have a care, 'squire, the fine ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your heart, or Ads me! they'll whip it up, in the trip of a minute.

*'Squ. Rich.* Ay, but they cawnt thoo—soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quiet.

*Myr.* Why sure you would not refuse a fine lady, would you?

*'Squ. Rich.* Ay, but I would tho' unless it were—one 'at I know of.

*Myr.* Oh! ho! then you have left your heart in the country, I find?

*'Squ. Rich.* Noa, noa, my heart——eh——my heart e'ent awt o'this room.

*Myr.* I am glad you have it about you, however.

*'Squ. Rich.* Nay, mayhap not soa noather; somebody else may have it, 'at yow little think of.

*Myr.* I can't imagine what you mean!

*'Squ. Rich.* Noa! why doant yow know how many folks there is in this room, naw?

*Myr.* Very fine, master, I see you have learnt the town gallantry already.

*'Squ. Rich.* Why doan't you believe 'at I have a kindness for yow then?

*Myr.* Fy! fy! master, how you talk! beside you are too young to think of a wife.

*'Squ. Rich.* Ay! but I caunt help thinking o' yow, for all that.

*Myr.* How! why sure, sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

*'Squ. Rich.* Nay, that's as yow see good——I did no' think 'at yow would ha' thought of me for a husband, mayhap; unless I had means in my own hands; and feyther allows me but hawlf a crown a week, as yet a while.

*Myr.* Oh! when I like any body, 'tis not want of money will make me refuse them.

*'Squ. Rich.* Well, that's just my mind now; for 'an I like a girl, miss, I would take her in her smuck.

*Myr.* Ay, master, now you speak like a man of honour: this shews something of a true heart in you.

*'Squ. Rich.* Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when you will.

*Myr.* Hush! hush! here's your papa come home, and my aunt with him.

*'Squ. Rich.* A devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

*Myr.* When you and I get to the masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

*'Squ. Rich.* Well, hands upon't then ——

*Myr.* There——

*'Squ. Rich.* One buse, and a bargain. [*Kisses her.*]

Ads

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Ads wauntlikins ! as soft and plump as a marrow pudding.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter* Sir Francis Wronghead, and Mrs. Motherly.

*Sir Fran.* What ! my wife and daughter abroad, say you ?

*Moth.* O dear sir, they have been mighty busy all the day long ; they just came home to snap up a short dinner, and so went out again.

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, I shan't stay supper for 'em, I can tell 'em that : for, od's-heart ! I have had nothing in me but a toast and tankard since morning.

*Moth.* I am afraid, sir, these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

*Sir Fran.* Why truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country gentlemen ; to lose one meal out of three is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

*Moth.* It is so, indeed, sir.

*Sir Fran.* But hawsomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country——

*Moth.* Why truly, sir, that is something.

*Sir Fran.* O ! there's a great deal to be said for't——the good of one's country is above all things——a true-hearted Englishman thinks nothing too much for it——I have heard of some honest gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their country——they would sometimes go to dinner at midnight.

*Moth.* O ! the goodness of 'em ! sure their country must have a vast esteem for them ?

*Sir Fran.* So they have, Mrs. Motherly ; they are so respected when they come home to their boroughs after a session, and so belov'd——that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

*Moth.* Dear me ! what a fine thing 'tis to be so populous !

*Sir Fran.* It is a great comfort, indeed ! and I can assure you, you are a good sensible woman, Mrs. Motherly.

*Moth.* O dear sir, your honour's pleas'd to compliment.

*Sir Fran.*



*Sir Fran.* No, no; I see you know how to value people of consequence.

*Moth.* Good lack! here's company, sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the ladies come home, sir?

*Sir Fran.* Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

*Moth.* It shall be done in a moment, sir. [Exit.

*Enter Manly.*

*Man.* Sir Francis, your servant.

*Sir Fran.* Cousin Manly!

*Man.* I am come to see how the family goes on here,

*Sir Fran.* Troth! all as busy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

*Man.* By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

*Sir Fran.* Why, faith! you have hit it, sir—I was advis'd to lose no time: so I e'en went strait forward, to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

*Man.* Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

*Sir Fran.* Why, nobody—I remember'd I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—so troth! I introduc'd myself.

*Man.* As how, pray?

*Sir Fran.* Why thus—Look ye—Please your lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown—Sir, your humble servant; says my lord; thof I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin! those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And thof I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

*Man.*

*Man.* Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

*Sir Fran.* So when I found him so courteous——  
My lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit; but since your lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon ceremony——why truly, says I, I think now is as good as another time.

*Man.* Right! there you push'd him home.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

*Man.* Very good!

*Sir Fran.* So, in short, my lord, says I, I have a good estate——but——a——it's a leetle awt at elbows; and as I desire to serve my king, as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

*Man.* So, this was making short work on't.

*Sir Fran.* I'cod! I shot him flying, cousin: some of your hawlf-witted ones now, would ha' humm'd and haw'd, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place; and mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither——

*Man.* Oh! I'm glad you're so sure on't.——

*Sir Fran.* You shall hear, cousin——Sir Francis, says my lord, pray what sort of a place may you ha' turn'd your thoughts upon? My lord, says I, beggars must not be chusers; but any place, says I, about a thousand a year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till something better falls in——for I thought it would not look well to stand haggling with him at first.

*Man.* No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

*Sir Fran.* Right! there's it! ah cousin, I see you know the world!

*Man.* Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day.—Well! but what said my lord to all this?

*Sir Fran.* Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, Give yourself no trouble——I'll do your business; with that he turn'd him abawt to somebody, with a colour'd

your'd ribbon across here, that look'd in my thoughts as if he came for a place too.

*Man.* Ha! so, upon these hopes you are to make your fortune?

*Sir Fran.* Why, do you think there's ony doubt of it, sir?

*Man.* Oh no, I have not the least doubt about it—for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

*Sir Fran.* Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

*Man.* Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I suppose, my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—You have been since down at the house, I presume!

*Sir Fran.* O yes! I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

*Man.* Well! and pray what have they done there?

*Sir Fran.* Why, troth! I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happen'd to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

*Man.* How was that?

*Sir Fran.* Why, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in short, the arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did no' well understand 'um: haw—somever I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my conscience—so, when they came to put the question, as they call it—I don't know haw'twas—but I doubt I cry'd Ay! when I should ha' cry'd No!

*Man.* How came that about?

*Sir Fran.* Why, by a mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humour'd sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd Ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand! Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so with that,  
he

he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd, into the lobby——so, I knew nowght——but od's-flesh ! I was got o' th' wrung side the post——for I were told afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

*Man.* And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clenched it now !—Ah ! thou head of the Wrongheads ! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Odso ! here's my lady come home at last—I hope, cousin, you will be so kind as to take a family supper with us ?

*Man.* Another time, Sir Francis ; but to-night I am engag'd.

*Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.*

*La. Wrong.* Cousin ! your servant ; I hope you will pardon my rudeness : but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

*Man.* O madam ! I am a man of no ceremony ; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

*La. Wrong.* You are infinitely obliging : but I'll redeem my credit with you.

*Man.* At your own time, madam.

*C. Bas.* I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam ; if making people easy is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the best-bred man in the world.

*Man.* Soh ! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find——I am afraid, sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

*C. Bas.* I don't know that, sir ; but I am sure, what you are pleas'd to say, makes me so.

*Man.* The most impudent modesty that ever I met with ! [*Aside.*

*La. Wrong.* Lard ! how ready his wit is ! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* Don't you think, sir, the Count's a very fine gentleman ?

*Man.* O ! among the ladies, certainly.

*Sir Fran.* And yet he's as stout as a lion : waund, he'll storm any thing. } *Apart.*

*Man.* Will he so ? Why then, sir, take care of your citadel.

*Sir Fran.* Ah ! you're a wag, cousin.

*Man.*

*Man.* I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you?

*Jenny.* O! perfectly well, sir! We have been abroad in our new coach all day long—and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade! and on Friday to the play! and on Saturday to the opera! and on Sunday we are to be at the what-d'ye-call-it—assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and picquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset! And on Monday we are to see the king! and so on Tuesday——

*La. Wrong.* Hold, hold, miss! you must not let your tongue run so fast, child—you forget! you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

*Man.* Yes, yes! and she is improv'd with a vengeance—— [*Aside.*]

*Jenny.* Lawrd! mama, I am sure I did not say any harm! and if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I see.

*La. Wrong.* O' my conscience, this girl grows so headstrong——

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it dawn an' you can.

*Jenny.* All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

*Man.* My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

*Jenny.* Look you there now, madam.

*La. Wrong.* Hold your tongue, I say.

*Jenny.* [*turning away and glowing.*] I declare it, I won't bear it: she is always a snubbing me before you, sir!—I know why she does it, well enough——

[*Aside to the Count.*]

*C. Bas.* Hush! hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that! she'll suspect us.

[*Aside.*]

*Jenny.* Let her suspect, what do I care—I don't know but I have as much reason to suspect as she—tho' perhaps I'm not so afraid of her.

*C. Bas.* [*Aside.*] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project before I can bring it to bear.

*La. Wrong.*



*La. Wrong.* [*Aside*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young harlot is certainly in love with him: but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it.—Upon my life, Count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

*C. Basf.* Pardon me, madam, I was only advising her to observe what your ladyship said to her.

*Man.* Yes, truly her observations have been something particular. [*Aside.*]

*C. Basf.* In one word, madam, she has a jealousy of your ladyship, and I am forc'd to encourage her, to blind it: 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me.

*La. Wrong.* You are right, I will be more cautious. } *Apart.*

*C. Basf.* To-morrow, at the masquerade, we may lose her.

*La. Wrong.* We shall be observ'd. I'll send you a note, and settle that affair — go on with the girl, and don't mind me.

*C. Basf.* I have been taking your part, my little angel.

*La. Wrong.* Jenny! come hither, child — you must not be so hasty, my dear — I only advise you for your good.

*Jenny.* Yes, mama; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

*Man.* If I have any skill in the fair sex, miss, and her mama, have only quarell'd, because they are both of a mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Myrtila.* Manly talks apart with her.

*La. Wrong.* Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us, from Westminster, to-day?

*Sir Fran.* News, madam? I'cod! I have some — and such as does not come every day, I can tell you — A word in your ear — I have got a promise

promise of a place at court of a thousand pawns a year, already.

*La. Wrong.* Have you so, sir? And pray who may you thank for it? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better, than throwing so much away, after a stinking pack of fox-hounds, in the country? Now your family may be the better for it!

*Sir Fran.* Nay! that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

*La. Wrong.* Mighty well ——— come ——— let me have another hundred pounds then.

*Sir Fran.* Another! child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning, pray what's become of that, my dear?

*La. Wrong.* What's become of it? why I'll shew you, my love! — Jenny! have you the bills about you?

*Jenny.* Yes, mama.

*La. Wrong.* What's become of it? why laid out, my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the Count here.

*Jenny.* Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither ——— There's th' account.

*Sir Fran.* [*turning over the bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

*Man.* Then you have sound'd your aunt, you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

*Myr.* Sir, I'll answer, with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article: she mightily desires to see you, sir. } *Apart.*

*Man.* I am going home, directly: bring her to my house in half an hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it. }

*Myr.* Sir, she shall not fail you.

*Sir Fran.* Od's-life! madam, here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock-stockings, by wholesale.

*La. Wrong.* There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis ——— Nay, you see, I am so good a housewife, that in necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

*Sir*

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*Sir Fran.* No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

*La. Wrong.* My dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion? why the greatest distinction of a fine lady in this town is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

*Jenny.* Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

*La. Wrong.* Now, that is so like him!

*Man.* So! the family comes on finely. [*Aside.*]

*La. Wrong.* Lard! if men were always to govern, what dowdies would they reduce their wives to?

*Sir Fran.* An hundred pounds in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the lord mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

*Man.* O! do you feel it, sir? [*Aside.*]

*La. Wrong.* My dear, you seem uneasy: let me have the hundred pounds, and compose your self.

*Sir Fran.* Compose the devil, madam! why do you consider what a hundred pounds a day comes to in a year?

*La. Wrong.* My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all that my head is able to bear at a time — But I'll tell you what I consider — I consider, that my advice has got you a thousand pounds a year this morning — That, now, methinks you might consider, sir.

*Sir Fran.* A thousand a year! Waunds, madam, but I have not touch'd a penny of it yet!

*Man.* Nor never will, I'll answer for him. [*Aside.*]

*Enter 'Squire Richard.*

*'Squ. Rich.* Feyther, and you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coal'd; an I'd fain pick a bit with you.

*La. Wrong.* Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself!

*Sir Fran.* No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

*La. Wrong.* Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? we shall all eat in half a hour; and I was thinking

thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

*Sir Fran.* Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey, without baiting.

*Man.* By no means, Sir Francis: I am going upon a little business.

*Sir Fran.* Well, sir, I know you don't love compliments.

*Man.* You'll excuse me, madam —

*La. Wrong.* Since you have business, sir —

[Exit Manly.]

*Enter Mrs. Motherly.*

O, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning, you had some very fine lace to show me — can't I see it now? [Sir Francis stares.]

*Moth.* Why, really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise, to let the countess of Nicely have the first sight of it, for the birth-day: but your ladyship —

*La. Wrong.* O! I die, if I don't see it before her.

'*Squ. Rich.* Woan't you goa, feyther?

*Sir Fran.* Waunds! lad, I shall ha' noa stomach at this rate! } *Apart.*

*Moth.* Well, madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over — and for fineness — no cobweb comes up to it!

*Sir Fran.* Ods guts and gizzard, madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost now?

*Moth.* Nay, if Sir Francis does not like of it, madam —

*La. Wrong.* He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

*Sir Fran.* Flesh, madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it!

*La. Wrong.* No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a year, and who got it you, go! eat your dinner, and be thankful, go. [Driving him to the door.] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[Exit. La. Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.]

*Sir Fran.* Very fine! so here I mun fast, 'till I

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am almost famish'd for the good of my country; while madam is laying me out an hundred pounds a-day in lace, as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Ods-flesh! things had need go well, at this rate!

'Squ. Rich. Nay, nay, ——— come feyther.

[Ex. Sir Fran. and 'Squ. Rich.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her fancy, in some of the new laces.

C. Bas. We'll wait upon her ———

[Ex. Mrs. Moth.

Jenny. So! I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

C. Bas. No matter, my dear: you know she has ask'd me to stay supper: so, when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty sneaker of punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

C. Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow, you know at the masquerade. 'And then!—hey! Oh, I'll have a husband! ay, marry, &c.'

[Ex. singing.

Myr. So sir! am not I very commode to you?

C. Bas. Well, child! and don't you find your account in it? Did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with Miss in the main?

C. Bas. O she's mad for the masquerade! it drives like a nail, we want nothing now but a parson, to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin you know; he'll do your business and mine, at the same time.

C. Bas.



*C. Bas.* O! it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

*Myr.* Why you know my lady Townly's house is always open to the masques upon a ball-night, before they go to the Hay-Market.

*C. Bas.* Good.

*Myr.* Now the doctor proposes, we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there ——— crack ——— he'll give us all a canonical commission to go to bed together.

*C. Bas.* Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

*Myr.* And may the black gentleman tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I should not think myself oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

*C. Bas.* One kiss, for old acquaintance sake ——— I' gad I shall want to be busy again!

*Myr.* O you'll have one shortly that will find you employment. But I must run to my 'squire.

*C. Bas.* And I to the ladies ——— so your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead.

*Myr.* Yours, as in duty bound, most noble Count Basset. [Exit. Myr.]

*C. Bas.* Why ay! Count! That title has been of some use to me indeed! not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue riband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it: I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, din'd with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille with the first women of quality——But——  
——— *Tempora mutantur* ——— since that damn'd squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduc'd to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife; if my card comes up right (which I think can't fail) I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them! for since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers; I think sharpers are fools, that don't take up the airs of men of quality. [Exit.]

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ACT V. SCENE Lord Townly's House.

*Enter Manly and Lady Grace.*

*Man.* **T**HERE's something, madam, hangs  
upon your mind, to-day: Is it un-  
fit to trust me with it.

*La. Grace.* Since you will know ——— my  
sister then ——— unhappy woman!

*Man.* What of her?

*La. Grace.* I fear, is on the brink of ruin!

*Man.* I am sorry for it ——— what has hap-  
pen'd?

*La. Grace.* Nothing so very new! but the con-  
tinual repetition of it, at last has rais'd my brother  
to an intemperance, that I tremble at.

*Man.* Have they had any words upon it?

*La. Grace.* He has not seen her since yester-  
day.

*Man.* What! not at home all night!

*La. Grace.* About five this morning, in the came!  
but with such looks, and such an equipage of mis-  
fortunes at her heels ——— what can become  
of her?

*Man.* Has not my lord seen her, say you?

*La. Grace.* No! he chang'd his bed last night  
—— I sat with him alone 'till twelve, in expecta-  
tion of her: but, when the clock struck, he started  
from his chair, and grew incens'd to that degree,  
that had I not, almost on my knees, dissuaded him,  
he had order'd the doors, that instant, to have been  
lock'd against her!

*Man.* How terrible is his situation? when the  
most justifiable severities he can use against her, are  
liable to be the mirth of all the dissolute card-  
tables in town!

*La. Grace.* 'Tis that, I know, has made him  
bear so long: but you, that feel for him, Mr.  
Manly, will assist him to support his honour, and, if  
possible,

possible, preserve his quiet! therefore I beg you don't leave the house, 'till one or both of them can be wrought to better temper.

*Man.* How amiable is this concern in you?

*La. Grace.* For heaven's sake don't mind me, but think of something to preserve us all.

*Man.* I shall not take the merit of obeying your commands, madam, to serve my lord—— but pray, madam, let me into all that has past since yesternight?

*La. Grace.* When my entreaties had prevail'd upon my lord, not to make a story for the town, by so public a violence as shutting her at once out of his doors; he order'd the next apartment to my lady's to be made ready for him——while that was doing——I try'd by all the little arts I was mistress of, to amuse him into temper; in short, a silent grief was all I could reduce him to——on this, we took our leaves, and parted to our repose: what his was, I imagine by my own: for I ne'er clos'd my eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my lady at the door; so I flipt on a gown, and sat almost an hour with her in her own chamber.

*Man.* What said she, when she did not find my lord there?

*La. Grace.* O! so far from being shock'd or alarm'd at it, that she blest the occasion! and said, that in her condition, the chat of a female friend was far preferable to the best husband's company in the world.

*Man.* Where has she spirits to support so much insensibility?

*La. Grace.* Nay, 'tis incredible! for though she has lost every shilling she had in the world, and stretch'd her credit ev'n to breaking; she rallied her own follies with such vivacity, and painted the penance she knows she must undergo for them in such ridiculous lights, that had not my concern for a brother been too strong for her wit, she had almost disarm'd my anger.

*Man.* Her mind may have another cast by this time: the most flagrant dispositions have their hours

of anguish; which their pride conceals from company. But pray, madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine?

*La. Grace.* O! she took care of that before she went to bed; by ordering her woman, whenever she was ask'd for, to say she was not well.

*Man.* You have seen her since she was up, I presume?

*La. Grace.* Up! I question whether she be awake yet.

*Man.* Terrible! what a figure does she make now! That nature should throw away so much beauty upon a creature, to make such a flatteringly use of it!

*La. Grace.* O fy! there is not a more elegant beauty in town, when she's dress'd.

*Man.* In my eye, madam, she that's early dress'd, has ten times her elegance.

*La. Grace.* But she won't be long now, I believe: for I think I see her chocolate going up—Mrs. Trusty—a hem!

*Mrs. Trusty comes to the door.*

*Man.* [*Aside.*] Five a clock in the afternoon, for a lady of quality's breakfast, is an elegant hour, indeed! which, to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume she eats in her bed.

*La. Grace* [*To Mrs. Trusty.*] And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her toilet—that's all, Mrs. Trusty.

*Trusty.* I will be sure to let her ladyship know, madam. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Francis Wronghead, sir, desires to speak with you.

*Man.* He comes unseasonably—what shall I do with him?

*La. Grace.* O see him by all means, we shall have time enough; in the mean while, I'll step in and have an eye upon my brother. Nay, nay, don't mind me—you have business.—

*Man.* You must be obey'd— [*Retreating while Lady Grace goes out.*] Desire him to walk in.—

[*Exit*]

[Exit Servant.] I suppose by this time his wife worship begins to find, that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong side. [Enter Sir Francis] Sir Francis, your servant; how came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

*Sir Fran.* Ah! cousin!

*Man.* Why that sorrowful face, man?

*Sir Fran.* I have no friend alive but you——

*Man.* I am sorry for that——but what's the matter?

*Sir Fran.* I have play'd the fool by this journey, I see now——for my bitter wife——

*Man.* What of her?

*Sir Fran.* Is playing the devil!

*Man.* Why truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

*Sir Fran.* If I am a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning!

*Man.* Hah! I see a good housewife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

*Sir Fran.* Work do they call it? Fine work indeed!

*Man.* Well! but how do you mean, made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be——but I suppose you have an account of it.

*Sir Fran.* Yes, yes, I have had the account indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

*Man.* Pray let's hear.

*Sir Fran.* Why, first, I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the world see that I was somebody! and I thought that sum was very genteel.

*Man.* Indeed I think so; and, in the country, might have serv'd her a twelve-month.

*Sir Fran.* Why so it might——but here in this fine tawn, forsooth! it could not get through four-and-twenty hours——for, in half that time, it was all squandered away in baubles, and new-fashion'd trumpery.

*Man.* O! for ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

*Sir Fran.* Noa! there's the plague on't! the de-



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vil o' one useful thing do I see for it, but two pair of lac'd shoes, and those stond me in three paund three shillings a pair too.

*Man.* Dear sir! this is nothing! Why we have city wives here, that, while their good man is selling three penny-worth of fugar, will give you twenty pound for a short apron.

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on us! What a mortal poor devil is a husband!

*Man.* Well, but I hope you have nothing else to complain of?

*Sir Fran.* Ah! would I could say so too——but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart than all that went before it.

*Man.* And how might that be disposed of?

*Sir Fran.* Troth, I am almost asham'd to tell you.

*Man.* Out with it.

*Sir Fran.* Why she has been at an assembly.

*Man.* What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supt at home last night?

*Sir Fran.* Why so we did—and all as merry as grigs——I' cod! my heart was so open, that I tofs'd another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with——But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my lady Townly here (—who between you and I—mum! has had the devil to pay yonder—) with another rantipol dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my lady Noble's assembly forsooth——a few words, you may be sure, made the bargain——so, bawnce! and away they drive as if the devil had got into the coach-box——so about four or five in the morning——home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head——and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard table.

*Man.* All lost at dice!

*Sir Fran.* Every shilling——among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale-fac'd women of quality.

*Man.* But pray, Sir Francis, how came you, after you found her so ill an housewife of one sum, so soon to trust her with another?

*Sir Fran.* Why, truly, I mun say that was partly my

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my own fault: for if I had not been a blab of my tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been sav'd.

*Man.* How so?

*Sir Fran.* Why, like an owl, as I was, out of good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand pounds a year I had just got the promise of——I' cod! she lays her claws upon it that moment——said it was all owing to her advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

*Man.* What, before you had it yourself?

*Sir Fran.* Why ay! that's what I told her——My dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

*Man.* Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of patience, and I really feel compassion for you.

*Sir Fran.* Truly, and well you may, cousin; for I don't see that my wife's goodness is a bit the better for bringing to London.

*Man.* If you remember, I gave you a hint of it.

*Sir Fran.* Why ay, it's true you did so: but the devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid post to him.

*Man.* Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

*Sir Fran.* Ah! this London is a base place indeed——waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a gaol?

*Man.* Why truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

*Sir Fran.* Ah! would you could tell me that, cousin.

*Man.* The way lies plain before you, sir; the same road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

*Sir Fran.* Od's-flesh! cousin, what! and leave a thousand pounds a year behind me?

*Man.* Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you but your family, and you are a saver by it.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy

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figure shall I make in the country, if I come dawn withawt it!

*Man.* You will make a much more lamentable figure in a gaol without it.

*Sir Fran.* May hap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, cousin?

*Man.* Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you!

*Sir Fran.* Good-lack! how may yow mean, cousin?

*Man.* In one word, your whole affairs stand thus——In a week, you will lose your seat at Westminster: in a fortnight, my lady will run you into a gaol, by keeping the best company——In four-and-twenty hours, your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she has not been used to better company: and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

*Sir Fran.* I'th' name o' goodness why should yow think all this?

*Man.* Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

*Sir Fran.* Mercy upon us! yow frighten me——Well, fir, I will be govern'd by yow: but what am I to do in this case?

*Man.* I have not time here to give you proper instructions: but about eight this ev'ning, I'll call at your lodgings; and there you shall have full conviction, how much I have it at heart, to serve you.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my lord desires to speak with you.

*Man.* I'll wait upon him.

*Sir Fran.* Well then, I'll go strait home, naw.

*Man.* At eight depend upon me.

*Sir Fran.* Ah dear cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible journey have I made on't! [Exeunt severally.]

*The SCENE opens to a dressing-room. Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.*

*Trusty.* Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so out of order?

*La. Town.* How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of sleep?

*Trusty.* Dear me! it was so long before you rung, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely compos'd.

*La. Town.* Compos'd! why I have lain in an inn here! this house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches! What between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

*Trusty.* Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality — Though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

*La. Town.* Oh! you are quite mistaken, *Trusty*! I manage very ill! for, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over-fond of my lord — yet I want money infinitely oftner than he is willing to give it me.

*Trusty.* Ah! if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

*La. Town.* Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, *Trusty*?

*Trusty.* Mercy forbid, madam!

*La. Town.* Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd! — — — stripp'd, even to a confiscation of my last guinea.

*Trusty.* You don't tell me so, madam!

*La. Town.* And where to raise ten pounds in the world — what is to be done, *Trusty*?

*Trusty.* Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam: but may be your ladyship may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

*La. Town.* But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune!

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*Trusty.* Hah! that's a bad business indeed, madam——Adad! I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late——

*La. Town.* Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee!

*Trusty.* Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

*La. Town.* O! ay! I had forgot——'twas to——  
2——what's his filthy name?

*Trusty.* Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turn'd off, about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

*La. Town.* The very wretch!——if he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately——[*Exit Trusty.*] Well! sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five! five, and nine, against poor seven for ever!——No! after that horrid bar of my chance, that Lady Wrong-head's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible; ever, to win another stake——Sit up all night! lose all one's money! dream of winning thousands! wake without a shilling! and then——how like a hag I look! In short——the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder! If it were not for shame now, I could almost think lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive! [Trusty returns.]

*Trusty.* O madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair-foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

*La. Town.* Run to the stair-case head again——and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant. [Trusty runs out, and speaks.]

*Trusty.* Mr. Poundage——a hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly!

*Pound.* [within.] I'll come to you presently. } without.

*Trusty.*



*Trusty.* Presently won't do, man, you must come this minute.

*Pound.* I am but just paying a little money, here. } *without.*

*Trusty.* Cods my life! paying money? is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment, quick! }

[*Trusty returns.*]

*La. Town.* Will the monster come or no? ———

*Trusty.* Yes, I hear him now, madam, he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

*La. Town.* Don't let him come in——for he will keep such a babbling about his accompts——my brain is not able to bear him.

[*Poundage comes to the door with a money-bag in his hand.*]

*Trusty.* O! it's well you are come, sir! where's the fifty pounds?

*Pound.* Why here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time——the man's now writing a receipt below for it.

*Trusty.* No matter! my lady says, you must not pay him with that money, there is not enough, it seems; there's a pistole, and a guinea, that is not good, in it——besides, there is a mistake in the accout too——[*Twitching the bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

*La. Town.* What is all that noise there?

*Pound.* Why and it please your ladyship——

*La. Town.* Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do as you were order'd.

*Pound.* Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam——

[*Exit Poundage.*]

*Trusty.* There they are, madam——[*Pours the money out of the bag.*] The pretty things——were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them——I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake——Thank you, madam. [*Takes a guinea.*]

*La. Town.* Why, I did not bid you take it.

*Trusty.* No, but your ladyship look'd as if you were just

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just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

*La. Town.* Well ! thou hast deserv'd it, and so, for once—but hark ! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder ? tho' I think now we may compound for a little of his ill humour.——

*Trusty.* I'll listen.

*La. Town.* Pr'ythee do. [*Trusty goes to the door.*]

*Trusty.* Ay ! they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage——bless me ! I believe he'll beat him—mercy on us ! how the wretch swears !

*La. Town.* And a sober citizen too ! that's a shame !

*Trusty.* Hah ! I think all's silent of a sudden——may be the porter has knock'd him down——I'll step and see—— [*Exit Trusty.*]

*La. Town.* Those trades-people are the troublesomest creatures ! no words will satisfy them !

[*Trusty returns.*]

*Trusty.* O madam ! undone ! undone ! My lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over——if your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

*La. Town.* No matter ; it will come round presently : I shall have it all from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

*Trusty.* O lud ! madam ! here's my lord just coming in.

*La. Town.* Do you get out of the way then. [*Exit Trusty.*] I am afraid I want spirits ! but he will soon give 'em me.

*Enter Lord Townly.*

*L. Town.* How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you ?

*La. Town.* You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence !

*L. Town.* I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagances, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people !

*La. Town.*

*La. Town.* Yes, but you see they never are to be satisfied.

*L. Town.* Nor am I, madam, longer to be abus'd thus ! what's become of the last five hundred I gave you ?

*La. Town.* Gone.

*L. Town.* Gone ! what way, madam !

*La. Town.* Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

*L. Town.* 'Tis well ! I see ruin will make no impression, 'till it falls upon you.

*La. Town.* In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

*L. Town.* Madam, madam ! I will be heard, and make you answer.

*La. Town.* Make me ! then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

*L. Town.* Come ! come, madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

*La. Town.* My lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

*L. Town.* Pooh ! your spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it !

*La. Town.* You'll find, at least, I have resentment ! and do you look well to the provocation !

*L. Town.* After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

*La. Town.* I scorn your imputation and your menaces ! the narrowness of your heart's your monitor ! 'tis there ! there, my lord, you are wounded ; you have less to complain of than many husbands of an equal rank to you.

*L. Town.* Death, madam ! do you presume upon your corporal merit ! that your person's less tainted than your mind ! is it there ! there alone an honest husband can be injur'd ? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman ? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclaim'd, for nights consum'd in

riot

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riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more; if she conceals her shame, does less: and sure the dissolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

*La. Town.* I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please you.

*L. Town.* Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her——I am amaz'd our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! when a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is't to me, whether a black ace or a powder'd coxcomb has possession of it?

*La. Town.* If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

*L. Town.* That, madam, I have long despair'd of; and since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that with our hearts our persons too should separate—This house you sleep no more in! Though your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

*La. Town.* Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour.

*L. Town.* Madam, madam! this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

*La. Town.* If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it! but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine.

*L. Town.* Recall'd!—Who's there! [*Enter a servant.*] Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

*La. Town.* My lord, you may proceed as you please; but pray what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other women of quality?

*L. Town.* 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps her within

*La. Town.*

*La. Town.* I don't know what figure you may make, my lord, but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

*L. Town.* Be sparing of your spirit, madam, you'll need it to support you. [*Enter Lady Grace, and Manly.*] Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

*Man.* Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

*L. Town.* Sister, I have the same excuse to intreat of you too.

*La. Grace.* To your request, I beg, my lord.

*L. Town.* Thus then—as you both were present at my ill-consider'd marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determin'd separation.—I know, sir, your good-nature, and my sister's, must be shock'd at the office I impose on you! But, as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious—that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent upon her side.

*Man.* My lord, I never thought till now it could be difficult to oblige you.

*La. Grace.* [*Aside.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

*L. Town.* For you, my lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—for the good lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter.—As the lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire.—But those indulgences must end! State, equipage, and splendor but ill become the vices that misuse 'em.—The decent necessities of life shall be supply'd—but not one article to luxury! Not even the coach that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender aunt, my lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increas'd.—But, if you still are

lavish



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lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less! nor will I call that soul my friend, that names you in my hearing!

*La. Grace.* My heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*

*L. Town.* O Manly! look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love! There was a time when I believ'd that form incapable of vice, or of decay! there I propos'd the partner of an easy home! there! I for ever hop'd to find a chearful companion, an agreeable intimate, a faithful friend, a useful help-mate, and a tender mother——But oh! how bitter now the disappointment!

*Man.* The world is different in its sense of happiness: offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

*L. Town.* Fear me not.

*Man.* This last reproach, I see, has struck her. [*Aside.*

*L. Town.* No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes——I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal: and, as I am conscious severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion rais'd against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

*La. Town.* O sister! [*Turns to La. Grace, weeping.*

*L. Town.* When I am spoken of, where without favour this action may be canvass'd, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. [*Going.*

*La. Town.* Support me! save me! hide me from the world! [*Falls on Lady Grace's neck.*

*L. Town.* [*Returning.*]——I had forgot me——You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have liv'd in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms, than suit the honour of an injur'd husband. [*Offers to go out.*

*Man.* [*Interposing.*] My lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One moment's stay can do your cause

cause no wrong! If looks can speak the anguish of the heart, I'll answer with my life there's something labouring in her mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

*L. Town.* Consider! since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

*La. Town.* Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say, will not deserve an insult; and undeserv'd, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in friends to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

*L. Town.* I shan't refuse you that, madam—be it so.

*La. Town.* My lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted love; but as you kindly have allow'd I never gave it to another; so when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

*La. Grace.* This promises a reverse of temper.  
[*Apart.*]

*Man.* This, my lord, you are concern'd to hear!

*L. Town.* Proceed, I am attentive.

*La. Town.* Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talk'd me into beauty, which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirm'd: wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves, I triumph'd over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoyn'd me to make choice of one, I even there declin'd the liberty he gave; and to his own election yielded up my youth—His tender care, my lord, directed him to you—Our hands were join'd! but still my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures! The husband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law, 'which only the 'deform'd or meanly-spirited obey'd!' I knew no directors but my passions; no master, but my will! Even you, my lord, sometime o'ercome by love, were pleas'd with my delights, nor then foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence—And, though I call myself ungrateful while I own it, yet, as a truth, it cannot

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cannot be deny'd — that kind indulgence has undone me ! it added strength to my habitual failings ; and in a heart thus warm in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

*L. Town.* O Manly ! where has this creature's heart been buried !  
*Man.* If yet recoverable — how vast a treasure ! } *Apart.*

*La. Town.* What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession ! My errors (give 'em, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended ! No ! What's in its nature wrong no words can palliate, no plea can alter ! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure ? Time only can convince you of my future conduct : therefore, 'till I have liv'd an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon — The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent ; but to have deserv'd this separation, will strew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

*La. Grace.* O happy, heavenly hearing !

*La. Town.* Sister, farewell ! [*Kissing her.*] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me : but when you think I have atton'd my follies past — persuade your injur'd brother to forgive them.

*L. Town.* No, madam ! your errors thus renounc'd, this instant are forgotten ! So deep, so due a sense of them, has made you what my utmost wishes form'd, and all my heart has sigh'd for.

*La. Town.* [*turning to Lady Grace.*] How odious does this goodness make me !

*La. Grace.* How amiable your thinking so !

*L. Town.* Long-parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting : but from a shipwreck sav'd, we mingle tears with our embraces !

[*Embracing Lady Townly.*]  
*La. Town.* What words ! what love ! what duty can repay such obligations ?

*L. Town.* Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless !

*La. Town.*

*La. Town.* Oh!—till this moment, never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you!

*L. Town.* By Heav'n, this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable!—O Manly! sister! as you have often shar'd in my disquiet, partake of my felicity! my new-born joy! See here the bride of my desires! this may be call'd my wedding-day!

*La. Grace.* Sister! (for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

*Man.* Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

*L. Town.* To make our happiness compleat, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

*La. Town.* Sister! a day like this——

*La. Grace.* Admits of no excuse against the general joy. [*Gives her hand to Manly.*]

*Man.* A joy like mine——despairs of words to speak it.

*L. Town.* O Manly! how the name of friend endears the brother! [*Embracing him.*]

*Man.* Your words, my lord, will warm me to deserve them.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, the apartments are full of masqueraders——and some people of quality there desire to see your lordship and my lady.

*La. Town.* I thought, my lord, your orders had forbid this revelling?

*L. Town.* No, my dear; Manly has desir'd their admittance to-night, it seems, upon a particular occasion——Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*La. Town.* I shall be but ill company to them.

*L. Town.* No matter: not to see them would on a sudden be too particular. Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

*La. Town.* With her, my lord, I shall be always easy——Sister, to your unerring virtue I now commit the guidance of my future days——

94 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,  
But where your guarded innocence shall lead.  
For in the married state, the world must own,  
Divided happiness was never known.  
To make it mutual, nature points the way :  
Let husbands govern : gentle wives obey. [*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE opening to another apartment, discovers  
a great number of people in masquerade, talking all  
together, and playing upon one another : Lady  
Wronghead as a shepherdess ; Jenny as a nun ; the  
Squire as a running-footman ; and the Count in a  
domino. After some time, Lord and Lady Town-  
ly, with Lady Grace, enter to them unmask'd.*

*L. Town.* So ! here's a great deal of company.

*La. Grace.* A great many people, my lord, but  
no company—as you'll find—for here's one now,  
that seems to have a mind to entertain us.

[*A mask, after some affected gestures, makes up to  
Lady Townly.*]

*Mask.* Well, dear lady Townly, shan't we see  
you by-and-by ?

*La. Town.* I don't know you, madam.

*Mask.* Don't you, seriously ? [*In a squeaking tone.*]

*La. Town.* Not I, indeed.

*Mask.* Well, that's charming ! but can't you  
guess ?

*La. Town.* Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

*Mask.* That's what I'd have you do.

*La. Town.* But, madam, if I don't know you at  
all, is not that as well ?

*Mask.* Ay, but you do know me.

*La. Town.* Dear sister, take her off o' my hands ;  
there's no bearing this. [*Apart.*]

*La. Grace.* I fancy I know you, madam.

*Mask.* I fancy you don't : what makes you think  
you do ?

*La. Grace.* Because I have heard you talk.

*Mask.* Ay, but you don't know my voice, I'm  
sure.

*La. Grace.*



‘ *La. Grace.* There is something in your wit and humour, madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any body but my Lady Trifle.

‘ *Mask.* [*Unmasking.*] Dear Lady Grace! thou art a charming creature.

‘ *La. Grace.* Is there no body else we know here?

‘ *Mask.* O dear, yes! I have found out fifty already.

‘ *La. Grace.* Pray who are they?

‘ *Mask.* O, charming company! there’s Lady Ramble — Lady Riot — Lady Kill-Care — Lady Squander — Lady Strip — Lady Pawn — and the Duchefs of Single-Guinea.

‘ *L. Town.* Is not it hard, my dear! that people of sense and probity, are sometimes forc’d to seem fond of such company? } *Apart.*

‘ *La. Town.* My lord, it will always give me pain to remember their acquaintance, but none to drop it immediately. }

‘ *La. Grace.* But you have given us no account of the men, madam. Are they good for any thing?

‘ *Mask.* O yes! you must know, I always find out them by their endeavours to find out me.

‘ *La. Grace.* Pray, who are they?

‘ *Mask.* Why, for your men of tip-top wit and pleasure about town, there’s — my Lord Bite — Lord Arch-Wag — young Brazen-Wit — Lord Timberdown — Lord Joint-Life — and — Lord Mortgage. — Then for your pretty fellows only — there’s Sir Powder Peacock — Lord Lapwing — Billy Magpye — Beau Frightful — Sir Paul Plaister-crown, and the Marquis of Monkey-man.

‘ *La. Grace.* Right! and these are the fine gentlemen that never want elbow-room at an assembly.

‘ *Mask.* The rest, I suppose, by their tawdry, hired habits, are tradesmen’s wives, inns-of-court beaux, Jews, and kept mistresses.

‘ *L. Town.* An admirable collection!

‘ *La. Grace.* Well, of all our public diversions, I am amaz’d how this that is so very expensive, and has so little to shew for it, can draw so much company together.

‘ *L. Town.*

96 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,

' *L. Town.* O! if it were not expensive, the better fort would not come into it: and because money can purchase a ticket, the common people scorn to be kept out of it.

' *Mask.* Right, my lord.—Poor Lady Grace! I suppose you are under the same astonishment, that an opera should draw so much good company.

' *La. Grace.* Not at all, madam; it's an easier matter sure to gratify the ear, than the understanding. But have you no notion, madam, of receiving pleasure and profit at the same time?

' *Mask.* Oh! quite none! unless it be sometimes winning a great stake; laying down a *vole*, *sans prendre*, may come up to the profitable pleasure you were speaking of.

' *L. Town.* You seem attentive my dear?

' *La. Town.* I am, my lord; and amaz'd at my own follies, so strongly painted in another woman! } *Apart.*

' *La. Grace.* But see, my lord, we had best adjourn our debate, I believe, for here are some masks that seem to have a mind to divert other people as well as themselves.

' *L. Town.* The least we can do is to give them a clear stage then.

' [*A dance of masks here, in various characters.*]

' This was a favour extraordinary.

' *Enter Manly.*

' Oh Manly! I thought we had lost you.

' *Man.* I ask pardon, my lord; but I have been oblig'd to look a little after my country family.

' *L. Town.* Well, pray, what have you done with them?

' *Man.* They are all in the house here, among the masks, my lord; if your lordship has curiosity enough to step into a lower apartment, in three minutes I'll give you an ample account of them.

' *L. Town.* O! by all means: we will wait upon you.

[*The scene shuts upon the masks to a smaller apartment.*]

*Manly re-enters, with Sir Francis Wronghead.*

*Sir Fran.* Well, cousin, you have made my very hair

hair stand an end! waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

*Man.* Stick to that, sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all: in the mean time, place yourself behind this screen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close 'till I give you the signal.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, I'll warrant you ——— Ah! my lady! my lady Wronghead! what a bitter business have you drawn me into!

*Man.* Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already.

[*Sir Francis retires behind the screen. Ex. Man.*

*Enter Myrtilla, with 'Squire Richard.*

*'Squ. Rich.* What! is this the doctor's chamber?

*Myr.* Yes, yes; speak softly.

*'Squ. Rich.* Well, but where is he?

*Myr.* He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he cannot do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the Count and your sister come, you know, he and you may be fathers for one another.

*'Squ. Rich.* Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

*Myr.* And see! here they come.

*Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.*

*C. Basf.* So, so, here's your brother, and his bride, before us, my dear.

*Jenny.* Well; I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! —I thought I should never have got rid of mama! but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! —lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

*C. Basf.* O the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

*Jenny.* Ah! you say so ——— but let's see now ——— O lud! I vow it thumps purely ——— well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the parson?

*C. Basf.* Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us?

*Myr.* He only staid for you, sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

[*Ex. Myr.*

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Pray, fir, am not I to take place of mama, when I'm a countess?

*C. Bas.* No doubt on't, my dear.

*Jenny.* Oh lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly! or you and I in our coach and fix, at Hyde-Park together!

*C. Bas.* Ay! or when she hears the box-keepers, at an opera, call out — The Countess of Basset's servants!

*Jenny.* Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine gentleman with a star and a what-d'ye-callum ribbon, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! Hold up, says the chairman; and so, says I, My lord, your humble servant. I suppose, madam, says he, we shall see you at my lady Quadrille's! Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord, says I — So in swops me, with my hoop stuff'd up to my forehead! and away they trot, swing! swang! with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and — O! it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

*C. Bas.* Well! I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of 'em all will become an equipage, like you.

*Jenny.* Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you. [*Sings.*

I.

- What tho' they call me country lass,
- I read it plainly in my glass,
- That for a duchess I might pass:
- O, could I see the day!
- Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
- At park, at play, at ring and ball,
- I'd brave the proudest of them all,
- With a stand by — clear the way.

II.

- Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
- With smart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,
- At rivals I'll turn up my nose;
- O, could I see the day!

- I'll dart such glances from these eyes, T
- Shall make some lord, or duke, my prize;
- And then, O! how I'll tyrannize,
- With a stand by — clear the way.

III.

- O! then for ev'ry new delight,
- For equipage and diamonds bright,
- Quadrille, and plays, and balls, all night;
- O, could I see the day!
- Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
- The tedious hours of life to kill,
- In every thing I'd have my will,
- With a stand by — clear the way.'

'Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life! tho' in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely! — but what a-rope makes the parson stay so?

C. Basf. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

*Enter Myrtilia, with a Constable.*

Const. Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman. [*Pointing to the Count.*]

C. Basf. Hey-day! what! in masquerade, doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called Count Bassier, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

C. Basf. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you for forgery, sir.

C. Basf. Blood and thunder!

Const. And so, sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me! what's the matter? [*Trembling.*]

C. Basf. Oh! nothing, only a masquerading frolic, my dear.

'Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No, sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir Fran. coming softly behind the 'Squire, knocks him down with his cane.*]



*Enter Manly.*

'*Squ. Rich.* O lawd! O lawd! he has beaten my brains out!

*Man.* Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray sir.

*Sir Fran.* Waunds, cousin, I han't patience.

*C. Bas.* Manly! nay, then I am blown to the devil.

*[Aside.]*

'*Squ. Rich.* O my head! my head!

*Enter Lady Wronghead.*

*La. Wrong.* What's the matter here, gentlemen? for heaven's sake! what, are you murdering my children?

*Const.* No, no, madam, no murther! only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

*Sir Fran.* [*To Jenny*] And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't, I could find it in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pick-pocket?

*C. Bas.* So, so, all's out, I find. *[Aside.]*

*Jenny.* O the mercy!—why pray, papa, is not the Count a man of quality then?

*Sir Fran.* O yes! one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.

*La. Wrong.* [*Aside*] Married! O the confident thing! there was his urgent business then——sighted for her! I han't patience!——and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman!

*Man.* Mr. Constable! secure that door there.

*Sir Fran.* Ah my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London! but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night, for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

*La. Wrong.* Indeed you are mistaken, Sir Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

*Sir Fran.* Not stir! waunds! madam—

*Man.* Hold, sir—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.

*Sir Fran.*

*Sir Fran.* Ah! cousin! you are a friend indeed!

*Man.* [*Apart to my lady.*] Look you, madam, as to the favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious letter inclosed to my lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your son and daughter from ruin——Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.

*La. Wrong.* What do you mean, sir?

*Man.* Why, Sir Francis——shall never know what is in this letter;—look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.

*La. Wrong.* Ha! my billet-doux to the Count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion!

*Man.* What shall I say to Sir Francis, madam?

*La. Wrong.* Dear sir! I am in such a trembling! preserve my honour, and I am all obedience!

[*Apart to Manly.*]

*Man.* Sir Francis——my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

*Sir Fran.* Ah cousin! I doubt I am oblig'd to you for it.

*Man.* Come, come, Sir Francis! take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!——And now, sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

*C. Basf.* Mr. Manly! sir! I hope you won't ruin me.

*Man.* Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, sir?

*C. Basf.* Sir—I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate—But it has hurt nobody yet, sir! I beg you will not stigmatize me!—Since you have spoil'd my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, sir, to make it in another, sir!

*Man.* Look you, sir, I have not much time to waste with you: but, if you expect mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

*C. Bas.* Cruel, fir!

*Man.* Have not you ruin'd this young woman?

*C. Bas.* I, fir!

*Man.* I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and one only chance to get off with. Marry her this instant——and you take off her evidence.

*C. Bas.* Dear fir!

*Man.* No words, fir;—a wife, or a *mittimus*.

*C. Bas.* Lord, fir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

*Man.* A private penance, or a public one——constable!

*C. Bas.* Hold, fir, since you are pleas'd to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady as not to give her the preference.

*Man.* It must be done this minute, fir: the chaplain you expected is still within call.

*C. Bas.* Well, fir,——since it must be so——Come, spouse——I am not the first of the fraternity that has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another.

*Myr.* Come, fir, don't repine: marriage is, at worst, but playing upon the square.

*C. Bas.* Ay, but the worst of the match too, is the devil.

*Man.* Well, fir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forg'd bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one, of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honey-moon with.

[Gives it to Myrtilla.]

*C. Bas.* Sir, this is so generous an act——

*Man.* No compliments, dear fir——I am not at leisure now to receive them.——Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

*Const.* Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

# A JOURNEY TO LONDON. 103

*C. Bas.* Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however.

[*Exeunt Count, Myr. and Constable.*]

*Sir Fran.* And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever—come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witness of the ceremony.

[*Ex. Sir Fran. Lady Wronghead, Miss, and 'Squire.*]

*Man.* Now, my lord, you may enter.

*Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.*

*L. Town.* So, sir, I give you joy of your negotiation.

*Man.* You overheard it all, I presume?

*La. Grace.* From first to last, sir.

*L. Town.* Never were knaves and fools better dispos'd of.

*Man.* A sort of poetical justice, my lord, not much above the judgment of a modern comedy.

*L. Town.* To heighten that resemblance, I think, sister, there only wants your rewarding the hero of the fable, by naming the day of his happiness.

*La. Grace.* This day, to-morrow, every hour, I hope, of life to come, will shew I want not inclination to compleat it.

*Man.* Whatever I may want, madam, you will always find endeavours to deserve you.

*L. Town.* Then all are happy.

*La. Town.* Sister, I give you joy! 'consummate as the happiest pair can boast.'

In you, methinks, as in a glass, I see

The happiness that once advanc'd to me.

So visible the bliss, so plain the way,

How was it possible my sense could stray?

But now, a convert to this truth I come,

That married happiness is never found from home.

SONG,

## SONG, in the Fourth Act.

' O H, I'll have a husband ! ay, marry ;  
 ' For why should I longer tarry,  
 ' For why should I longer tarry  
   ' Than other brisk girls have done ?  
 ' For if I stay 'till I grow grey,  
 ' They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade ;  
   ' So I'll no longer tarry ;  
 ' But I'll have a husband, ay, marry,  
   ' If money can buy me one.

' My mother she says I'm too coming ;  
 ' And still in my ears she is drumming,  
 ' And still in my ears she is drumming,  
   ' That I such vain thoughts shou'd shun :  
 ' My sisters they cry, O fy ! and O fy !  
 ' But yet I can see, they're as coming as me ;  
   ' So let me have husbands in plenty :  
   ' I'd rather have twenty times twenty,  
     ' Than die an old maid undone.'

## E P I L O G U E.

*METHINKS* I hear some powder'd critics say,  
 " Damn it ! this wise reform'd has spoil'd the play !  
 " The coxcomb should have drawn her more in fashion, }  
 " Have gratify'd her softer inclination, }  
 " Have tipt her a gallant, and clinch'd the provocation. }  
 But there our bard stops short : for 'twere uncivil  
 T' have made a modern belle, all o'er a devil !  
 He hop'd, in honour of the sex, the age  
 Would bear one mended woman — on the stage.

From



From whence, you see, by common sense's rules,  
 Wives might be govern'd, were not husbands fools.  
 Whate'er by nature dames are prone to do,  
 They seldom stray but when they govern you.  
 When the wild wife perceives her deary tame,  
 No wonder then she plays him all the game.  
 But men of sense meet rarely that disaster;  
 Women take pride where merit is their master:  
 Nay, she that with a weak man wisely lives,  
 Will seem t' obey the due commands she gives!  
 Happy obedience is no more a wonder,  
 When men are men, and keep them kindly under.  
 But modern consorts are such high-bred creatures,  
 They think a husband's power degrades their features;  
 That nothing more proclaims a reigning beauty,  
 Than that she never was reproach'd with duty:  
 And that the greatest blessing heav'n e'er sent,  
 Is in a spouse incurious and content.

To give such dames a different cast of thought,  
 By calling home the mind, these scenes were wrought.  
 If, with a hand too rude, the task is done,  
 We hope the schemes, by Lady Grace laid down,  
 Will all such freedom with the sex atone.  
 That virtue there unsoil'd, by modish art,  
 Throws out attractions for a Manly's heart.

You, you then, ladies, whose unquestion'd lives  
 Give you the foremost fame of happy wives,  
 Protect, for its attempt, this helpless play;  
 Nor leave it to the vulgar taste, a prey;  
 Appear the frequent champions of its cause,  
 Direct the crowd, and give yourselves applause.

F I N I S.

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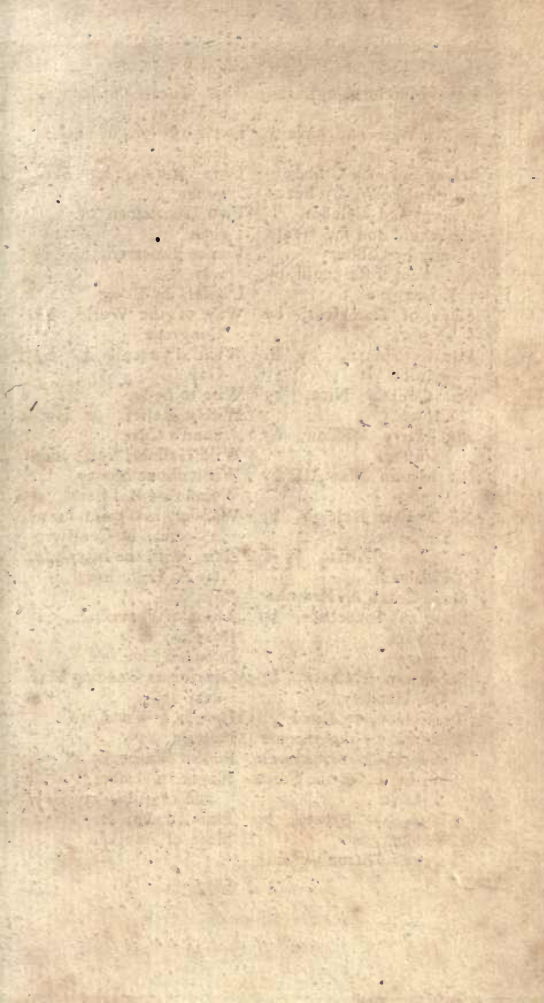
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| Henry V. by ditto           | Phædra and Hippolitus,      |
| Henry VI. 3 Parts, by ditto | by Smith                    |
| Henry VIII. by ditto        | Pilgrim, by Beaumont and    |
| Henry V. by Aaron Hill      | Fletcher                    |
| Honest Yorkshireman         | Polly, by Mr. Gay           |
| Jane Gray, by Rowe          | Prophetess, by Beaumont     |
| Jane Shore, by Rowe         | Provok'd Wife, by Van-      |
| Inconstant, by Farquhar     | brugh                       |
| King John, by Shakespeare   | Recruiting Officer, by Far- |
| King Lear, by ditto         | quhar                       |
| King Lear, by Tate          | Refusal, by Cibber          |
| Limberham, by Dryden        | Rehearsal, by D. of Bucks   |
| Love for Love, by Con-      | Relapse, by Vanbrugh        |
| greve                       | Revenge, by Dr. Young       |
| Love in a Mist              | Richard III. by C. Cibber   |
| Love in a Tub, by Etherege  | Rival Fools, by C. Cib-     |
| Love makes a Man, by        | ber                         |
| C. Cibber                   | Rival Ladies, by Dryden     |
| Love's Last Shift, by ditto | Rival Queens, by Lee        |
| Lying Lover, by Steele      | Romeo and Juliet, altered   |
| Macbeth, by Shakespeare     | by Mr. Garrick              |

PLAYS *for* T. LOWNDES *and* PARTNERS.

Royal Merchant, by Beaumont	the Cheats of Scapin, by Otway
Rule a Wife and have a Wife	Twelfth Night, by Shakespeare
School Boy, by Cibber	Twin Rivals, by Farquhar
Scornful Lady, by Beaumont and Fletcher	Two Gentlemen of Verona
She would and she would not, by Cibber	Venice Preserved, by Otway
Shewould if she could, by Etherege	Ulysses, by Rowe
Siege of Damascus, by Hughes	Way of the World, by Congreve
Silent Woman, by B. Johnson	What d'ye call it? by Gay
Sir Courtly Nice, by Crown	Wife to be let
Sir Harry Wildair, by Farquhar	Wife's Relief, or Husband's Cure
Sir Martin Mar-All, by Dryden	Wild Gallant, by Dryden
Sir Walter Raleigh, by Dr. Sewell	Wit without Money
'Squire of Alsaty, by T Shadwell	Woman's a Riddle
Stage Coach, by Farquhar	Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret, by Centlivre
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# THE DRUMMER.



*Dodd ad Viv. delin.*

*Walker sculp.*

*MR PARSONS and MISS POPE,*  
*in the Characters of*  
*VELLUM and ABIGAIL.*

*Vol. It is indeed but a little Joy. Act 3 Sc 1*

*Published Jan. 11. 1777 by T. Lowndes & Partners*

THE  
D R U M M E R;  
OR, THE  
H A U N T E D H O U S E.

A  
C O M E D Y,

By Mr. A D D I S O N.

Marked with the Variations in the  
M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,  
A T T H E  
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

—————FALSIS TERRORIBUS IMPLET  
UT MAGUS—————

HOR.




L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Rivington, and Sons, W. Strahan, J. Hinton,  
W. Owen, T. Longman, L. Davis, T. Lowndes, T. Cadell,  
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T. Cadell, W. Nicoll, J. Robson, J. D. Cornish, and E. Johnston.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

In this grave age, when Comedies are  
 We crave your patronage for our last; and  
 Though, 'twere but just, to let the author say  
 But let the farthest witness be the stage;  
 I beg your pardon, and will not dispute  
 Blood and Black, but, in your hands, I'll  
 If, for your sake, in a few days, I'll  
 Round head and Wooden heels are passing  
 Ye have learnt your class, and will be  
 I have given you a present in your way  
 For you are the only one, who will  
 To please you, I have given you a  
 Our author, however, for his time is worth  
 And happy in his first attempt to write  
 His comedy, which was intended to  
 I have written it in a more correct

 The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted  
 in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and  
 marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 17 to 30, in  
 Page 13.

A new young man, who had just  
 from a school, and was now  
 and I was to blame, for I had not a friend  
 Each of us was to be a part of the  
 and that he was to be a part of the  
 But, if you are ready, and will be a dog  
 I'll give you a ———— of the same  
 If you think it, be ready to be a dog  
 And like a captain, join the band and  
 If you are ready, and will be a dog  
 The piece, that is for the first time  
 Tho' with a God our country is  
 I shall upon my word, you shall be  
 On, it is a God, that seems to be  
 A well-spread, and jointed dancing  
 In our own God, that is a God, and  
 Made up of flesh and blood ————  
 Then, if you are ready, and will be a dog  
 It is never late, that is to be a dog

# P R O L O G U E.

*I*N this grave age, when Comedies are few,  
 We crave your patronage for one that's new;  
 Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,  
 And let the scarceness recommend the rare.  
 Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,  
 Blood and Blank Verse, have harden'd all your hearts;  
 If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,  
 Round-heads and Wooden-shoes are standing jokes;  
 The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,  
 You're grown such politicians in your mirth!  
 For once we try (tho' 'tis, I own, unsafe)  
 To please you all, and make both parties laugh.

Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,  
 And bashful in his first attempt to write,  
 Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,  
 Like antient Actors in a mask conceal'd.  
 Censure when no man knows who writes the play,  
 Were much good malice merely thrown away.  
 The mighty Critics will not blast, for shame,  
 A raw young thing who dares not tell his name:  
 Good-natur'd judges will th'unknown defend,  
 And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend.  
 Each Wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,  
 And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.  
 But, if you're rough, and use him like a dog,  
 Depend upon it — he'll remain incog.  
 If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,  
 And like a culprit, join the hue and cry.

If cruel men are still averse to spare  
 These scenes, they fly for refuge to the Fair.  
 Tho' with a Ghost our comedy be heighten'd:  
 Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd:  
 Oh, 'tis a Ghost that seems to be uncivil,  
 A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil:  
 An am'rous Ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,  
 Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.  
 Then ev'ry evening come in flocks undaunted;  
 We never think this house is too much haunted.

# Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

M E N.

At Drury Lane.

Sir George Truman

Tiniel, *the Drummer*

Fantome, *the Drummer*

Vellum, Sir George Truman's Steward.

Butler

Coachman

Gardener

W O M E N.

Lady Truman

Abigail

Mrs. Hopkins.

Miss Pope.

At Covent Garden.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Woodward.

Mr. R. Smith.

Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Dunstall.

Mr. Cushing.

Mr. Morris.

Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. Green.



THE  
D R U M M E R:  
OR, THE  
HAUNTED HOUSE.

---

ACT I. SCENE, *a great hall.*

*Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.*

*Butler.* **T**HERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George — If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the drum.

*Coach.* I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

*Gard.* I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman — if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her — Come, here's her health.

*But.* 'Tis a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

*Coach.* Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you — He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

*Gard.* I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts — I marvel, John, how he gets into the house, when all the gates are shut.

*But.* Why look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an auger-hole — he'll whisk you through a key hole, without so much as jostling against one of the wards.

*Coach.* Poor madam is mainly frighted, that's certain; and verily believes it is my master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

*But.* Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George, Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honour: He always lov'd the wars; and you know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the music of a drum.

*Gard.* I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

*But.* Found! Why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

*Coach.* 'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive; and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town close.

*Gard.* Ay! how did he appear?

*Coach.* Like a white horse.

*But.* Pho, Robin, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

*Coach.* This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night, without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had tumbled over a spirit.

*But.* Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

*Coach.* Ay, poor cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

*Gard.* Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often, when we don't.

*But.* My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

*Gard.* I fancy when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

*Coach.* Why may not the parson of our parish lay him?

*But.*

# THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

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*But.* No, no, no; our parson cannot lay him.

*Coach.* Why not he as well as another man?

*But.* Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

*Gard.* Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him?—Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

*Coach.* How's that?

*Gard.* I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

*Coach.* Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

*But.* Pho, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter—The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done, ——I would have the Steward speak latin to it.

*Coach.* Ay, that would do, if the Steward had but courage.

*Gard.* There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own: But alack what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

*But.* Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it: For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

*Gard.* A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing: not I! I never did harm in my life; I never committed murder.

*But.* I verily believe thee: keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

*Gard.* Why that's well said, John; An honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—Why, how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

*But.* and *Coach.* Ha! where?

*Gard.* The devil! the devil! Oh no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

*But.* Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! A good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

THE DRUMMER: OR, I.

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house! Why don't you lay your cloth; How came you out of the stables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

*Gard.* Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together; and me thought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

*But.* And so forsooth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

*Gard.* For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

*Coach.* I am resolv'd to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive: but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.

*But.* Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright madam and his old servants at this rate.

*Gard.* And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I serv'd my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

*Ab.* Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house; and bring so many strangers about it: You first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

*Gard.* Frighten'd! I scorn your words: Frighten'd quoth-a!

*Ab.* What, you sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

*Gard.* Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: It will bring no blood-shed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

*But.* Pr'ythee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

*Ab.* Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. *[Aside.]*

*Gard.* I scorn to be frighten'd, now I am in for't; if

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

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if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him——

*But.* Pr'ythee, hold thy tongue.

*Gard.* I would take him——

*[The drum beats: The Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.]*

*But. and Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

*Gard.* Spare my life, and take all I have.

*Coach.* Make off, make off, good Butler; and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. *[They all run off.]*

*Abigail sola.*

*Ab.* So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer——But first let me shut the door, lest we be surpriz'd. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! *[He beats.]* Nay, nay, pray come out: the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately——Don't stay to beat a parley.

*[The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.]*

*Fan.* Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms and kiss thee——If my drum did not stand in my way.

*Ab.* Well, o' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

*Fan.* There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

*Ab.* Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know——Besides you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

*Fan.* Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

*Ab.* 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter inform'd her.

*Fan.* It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir George's fits me so well——I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

*Ab.* You are the very man——I vow I almost start when I look upon you.



*Fan.* But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible to reveal a saw I, this young

*Ab.* Pray what good will your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him. — But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of that empty noisive creature Tinsel. — She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

*Fan.* Why really I love that lady so well, that tho' I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially to such a wretch as Tinsel.

*Ab.* Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand pound?

*Fan.* Thou art always reminding me of my promise — Thou shalt have it, if thou can'st bring our project to bear: Dost not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money.

*Ab.* Why truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

*Fan.* Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue!

*Ab.* No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief's sake.

*Fan.* But is thy lady persuaded that I'm the ghost of her deceased husband?

*Ab.* I endeavour to make her believe so; and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

*Fan.* Pr'ythee make use of all thy art: for I'm tir'd to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind the wainscot.

*Ab.* Did not I tell you 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? There's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

*Fan.* Ah, Mrs. Abigail! you have had your intrigues.

# THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 11

*Ab.* For you must know when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of hide and seek.

*Fan.* I believe by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

*Ab.* You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome: But no matter for that; here's to be your station to-night. This place is unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner, who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contriv'd the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, lac'd shoes, and good things that I have had in it! — Pray take care you don't break the cherry brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

*Fan.* Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—A thousand pound, you know, is a very good rent.

*Ab.* Well, get you gone: You have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

*Fan.* I'm thinking how Tinsel will stare, when he sees me come out of the wall; for I am resolved to make my appearance to-night.

*Ab.* Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

*Fan.* Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon't I'll beat the tattoo.

*Ab.* I'm undone, I'm undone——[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, have you put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hand?

*Fan.* Thou shalt have it; I tell thee thou shalt have it. [Fantome goes in.]

*Ab.* No more words——Vanish, vanish. *Enter Lady.*

*Ab.* [*Opening the door.*] Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? My heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death——I thought verily it had been the drummer.

*Lady.* I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel: He's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

*Ab.* Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

*Lady.* Well, an Infidel is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolv'd to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

*Ab.* Ah, madam! the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than us'd to be——

*Lady.* This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]——Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

*Ab.* Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastick thing as this is——Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and lov'd you. Poor soul, how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted lady—Well! I'd as lief as a thousand pound you would marry Mr. Fantome.

*Lady.* To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

*Ab.* Marry him, quoth-a! No, if you should, you'll be awaken'd sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

*Lady.* I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

*Ab.* Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, What dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shank'd fellow?

*Lady.* Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? He never had any reason to be offended at me, I always lov'd him while he was living; and should prefer

prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk; but I fancy Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

*Ab.* That's a likely matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress? Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance, like marriage!

*Lady.* He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

*Ab.* Familiar! madam; in troth, he's downright rude.

*Lady.* But that, you know, Abigail, shews he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

*Ab.* Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

*Lady.* But that you know, Abigail, may be only to shew his wit—Then it must be own'd he's extremely talkative.

*Ab.* Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

*Lady.* But that you know, Abigail, is a sign he has been us'd to good company—Then indeed he is very positive.

*Ab.* Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

*Lady.* But then you know, Abigail, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

*Ab.* A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

*Lady.* You talk as if you hated him.

*Ab.* You talk as if you lov'd him.

*Lady.* Hold your tongue; here he comes. *Enter Tinsel.*

*Tin.* My dear widow!

*Ab.* My dear widow! marry come up! *[Aside.*

*Lady.* Let him alone, Abigail; so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

*Tin.* I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—Your servants have made a convert of my booby: his head is so fill'd with this foolish story of a drummer,

drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

*Lady.* Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

*Ab.* Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you that she had heard it herself.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Why, you wou'd not persuade us out of our senses!

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

*Lady.* Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

*Tin.* Fancy!

*Lady.* But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

*Tin.* Vapours! vapours! Pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head all the while your husband was living?

*Lady.* And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country as well as you do in town?

*Tin.* Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

*Ab.* Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have heard it myself.

*Tin.* Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

*Ab.* Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

*Tin.* Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigail.

*Ab.* Marry, sir, by your talk, one wou'd believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

*Lady.* Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

*Ab.* A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

*Lady.* But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation



‘ conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

‘ *Tin.* Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced, in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

‘ *Lady.* You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

‘ *Tin.* Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that’s certain!

‘ *Lady.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

‘ *Tin.* Ah, widow, ’tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.’

*Lady.* Tho’ you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

*Tin.* Simplicity!

*Ab.* I fancy you don’t believe women have souls, d’ye, sir?

*Tin.* Foolish enough!

‘ *Lady.* I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I’m afraid malicious people will say I’m in love with an atheist.

‘ *Tin.* Oh, my dear, that’s an old-fashion’d word — I’m a free-thinker, child!

‘ *Ab.* I’m sure you are a free-speaker!

‘ *Lady.* Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I’m amaz’d where you got all this learning? I wonder it has not spoil’d your breeding.

‘ *Tin.* To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinc’d by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffeehouse I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are impos’d upon, cheated, bubbled, abus’d, bamboozled —

‘ *Ab.* Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

*Tin.* Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony.

*Lady.* Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—You learned men are so apt to despise one!

*Tin.* No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou shouldst be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

*Lady.* Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

*Tin.* Pr'ythee, widow, don't be queer.

*Lady.* I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

*Tin.* Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else?

*Ab.* Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate? [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* But where's this ghost! this son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

*Ab.* Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

*Tin.* That's well enough, faith, *Nab*; dost think thy master is so unreasonable as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfilled them to a tittle——Did not you marry Sir George to the tune of 'till death us do part?

*Lady.* I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner—This fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. 'Oh! I have known many a country lady come

to

to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, play'd at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventured home at all hours of the night.

*Ab.* Hum—— Sauce-box. [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the play-house—Oh, we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

*Lady.* Well then, you have an opportunity of shewing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

*Tin.* Your jointure! How can you think me such a dog! But, child! won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

*Lady.* No, you're deceiv'd! You must know, it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

*Tin.* How!

*Ab.* That's well put, madam.

*Tin.* Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

*Lady.* Ay, but then this cruel drum!

*Tin.* Something so venerable in it!

*Lady.* Ay, but the drum!

*Tin.* For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

*Lady.* Ay, but the drum!

*Tin.* How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation! Our lives wou'd be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

*Lady.* Ay, but the drum! the drum!

*Tin.*

*Tin.* My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I shou'd only hug thee the closer.

*Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,*

*And act my joys tho' thunder shook the room.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE opens and discovers Vellum in his office, and a letter in his hand.

*Vel.* THIS letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles—To Humphry Vellum, Esq; Steward to the Lady Truman.

*Vellum,*  
I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn: if an old man, with a grey beard, in a black cloak, inquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is really

*Your faithful friend,*

*G. Truman.*

*P. S.* Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold—First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because this news of his death was first publish'd in Dier's letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand and manner of spelling.

Fourthly—

*Enter Butler.*

*But.* Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

*Vel.* Admit him immediately.

*But.* I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

*Vel.*

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*Vel.* He says right—~~how~~—He is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.* And fourthly, As I was saying, Because—

*Enter Butler with Sir George.*

*But.* Sir, here is the conjurer—What a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

*Sir G.* Dear Vellum, you have receiv'd my letter; but before we proceed, lock the door.

*Vel.* It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

*Sir G.* In the next place, help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

*Vel.* It is his shape.

*Sir G.* So, now lay my beard upon the table.

*Vel.* [*After having look'd on Sir George thro' his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

*Sir G.* Well now, I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

*Vel.* Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoic'd to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

*Sir G.* We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

*Vel.* I am—and moreover I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinc'd of it. Her honour is a discerning lady.

*Sir G.* I'm only afraid she should be convinc'd of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

*Vel.* Sorely.

*Sir G.* How long did her grief last?

*Vel.* Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

*Sir G.*



*Sir G.* Three days, say'st thou? Three whole days! I'm afraid thou flatterest me!—O woman! woman!

*Vel.* Grief is twofold.

*Sir G.* This blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*]

*Vel.* There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief! She was drown'd in tears till such time as the taylor had made her widow's weeds—Indeed they became her.

*Sir G.* Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly a most seasonable consolation!

*Vel.* But I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

*Sir G.* That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of good-breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

*Vel.* Her jointure is considerable.

*Sir G.* How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*]

*Vel.* Her person is amiable—

*Sir G.* Death! [*Aside.*]

*Vel.* But her character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope—

*Sir G.* And has had as many suitors.

*Vel.* Several have made their overtures.

*Sir G.* Several!

*Vel.* But she has rejected all.

*Sir G.* There thou reviv'st me; but what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

*Vel.* He is young.

*Sir G.* Does she listen to him?

*Vel.* He is gay.

*Sir G.* Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

*Vel.* He is not ill made.

*Sir G.* Are the vows and protestations that pass'd between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man design'd for my worthy successor?

*Vel.*

*Vel.* You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months—

*Sir G.* Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*]

*Vel.* And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho--nour.

*Sir G.* I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the Drummer, before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the drummer, and dispossess the house.

*Vel.* I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho--nour to admit the trial of your art.

*Sir G.* I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue.—Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho--nour who troubles the house.

*Sir G.* That convinces me 'tis a cheat; for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

*Vel.* I am apt to think so truly. Ha--ha--ha!

*Sir G.* Abigail had always an ascendant over her lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of Abigail's familiars.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

*Sir G.* I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your ho--nour's service.

*Sir G.* If thou hast, all I ask of thee, in return, is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. 'Coax her up.' Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret.

cret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

*Sir G.* In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have.— Well, sure I am the first that ever was employed to lay himself.

*Vel.* You act indeed a threefold part in this house, you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho--nour'd master Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

*Sir G.* Oh, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, first to gain admission for me to your lady, and secondly, to get the secret out of Abigail.

*Vel.* It sufficeth.

*The SCENE shuts.*

*Enter Lady sola.*

*Lady.* Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profess admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex, to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, 'who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblameable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts

thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigail, I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I'm entirely at her disposal.

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Madam! madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarged; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

*Lady.* Well! he's a wild fellow.

*Ab.* Indeed he's a very sad man, madam.

*Lady.* He's young, Abigail, 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

*Ab.* Reform him! marry, hang him!

*Lady.* Has not he a great deal of life?

*Ab.* Ay, enough to make your heart ake.

*Lady.* I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

*Ab.* He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

*Lady.* He's very good-natur'd.

*Ab.* He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

*Lady.* Dost thou think he loves me?

*Ab.* Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

*Lady.* With what raptures he talk'd!

*Ab.* Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

*Lady.* He has kept bad company.

*Ab.* They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

*Lady.* I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

*Ab.* It wou'd be a fine experiment, if it shou'd not succeed.

*Lady.* Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no further occasion for you at present.

[*Exit Abigail.*

*Enter*

*Enter Vellum.*

*Vel.* Madam, is your ho-nour at leisure to look in to the account of the last week? They rise very high—House-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

*Lady.* How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks! But read your account, Vellum.

*Vel.* [*Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene.*] A hogthead and a half of ale—It is not for the ghost's drinking—but your ho-nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small-beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

*Lady.* At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

*Vel.* *Item,* Two sheep, and a—Where is the ox?—Oh, here I have him—and an ox—Your ho-nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house, for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item,* Bread, ten peck loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread—*Item,* Three barrels of table-beer—They must have drink with their meat.

*Lady.* Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works.

[*Aside.*

*Vel.* *Item,* To Mr. Tinsel's servants five bottles of port wine—It was by your ho-nour's order—*Item,* three bottles of sack, for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

*Lady.* I suppose that was by your own order.

*Vel.* We have been long friends, we are your ho-nour's antient servants. Sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their business; he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

*Lady.* Well, I see you'll come together at last.

*Vel.* *Item,* A dozen pounds of wax lights, for the use of the servants.

*Lady.* For the use of the servants! What are the rogues



rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark ! What an unfortunate woman am I ! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits end. Vellum, what wou'd you advise me to do ?

*Vel.* Madam, your ho-nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expences, which so many strangers bring upon you.—*Secondly*, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

*Lady.* This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear ?

*Vel.* I beseech your ho-nour to give me the hearing.

*Lady.* I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

*Vel.* I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjurer, a cunning-man, a necromancer, a——

*Lady.* No matter for his titles. But what of all this ?

*Vel.* Give me the hearing, good my lady ! he pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

*Lady.* Pho, these are idle stories, to amuse the country-people, this can do us no good.

*Vel.* It can do us no harm, my lady.

*Lady.* I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

*Vel.* I cannot say I do ; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill ; if it shou'd succeed, we are rid of the drum ; if it shou'd not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living ; so that it must turn out to your advantage, one way or another.

*Lady.* I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man ? I would fain see him ! He must be a curiosity.

*Vel.* I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains till he has done his work; no cure, no money.

*Lady.* That circumstance, I must confess, wou'd make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

*Vel.* I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forth-with. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.*

*But.* Rare news, my lads, rare news!

*Gard.* What's the matter? hast thou got any more vales for us?

*But.* No, 'tis better than that.

*Coach.* Is there another stranger come to the house?

*But.* Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

*Gard.* What! Is he a lord!

*But.* A lord! No, nothing like it—He's a conjurer.

*Coach.* A conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

*But.* No, no, you fool; he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

*Coach.* Ay marry, that's good news indeed: but where is he?

*But.* He is lock'd up with the steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

*Gard.* Pr'ythee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

*But.* Why, he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

*Coach.* Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjurer should have a long grey beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

*Gard.* Why I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he spew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'd'st get him into the pantry, and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Don't think

think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion! He'll certainly bring it up again.

*But.* Peter! thou art such a wise-acre! Thou dost not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dressed in a strange dark cloke, as black as a coal: your conjurer always goes in mourning.

*Gard.* Is he a gentleman? Had he a sword by his side?

*But.* No, no, he's too grave a man for that; a conjurer is as grave as a judge—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

*Coach.* You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

*Gard.* I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

*But.* No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

*Coach.* But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

*But.* Why, then he'll overpower him with his learning.

*Gard.* If he can once compass him, and get him in Lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour, for a thousand years.

*Coach.* Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again, with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

*But.* No, no, I wou'd advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea—and then he's laid for ever.

*Coach.* Ay marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

*Gard.* Why John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

*Coach.* Well, I wish, after all, that he may not be too hard for the conjurer! I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

*Gard.* I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

*But.* As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man, before-hand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages.—But hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

*Gard.* Ay, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too—we should lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's stout and bold,  
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE opens, and discovers Sir George in Vellum's Office.

*Sir G.* I Wonder I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly.

The fellow has been so us'd to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it. [Enter Vellum.] Well, Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

*Vel.* First let me lock the door.

*Sir G.* Will your lady admit me?

*Vel.* If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

*Sir G.* Pr'ythee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

*Vel.* Delays in business are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

*Sir G.* But what says your lady?

*Vel.* This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

*Sir G.* Does she admit me? *Vel.*

*Vel.* I have gained admission for you as a conjurer.

*Sir G.* That's enough ! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my art ?

*Vel.* It is hard to know what a woman believes.

*Sir G.* Did she ask no questions about me ?

*Vel.* Sundry—She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

*Sir G.* But when ?

*Vel.* Immediately ; this instant.

*Sir G.* Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while ? Why didst not tell me so ? Give me my cloke—Have you met with Abigail ?

*Vel.* I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

*Sir G.* Let thee alone for that, Vellum. I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well ! this is a most venerable cloke. After the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

*Vel.* He, he, he ! wou'd you make a conjurer of your steward ?

*Sir G.* Pr'ythee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

*Vel.* And what will your ho-nour do with your cast beard ?

*Sir G.* Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it ; if thou wou'd'st wear it with the cloke, thou wou'd'st make a most compleat heathen philosopher. But where's my wand ?

*Vel.* A fine taper stick ! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

*Sir G.* Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be master of the ceremonies to a conjurer. [Exit.

*Enter Abigail crossing the stage. Tinsel following.*

*Tin.* Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child ?



*Ab.* Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

*Tin.* What, Goodman Twofold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

*Ab.* What does the man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my lady.

*Tin.* Pr'ythee, Nabby, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

*Ab.* Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

*Tin.* Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come hither, hussy, give me a kiss. Don't be ill-natur'd.

*Ab.* Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—This rogue will carry off my lady, if I don't take care. [*Afide.*]

*Tin.* Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigail. I must get thee a husband.

*Ab.* Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

*Tin.* I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

*Ab.* Lud, how you talk!

*Tin.* This is a thundering dog.

*Ab.* What is he?

*Tin.* A private gentleman.

*Ab.* Ay! where does he live!

*Tin.* In the Horse-Guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou can'st bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

*Ab.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

*Tin.* He's but five-and-twenty years old.

*Ab.* 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

*Tin.* No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

*Ab.* Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate—Pray what has he?

*Tin.*

*Tin.* Not a farthing.

*Ab.* Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* But as for that, I would make it up to him.

*Ab.* How?

*Tin.* Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discharge this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman I am speaking of into his place.

*Ab.* [*Aside.*] This fellow's a fool——I'll have no more to say to him.—Hark! my lady's a coming?

*Tin.* Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

*Ab.* Ay, and so will I too—to your cost. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Abigail.*]

*Tin.* My dear is purely fitted up with a maid—But I shall rid the house of her.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town. There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer and this conceited ass.

[*Aside.*]

*Tin.* She loves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]  
—Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyself.

*Lady.* You must know here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

*Tin.* Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

*Lady.* He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

*Tin.* Oh! I warrant you he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom.—I think thy four chief domestics are—a wither'd Abigail—a superannuated steward—a ghost—and a conjurer.

*Lady.* [*Mimicking Tinsel.*] And you would have it

inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

*Tin.* 'Tis a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

*Enter Vellum, and Sir George in his conjurer's habit.*

*Vel.* I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her ho-nour.

*Sir G.* I know it well.

[*Exit Vellum.*

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman, the sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch after her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

*Lady.* Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

*Tin.* Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray, what news is stirring in the Zodiac?

*Sir G.* News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities—

*Tin.* Mars? Pr'ythee, Father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

*Sir G.* The entrance of Mars into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

*Tin.* D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon—Hark thee, old Gadbury? Is not Mars very like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

*Sir G.* Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

*Tin.* A word in your ear, doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

*Sir G.* [*Aside, walking disturb'd.*] Curse on this impertinent

impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

*Lady.* And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shews that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

*Sir G.* My aspect deceives you: what do you think is my real age?

*Tin.* I should guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Pr'ythee tell me, Wast not thou born before the Flood?

*Lady.* Truly I should guess you to be in your second or third century. 'I warrant you, you have 'great grand-children with beards a foot long.'

*Sir G.* Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five-and-thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you wou'd imagine.

*Lady.* What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

*Tin.* And so I fancy, doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

*Sir G.* Hark ye, sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb, by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to Tinsel.*]

*Lady.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the doctor whispers?

*Tin.* Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

*Lady.* Pray, doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

*Sir G.* If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

*Tin.* Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

*Lady.* For my part, I believe he's a witch—go on, doctor.

*Sir G.* He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

*Tin.* Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

*Sir G.* Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady Truman's mansion-house.

*Tin.* Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

*Lady.* Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

*Sir G.* Let him be angry—I matter not—He is but short-fiv'd. He will soon die of—

*Tin.* Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he, he, he! This fellow makes me burst with laughing.

[Forces a laugh.]

*Sir G.* He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—Ay—'tis so!

*Tin.* You son of a whore! I'll run ye thro' the body. I never yet made the sun shine thro' a conjurer—

*Lady.* Oh, fy; Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

*Tin.* An old man! the dog says he's but five-and-thirty.

*Lady.* Oh, fy; Mr. Tinsel, I did not think you could have been so passionate. I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor's body. I would but have drill'd a little eye-let hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

*Sir G.* Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this charim can wield other weapons besides this wand.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady.* Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

*Tin.* And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not



not do thy business well, I can tell thee, by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be ross'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

*Sir G.* I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—And, lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. *[Exit Sir George.]*

*Tin.* The fauciest dog I ever talked with in my whole life!

*Lady.* Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

*Tin.* No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

*Lady.* Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resoly'd to employ him, however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour as you ordered.

*Lady.* Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of the subject more at leisure. *[Exeunt Lady and Tinsel.]*

*Abigail sola.*

Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see—I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the steward—Madam Vellum—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise——Nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—it will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of every body in the parish but my lady. If I have a son he shall be call'd Fantome. But see Mr. Vellum, as I cou'd wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

*Enter Vellum with a pint of sack.*

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, don't I break in upon you unseasonably!

*Ab.* Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable!

*Vel.* I have brought with me a taste of fresh canary, which I think is delicious.

*Ab.* Pray set it down—I have a dram-glass just by—

*[Brings in a runner.]* I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

*Vel.* And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

*Ab.* Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—You have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

*Vel.* Why, truly Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

*Ab.* Your debtor! For what, Mr. Vellum!

*Vel.* For my heart, Mrs. Abigail—And our accounts will not be balanc'd between us till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigail; when will you be out of my debt?

*Ab.* Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush—My humble service to you.

*Vel.* I must answer you, Mrs. Abigail, in the country phrase.—Your love is sufficient. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own, I love a merry man!

*Vel.* Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigail, since I first broke my mind to you—It was, I think,

*undecimo Gulielmi*—We have conversed together these fifteen years—and yet, Mrs. Abigail, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he—Mrs. Abigail, you know I am naturally jocular.

*Ab.* Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, I have a trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a present of. It is indeed but a little toy.

*Ab.* You are always exceedingly obliging.

*Vel.* It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

*Ab.* Pray don't keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

*Vel.* A silver thimble.

*Ab.* I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

*Vel.* But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigail—You have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

*Ab.* Oh fy! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion—  
[*A feign'd struggle.*]

*Vel.* This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle—But why are you so cruel as not to pair your nails?

*Ab.* Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

*Vel.* This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour—A wedding-ring would become it mightily—He, he, he.

*Ab.* You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for't?

*Vel.* I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good housewife, and the other of being a good wife.. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

*Vel.* Indeed I am serious.

*Ab.* I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure

sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

*Vel.* I should as soon forget the multiplication table.

*Ab.* I have always taken your part before my lady.

*Vel.* You have so, and I have *item'd* it in my memory.

*Ab.* For I have always look'd upon your interest as my own.

*Vel.* It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

*Ab.* I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

*Vel.* How? Speak that again!

*Ab.* Why then, in plain English, I love you.

*Vel.* I am overjoy'd!

*Ab.* I must own my passion for you.

*Vel.* I'm transported! [*Catching her in his arms.*]

*Ab.* Dear charming man!

*Vel.* Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it—pr'ythee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel.

*Ab.* Marry him! my love. No, no! we must take care of that! there wou'd be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell wou'd send all the old servants a grazing. You and I shou'd be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

*Vel.* Pr'ythee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

*Ab.* This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

*Vel.* Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

*Ab.* Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

*Vel.* Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

*Ab.* Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh; my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

*Vel.* Give me your hand, chicken.

*Ab.* Here take it, you have my heart already.

*Vel.* We shall have much issue. *[Exit.*

A C T IV.

*Enter Vellum and Butler.*

*Vel.* JOHN, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

*But.* Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that—I suppose he means being sober. *[Aside.*

*Vel.* You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses laid in a method.

*But.* Ah, Master Vellum, you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

*Vel.* Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

*But.* How he talks! I could hear him all day.

*Vel.* And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

*But.* Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer.

*Vel.* It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

*But.* Why, look you, Master Vellum, if it be for the conjurer, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

*Vel.* This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a two-fold nature—But he eats and drinks like other men.

*But.*



*But*, Marry, Master Vellum, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

*Vel.* Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man, ha! ha! ha!

*But*. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

*Vel.* He is married, and he is not married—He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

*But*. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young! How do you make that out, Master Vellum?

*Vel.* Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person,

*But*. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

*Vel.* When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

*But*. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

*Vel.* That time will show.

*But*. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

*Vel.* I did not intend thou should'st—But to our business—Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glassess be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

*But*. Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

*Vel.* I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

*But*. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

*Vel.* She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigail, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

*But*. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next:

She

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She I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says. *[Exit Butler.]*

*Vellum solus.*

*Vel.* Servants are good for nothing unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them—But see, Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Ha! Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* What brings my sweet one hither?

*Ab.* I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surpriz'd.

*Vel.* That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

*Ab.* I'll speak low—Walls have ears.

*[Pointing at the Wainscot.]*

*Vel.* But hark you, duckling! be sure you don't tell him that I am let into the secret.

*Ab.* That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

*Vel.* No, no, my child, that must not be! he! he! he! that must not be; he! he! he!

*Ab.* You will always be waggish.

*Vel.* Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

*Ab.* How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age 'till I see you again.

*Vel.* Adieu, my pretty one.

*Ab.* Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* My pretty one—— *[As he is going off.]*

*Ab.* Dear Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* My pretty one! *[Exit Vellum.]*

*Abigail sola.*

*Ab.* I have him——If I can but get this thousand pound.

*[Fantome gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.]*

Ha! Three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me. *[Fantome raps again.]*

*Ab.*

*Ab.* Very well, I hear you; come, Fox, come out of your hole.

SCENE opens, and Fantome comes out.

You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, 'till you have occasion for it.

*Fan.* Well, Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what's doing in the world.

*Ab.* You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

*Fan.* I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

*Ab.* To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

*Fan.* I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

*Ab.* Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments—Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

*Fan.* My dear girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

*Ab.* Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

*Fan.* Child, I always thought your lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

*Ab.* Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

*Fan.* Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—And let me tell thee, Abigail, a man, who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it—But I'll mend my manners.

*Ab.* Ay, or you'll never gain a widow—Come, I must

must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

*Fan.* I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

*Ab.* Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

*Fan.* Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—I mean, my lady Truman.

*Ab.* Ay! but you han't saluted me.

*Fan.* That's right; faith I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar and Ambrosia!

*Ab.* That's very well——

*Fan.* How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! My life, my happiness, my all is wound up in you——

*Ab.* Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

*Fan.* What, thus?

*Ab.* Thus? Ay——Now throw your arm about my middle: Hug me closer.——You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense till you are out of breath.

*Fan.* Transport and ecstasy! where am I!—my life, my bliss!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

*Ab.* Go on, go on.

*Fan.* Flames and darts——Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks, and grottoes——Flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

*Ab.* Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue wou'd undo a vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

*Fan.* This will do then, Abigail?

*Ab.* Ay, this is talking like a lover, though I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o'my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

*Fan.* I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

*Ab.* You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

*Fan.* Let me alone with both of them.

*Ab.*

*Ab.* Well! forewarn'd, forearm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [Fantome goes in. Exit Abigail.

*Enter Vellum.*

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn.—I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible correspondent.

*Enter Tinsel.*

*Tin.* Vellum! Vellum!

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] Vellum! We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their honours—What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

*Tin.* Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

*Vel.* What is that, good sir?

*Tin.* Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

*Vel.* The rent-roll?

*Tin.* The rent-roll? Ay, the rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

*Vel.* Why, have you thoughts of purchasing it!

*Tin.* Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

*Vel.* The purchase will be considerable.

*Tin.* And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high—She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

*Vel.* Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel—he! he! he!

*Tin.* Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] An insolent companion!

*Tin.* Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] An ungracious bird!

*Tin.* Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] A very profligate!

*Tin.* Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you,

*Vel.* I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this



this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me.

[*Stifling a laugh.*]

*Tin.* What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

*Vel.* What do you think of five hundred pounds?—  
Ha! ha! ha!

*Tin.* That's too little.

*Vel.* And yet it is more than I shall give you—And I will offer you two reasons for it.

*Tin.* Pr'ythee what are they?

*Vel.* First, because the tenement is not in your disposal, and, Secondly, because it never will be in your disposal, and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha! ha! ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit Vellum.*]

*Tin.* This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer: I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* Mr. Tinsel! what, all alone! You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

*Tin.* No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

*Lady.* I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

*Tin.* Yes, yes, he looks like a put, a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life: We must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

*Lady.* Indeed you're mistaken; he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

*Tin.* What! I suppose he goes to church.

*Lady.* Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

*Tin.* I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

*Lady.* Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

*Tin.* Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wouldst not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker!

*Lady.* Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

*Tin.* The conjurer! Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady.* Indeed you're very witty!

*Tin.* Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her hand.*]

*Lady.* I wish the fool does not love me. [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* Thou art the idol I adore: Here must I pay my devotion—Pr'ythee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate.

*Lady.* The most impudent fellow I ever met with.

*Tin.* I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow. [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

*Tin.* Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board, might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

*Lady.* You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel.—What pretty transformations you could make in my house—But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

*Lady.* I perceive you are an excellent manager—How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

*Tin.* Now, hark ye, widow, to shew you the love that I have for you——

*Lady.* Very well; let me hear.

*Tin.* You have an old-fashion'd gold caudle cup, with a figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

*Lady.* I have; What then?

*Tin.* Why look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

*Lady.* Oh you are generous to an extravagance. But, pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

*Tin.* My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* I see you do, sir; you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

*Tin.* Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious; and let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. 'Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.'

*Lady.* Believe me, sir, whatever you think, marriage is a serious subject.

*Tin.* For that very reason, my dear, let us run over it as fast as we can.

*Lady.* I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

*Tin.* Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question: Dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelve-month hence?

*Lady.* Yes; but decency! Mr. Tinsel.——

*Tin.* Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now?

*Lady.* The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

*Tin.* Ah, my dear, they would say you lov'd your second; and they would own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

*Lady.* But what would people think?

*Tin.* Think! why they would think thee the mirror of widowhood——That a woman should live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engag'd herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband, several years before the death of the first.

*Lady.* Ay, I know you wits have your commonplace jests upon us poor widows.'

*Tin.* I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engag'd herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dow-  
ager

ager do? Why, faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

*Lady.* And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

*Tin.* Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

*Lady.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit or like a rake?

*Tin.* Innocent enough. He! he! he! why, where's the difference, my dear?

*Lady.* Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever lov'd in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

*Tin.* Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

*Lady.* If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

*Tin.* About this time, say'st thou! Come, faith, for humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

*Lady.* I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

*Tin.* Serious! never fear me, child, ha! ha! ha! Dost not hear him?

*Lady.* You break your word already. 'Pray Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to shew your wit or your teeth?

*Tin.* Why both, my dear—I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not?

*Lady.* Don't talk so rashly.'

*Tin.* Why, my dear, you could not look more frighted if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

*Lady.* Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

*Tin.* Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

*Lady.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

*Tin.*

\* *Tin.* For my part, child, I have made myself easy  
\* in those points.

\* *Lady.* Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's  
\* vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*]

\* *Tin.* I'll tell thee what now, widow—I would  
engage by the help of a white sheet, and a penny-  
worth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole  
country village out of their senses, and the vicar into  
the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise  
is that! Heaven defend us! This is more than fancy.

*Lady.* It beats more terrible than ever.

*Tin.* 'Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been  
to speak against my conscience only to shew my parts!

*Lady.* It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have  
not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

*Tin.* Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my  
heart: I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harm-  
less rallery.

*Lady.* Harmless, d'ye call it? It beats hard by us,  
as if it wou'd break thro' the wall!

*Tin.* What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.*]

Mercy on us! it appears.

*Lady.* Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself! 'tis Sir George!  
'tis my husband! [*She faints.*]

*Tin.* Now would I give ten thousand pounds that  
I were in town. [*Fantome advances to him drumming.*]  
I beg ten thousand pardons: I'll never talk at this  
rate any more. [*Fantome still advances drumming.*] By  
my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest. [*Falls on  
his knees.*] Have compassion on my youth, and consi-  
der I am but a coxcomb—[*Fantome points to the door.*]  
But see he waves me off—Ay, with all my heart  
——What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?  
[*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*]

*Fan.* The scoundrel is gone, and left his mistress  
behind him; I'm mistaken if he makes his love in this  
house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal  
with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence  
scamper as fast as the lover; and then the day's my  
own. But the servants are coming, I must get into  
my cupboard.

[*He goes in.*  
*Enter*



*Enter Abigail and Servants.*

*Ab.* Oh, my poor lady! This wicked drum has frightened Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady; but 'tis all for her good: And I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

*I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,  
'Twas for a thousand pounds, and Mr. Vellum.*

## ACT V.

*Enter Sir George in his conjurer's habit, the Butler marching before him with two large candles, and the two servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

*Butler.* A N'T please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the Steward has given us all orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect, as if you were our master.

*Sir G.* Thou say'st well.

*Gard.* An't please your conjurer's worship, shall I set the table down here?

*Sir G.* Here, Peter.

*Gard.* Peter!—He knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*]

*Coach.* I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the Steward sits in when he holds a court.

*Sir G.* Place it there.

*But.* Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

*Sir G.* Paper, and a pen and ink.

*But.* Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges——Would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

*Sir G.*

*Sir G.* There is none better.

*But.* Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

*Coach.* [*To Gard.*] Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

*But.* Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

*Gard.* Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt servants.*]

*Sir G. solus.* There's nothing I see makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple-alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink!

*Enter Gardiner with a sheet of paper, Coachman with a standish, and Butler with a pen.*

*Gard.* Sir, there is your paper.

*Coach.* Sir, there is your standish.

*But.* Sir, there is your crow-quill pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Afide.*]

*Gard.* [*Afide.*] He forgets that he's to make a circle—Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

*Sir G.* It is no matter.

*But.* Look ye, sir, I show'd you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room——

*Sir G.* We shall try.

*Gard.* That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

*But.* Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of stingo at your elbow?

*Sir G.* I thank thee——We shall do without it.

*Gard.* John, he seems a very good-natur'd man for a conjurer.

*But.* I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's

lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

*Sir G.* What wouldst thou?

*But.* Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

*Sir G.* Mark'd with a swan's neck——

*But.* My lady's crest? He knows every thing. [*Aside.* How wou'd your worship advise me to recover it again?

*Sir G.* Hum!

*But.* What must I do to come at it?

*Sir G.* Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight——

*But.* Small-beer! rot-gut!

*Sir G.* If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expir'd——It is as much——as thy spoon——is worth.

*But.* I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

*Coach.* D'ye mind how they whisper?

*Gard.* I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell. ——

*Coach.* I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbing; I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

*But.* [*To Gard.*] A prodigious man! he knows every thing: now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

*Gard.* I have nothing to give him; does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

*Coach.* [*To Sir G.*] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

*Sir G.* Ask it.

*Coach.* I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitch'd——

*Sir G.* A bay gelding.

*Coach.* How cou'd he know that? [*Aside.*

*Sir G.* Bought at Banbury.

*Coach.* Whew——so it was o'my conscience. [*Whistles.*

*Sir G.* Six years old last Lammas.

*Coach.* To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by goody Crouch or goody Fly.

*Sir G.* Neither.

*Coach.*

*Coach.* Then it must be goody Gurton; for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

*Gard.* Hast thou done, Robin?

*Coach.* [To *Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

*Gard.* [To *Sir G.*] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing——

*Sir G.* Speak.

*Gard.* The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

*Sir G.* A woman.

*Gard.* How cou'd he know that? [*Aside.*]

*Sir G.* Go on.

*Gard.* This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

*Sir G.* Twins.

*Gard.* Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*]

*Sir G.* Proceed.

*Gard.* Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both——

*Sir G.* To thee.

*Gard.* What a pow'r of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*]

*Sir G.* Hast thou done?

*Gard.* I wou'd desire to know whether I am really father to them both.

*Sir G.* Stand before me, let me survey thee round. [*Lays his wand upon his head and makes him turn about.*]

*Coach.* Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been sauey to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

*Sir G.* Twins, dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*]

*Gard.* Ay, are they both mine, d'ye think?

*Sir G.* Own but one of them.

*Gard.* Ay, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both——She is always for the Butler——if my poor master Sir George had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

*Sir G.* What, was Sir George a kind master?

*Gard.* Was he! Ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

*Sir G.* Did ye love Sir George?

*But.* Every body lov'd him——

*Coach.* There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death——

*Gard.* He was the best neighbour——

*But.* The kindest husband——

*Coach.* The truest friend to the poor——

*But.* My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her——

*Sir G.* I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Vellum.*

*Vel.* Have you provided the doctor every thing he has occasion for? if so—you may depart.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

*Sir G.* I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour: but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. 'I must take the advantage of my disguise, to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her, till I am so. [*Aside.*'] Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife; how does she after her fright?

*Vel.* It is a saying somewhere in my lord Coke, that a widow——

*Sir G.* I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my lord Coke——Pr'ythee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

*Vel.* She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

*Sir G.* That, I think, cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail! But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have serv'd me thus——

*Vel.* You will fancy you are a living man——

*Sir G.* That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife——

*Vel.* You have no right in her after your demise. Death extinguishes all property—*Quod hanc*——It is a maxim in the law.

*Sir G.*



*Sir G.* A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel?

*Vel.* He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse, clapp'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

*Sir G.* This is whimsical enough! My wife will have a quick succession of lovers, in one day—Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

*Vel.* Even as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

*Sir G.* Was there ever such a provoking blockhead? but he means me well—'Well, I must have satisfaction of this traitor Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.'—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

*Vel.* There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch—

*Sir G.* Then hear me.

*Vel.* It is indeed the life of business—

*Sir G.* Hear me then, I say.

*Vel.* And as one has rightly observ'd, the benefit that attends it is fourfold. First—

*Sir G.* There is no bearing this! Thou art going to describe dispatch, when thou should'st be practising it.

*Vel.* But your ho-nour will not give me the hearing—

*Sir G.* Thou wilt not give me the hearing. [*Angrily.*]

*Vel.* I am still.

*Sir G.* In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has described the ghost to you.

*Vel.* It shall be done.

*Sir G.* Then you must remember, whilst I am lay-  
ing

ing this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband ; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

*Vel.* It shall be done—But since her honour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

*Sir G.* I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail any thing of the secret.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail is a woman ; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it : I shall only mention fix —

*Sir G.* Hush, here she comes ! O my heart !

*Enter Lady and Abigail.*

[*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb-show to Lady.*] O that lov'd woman ! How I long to take her in my arms ! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed ! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character. [*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*]

*Lady.* [*to Vellum.*] This is surprising indeed ! So all the servants tell me ; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

*Ab.* [*Aside.*] A parcel of credulous fools, they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigail.*]

*Lady.* Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies ?

*Sir G.* Speak ! but hold—first let me feel your pulse.

*Lady.* What can you learn from that ?

*Sir G.* I have already learn'd a secret from it, that will astonish you.

*Lady.* Pray what is it ?

*Sir G.* You will have a husband within this half hour.

*Ab.* [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear that—He must mean

mean Mr. Fantome ; I begin to think there's good deal of truth in his art.

*Lady.* Alas ! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

*Sir G.* Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

*Ab.* Mr. Fantome, to be sure. [*Aside.*

*Lady.* Impossible ! I lov'd my first too well.

*Sir G.* You cou'd not love the first better than you will love the second.

*Ab.* [*Aside.*] I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him ; he means Mr. Fantome, to be sure ; the thousand pounds are our own.

*Lady.* Alas, you did not know Sir George.

*Sir G.* As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you ; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

*Lady.* This is astonishing.

*Sir G.* You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour ; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma !

*Lady.* Every circumstance to a tittle !

*Sir G.* Then, lady, the wedding-night ! I saw you in your white sattin night gown : you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—You struggled—but he was too strong for you—You blush'd ; he——

*Lady.* Oh ! stop there ! go no further——He knows every thing. [*Aside.*

*Ab.* Truly, Mr. Conjuror, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

*Sir G.* Mrs. Abigail, you know what your good word cost Sir George, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigail.——

*Ab.*

*Ab.* The devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus'd to take them.

*Sir G.* 'Tis true, child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosom.

*Ab.* This rogue will mention the thousand pounds if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab——

*Lady.* Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—It has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

*Sir G.* I must, to that end, be sincerely inform'd by you, whether your heart be engag'd to another. Have not you receiv'd the addresses of many lovers since his death?

*Lady.* I have been oblig'd to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

*Sir G.* Was not Tinsel welcome?——I am afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* He was well recommended.

*Sir G.* Racks! [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* Of a good family.

*Sir G.* Tortures! [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* Heir to a considerable estate.

*Sir G.* Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him?—I'm distracted! [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune; was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles.

*Sir G.* I'm recover'd. [*Aside.*]

*Ab.* Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he look'd, when he left your ladyship in a swoon! Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil.

*Sir G.*

*Sir G.* Well, lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

*Lady.* If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

*Sir G.* This quite overpowers me—I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*—*Madam*, you may now retire, and leave me to myself.

*Lady.* Success attend you!

*Ab.* I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigail.*

*Sir George solus.*

*Sir G.* My heart is now at ease; she is the same dear woman I left her—Now for my revenge upon Fantome.—I shall cut the ceremonies short—A few words will do his business—Now let me seat myself in form—A good easy chair for a conjurer—this!—Now for a few mathematical scratches—a good lucky scrawl that—Faith, I think it looks very astrological—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, fir, are you there? [*Enter Drummer.*] Now must I pore upon my paper.

*Enter Fantome beating his drum.*

Pr'ythee don't make a noise, I'm busy. [*Fantome beats.*] A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again. [*He beats and advances.*] [*Rising.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances.*] How the rogue stares, he acts it to admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe. [*Fantome starts, gives a rap upon his drum.*] Pr'ythee don't play the fool. [*Fantome beats.*] Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

*Fan.* [*Aside.*] Death! I'm discover'd. This jade Abigail has betray'd me.

*Sir G.* Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer,



THE DRUMMER: Or,

loger, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

*Fan.* 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

*Sir G.* Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

*Fan.* [*To Sir G.*] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

*Sir G.* I have learnt it from my art.

*Fan.* Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.——

*Sir G.* I am not mercenary! Young man, I scorn thy gold.

*Fan.* I'll make them up twenty.——

*Sir G.* Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition as shall ——

*Fan.* An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I'm not to be frighten'd with bugbears!—

*Sir G.* Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art ——

*Fan.* Why, if thou hast any hocus-pocus tricks to play, why can'st thou not do them here?

*Sir G.* The raising of a spirit, requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be muttered in private ——

*Fan.* Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

*Sir G.* I will —— attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

*Fantome solus.*

*Fan.* A very solemn old ass! But I smoke him —— he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I cou'd not think this slut wou'd have us'd me thus.—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my drum. I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carry'd off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir George in his own habit.*

*Fan.* Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*]

*Sir G.* Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George——The enemy has left me master of the field; here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

*Enter Abigail.*

*Sir George stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.*

*Ab.* Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now; why does not the man speak? [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*]

*Sir G.* Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*]

*Ab.* Oh! 'tis my master! [*Shrieks.*]

[*Running away, he catches her.*]

*Sir G.* Good Mrs. Abigail, not so fast.

*Ab.* Are you alive, sir! He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers; I feel 'em, I'm sure.

*Sir G.* What dost thou think?

*Ab.* Think, sir? think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, sir, how——

*Sir G.* No questions, good Abigail; thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

*Ab.* Oh, I'm so frightened!——and so glad——

*Sir G.* Where's your lady! I ask you——

*Ab.* Marry, I don't know where I am myself—— I can't forbear weeping for joy——

*Sir G.* Your lady! I say your lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more——

*Ab.* Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

*Sir G.* Then he has open'd the whole story to her. I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

D

*Enter*

*Enter Lady followed by Vellum.*

*Lady.* Where is he? let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

*Sir G.* Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women.

*Lady.* Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

*Sir G.* My heart is too full to answer thee.

*Lady.* How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robb'd my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

*Sir G.* It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed: There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

*Lady.* I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

*Sir G.* And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

*Lady.* Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

*Sir G.* May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

*Enter Servants.*

*But.* Just as the steward told us, lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my lady already?

*Gard.* He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for madam!

*Coach.* As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see mas-

ter before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour!

*Gard.* Hast thou given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

*Coach.* Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

*Sir G.* [*To Lady.*] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

*But,* Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

*Coach.* The same good man that ever he was!

*Gard.* Whurra!

*Sir G.* Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st Abigail, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pounds with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

*Lady.* What you do for Abigail, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of 'your love.'

*Ab.* Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: Pray do you thank my master and my lady.

*Sir G.* Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

*Vel.* The gift is twofold. I receive from you  
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;  
For which in humble wise, I thank the donors;  
And so we bid good-night to both your honours.

# E P I L O G U E.

*T*O-night, the poet's advocate I stand;  
 And he deserves the favour at my hand,  
 Who in my equipage their cause debating,  
 Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting:  
 If both the first should from their duty swerve,  
 There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.  
 In his next play, if I would take this trouble,  
 He promis'd me to make the number double:  
 In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,  
 For though 'tis simple, yet it shews good-nature.

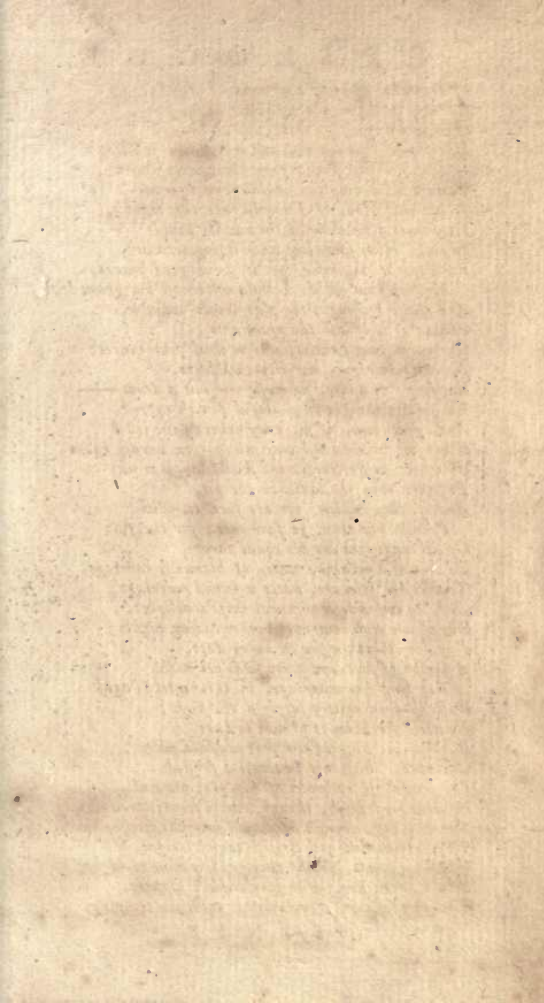
My help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,  
 And really I thought the play would want it,  
 Void as it is of all the usual arts  
 To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts;  
 No court-intrigue, nor city-cuckoldom,  
 No song, no dance, no music —but a drum——  
 No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd,  
 And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?  
 When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know  
 Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no;  
 But turn upon the ladies in the pit,  
 And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.

Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair  
 Of all conditions are his equal care.  
 He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,  
 True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;  
 And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,  
 Out of one man contrives two wedding nights;  
 Nay, to oblige the sex in ev'ry state,  
 A nymph of five-and-forty finds her mate.

Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,  
 With ill-bred rallery supply'd the stage:  
 No little scribbler is of wit so bare,  
 But has his sling at the poor wedded pair.  
 Our author deals not in conceits so stale:  
 For should th' examples of his play prevail,  
 No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,  
 Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.  
 Thus has he done you British consorts right,  
 Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,  
 Would never find you in your conduct slipping,  
 Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

F I N I S.





LOVE MAKES A MAN.



Engraved at 10s. 6d.

Col. J. Smith

*McDodd in the Character of CLODIO.*

*Clo: Will you do me the Favour to carry a Letter to*

*Published Jan: 11. 1777. by T. Lowndes & Partners.*

*LOVE makes a MAN:*

OR, THE

*FOP's FORTUNE.*

A

C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

C. C I B B E R, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R's B O O K,

AT THE

*Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*

*Interdum tollit & Comædia-Vocem.*


*HOR.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES; C. CORBETT;  
T. CASLON; W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

 The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 11 to Line 5, from the Bottom of Page 19.

# P R O L O G U E.

*S*INCE plays are but a kind of publick feasts,  
 Where tickets only make the welcome guests;  
 Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare,  
 Your tastes in Prologue, with your bill of fare.  
 When you foreknow each course, tho' this may teaze you,  
 'Tis five to one, but one o' th' five may please you.  
 First, for you criticks, we've your darling beear,  
 Faults without number, more than sense can bear. }  
 You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.  
 From your displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;  
 You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.  
 Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is, }  
 Who for an act or two, are welcome gratis,  
 That tip the wink, and so sneak out with nunquam satis;  
 For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a sop,  
 We hope the newest that's of late come up;  
 The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mixt he carries,  
 He seems a ragou, piping hot from Paris,  
 But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,  
 We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for, love.  
 An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears, }  
 And nearest happy, when it most despairs. }  
 For masks, we've scandal, and for beaus, French airs. }  
 To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;  
 For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Penkethman.  
 Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;  
 But pray, in charity, the founder spare, }  
 Lest you destroy at once, the poet and the player. }



# Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

M E N.

Antonio

and } Old Gentlemen

Charino

Don Lewis, uncle, and dear friend to Carlos

Carlos, a Student,

Clodio, a pert coxcomb, } Sons to Antonio,

Sancho, servant to Carlos,

Monfieur, valet to Clodio,

Governor of Lisbon,

Don Duart, his nephew,

Don Manuel, a sea officer, in love with Louisa,

W O M E N.

Angelina, daughter to Charino,

Louisa, a lady of quality and pleasure,

Elvira, sister to Don Duart,

Honoria, cousin to Louisa,

AT DRURY-LANE.

{ Mr. BADDELY.

{ Mr. PARSONS.

Mr. YATES.

{ Mr. BENSLEY.

{ Mr. DODD.

Mr. LA MASH.

Mr. WALDRON.

Mr. DAVIS.

Mr. PALMER.

Mr. FARREN.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. THOMPSON.

Mr. CUSHING.

Mr. WROUGHTON.

Mr. WOODWARD.

Mr. QUICK.

Mr. DUNSTALL.

Mr. BOOTH.

Mr. YOUNG.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

Miss AMEROSSE.

Miss MACKLIN.

Mr. BADDELEY.

Miss SHERRY.

Mrs. GREVILLE.

Mrs. SMITH.

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

# LOVE makes a MAN:

OR, THE

## FOP'S FORTUNE.

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ACT I. SCENE, *an Hall.*

*Enter Antonio and Charino.*

*Ant.* WITHOUT compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work, the better.

*Cha.* Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same line of honour; and, I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

*Ant.* Ask 'em.

*Cha.* Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

*Ant.* Exactly.

*Cha.* And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?

*Ant.* Willing.

*Cha.* My daughter *Angelina*!

*Ant.* *Angelina*.

*Cha.* And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband, which of 'em she pleases?

*Ant.* Content.

*Cha.* And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be

your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession, of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

*Ant.* To perform.

*Cba.* Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

*Ant.* There's mine.

*Cba.* Is't a match?

*Ant.* A match.

*Cba.* Done.

*Ant.* Done.

*Cba.* And done!——that's enough.——*Carlos*, the elder, you say is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study.

*Ant.* Nothing more, sir.

*Cba.* But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of *France*; a sprightly fellow, ha?

*Ant.* Mettle to the back, sir.

*Cba.* Well! how far either of 'em may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am——I have given her some documents already. Hark! what noise without?

*Ant.* Odsol 'tis they——they're come——I have expected 'em these two hours. Well, firrah, who's without?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* 'Tis *Sancho*, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

*Cba.* What, does he always travel with his whole study?

*Ant.* Never without them, sir, 'tis his humour.

*Enter Sancho, laden with books.*

*San.* *Pedro*, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you presently.

*Ant.* Ha! *Sancho*! where's my *Carlos*! speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

*San.* Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employ'd, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir.

*Ant.* What have we here, *potbooks* and *andirons*?

*San.*

*San.* *Pothooks* ! O ! dear fir !——I beg your pardon——No, fir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the translation, fir, of human bodies——a new way of getting out of the world. There's a terrible wise man \* has written a very smart book of it.

*Cha.* Pray, friend, what will that same book teach a man ?

*San.* Teach you, fir ! why, to play a trump upon death, and shew yourself a match for the devil.

*Cha.* Strange !

*San.* Here, fir, this is your letter. [To *Ant.*

*Cha.* Pray, fir, what sort of life may your master lead ?

*San.* Life fir ! no prince fares like him ; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca* ; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after six hours conference with the stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

*Cha.* Wonderful !

*Ant.* So, *Carlos* will be here presently——Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

*San.* And drink too, fir,——and pray see your master's chamber ready. [Knocking again.

Well, fir, who's at the gate ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* *Monfieur*, fir, from my young master *Clodio*.

*Enter Monsieur.*

*Ant.* Well. *Monfieur*, what says your master ? When will he be here ?

*Monf.* Sire, he vill be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour ; he is not quite tirty mile off.

*Ant.* And what came you before for ?

*Monf.* Sire, me come to provide de pulvile, and de essence for his peruque, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

*Ant.* What ! is he unprovided then ?

*Monf.* Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his bottel d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

*Ant.* Well, fir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll——help you to some oil for his periwig.

\* Mr. *Asgil*.

LOVE MAKES A MAN; OR,

*Monf.* Sire, me tank you. [Exit Monsieur.

*Cha.* A very notable spark this *Clodio*. Ha! what trampling of horses is that without?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my young masters are both come.

*Ant.* That's well! now, sir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

*Enter Carlos.*

*Car.* My father! Sir, your blessing.

*Ant.* Thou hast it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this gentleman; *Charino*, sir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

*Car.* I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

*Cha.* Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all.

[They salute.

*Enter Clodio.*

*Clo.* Hey! *La Valiere*! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and out-strip the wind.

*Cha.* Ay, marry sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

*Clo.* Where's my father?

*Ant.* Ha, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! 'let me kiss thee.'

*Clo.* 'Sir,——you kiss pleasingly——I love to kiss a man; in *Paris* we kiss nothing else.' Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

[To Cha.

*Cha.* Sir,——I—I—I like you.

[Eagerly.

*Clo.* Thy hand——kiss——I'm your friend.

*Cha.* Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd fellow.

*Clo.* Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

*Ant.* Your brother, *Clody*.

*Clo.* Odsso! I beg his pardon with all my heart——Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm?——Brother, how is't?

[Carelessly.

*Car.* I'm glad you are well, brother.

[Reads.

*Clo.* What, does he draw his book upon me? then I will draw my wit upon him——Gad, I'll puzzle him——Hark you, brother, pray what's---*Latin* for a sword-knot?

*Car.* The *Romans* wore none, brother.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* No ornament upon their swords, sir?

*Car.* O yes, several, conquest, peace, and honour——  
an old unfashionable wear.

*Clo.* Sir, no man in *France* (I may as well say breathing, for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifteen lous-d'or's in *Paris*——There, sir,——feel him,——try him, sir.

*Car.* I have no skill, sir.

*Clo.* No skill, sir! why, this sword would make a coward fight——aha! fa! fa! ha! rip——ha! there I had him. [Fencing.

*Car.* Take heed, you'll cut my cloaths, brother.

*Clo.* Cut 'em! ha, ha,——no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the *grammar-rules* exactly: Psha; prithee man leave off this college-air.

*Car.* No, brother, I think it wholesome, the foil and situation pleasant.

*Clo.* A put, by *Jupiter*! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country:——Sir, I mean the air of your cloaths; I would have you change your taylor, and dress a little more *en cavalier*: lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, bah!

*Cha.* Faith, a pretty fellow!

*Car.* I read no use in this brother; and for my cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seems to me superfluous: what need I outward ornaments, when I can deck myself with understanding? Why should we care for any thing, but knowledge? or look upon the follies of mankind, but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em?

[Reads again.

*Clo.* Stark mad! split me.

*Cha.* Psha, this fellow will never do——he's no soul in him.

*Clo.* Hark you, brother, what do you think of a pretty plump wench now?

*Car.* I seldom think that way; women are book I have not read yet.

*Clo.* Gad, I could set you a sweet lesson, brother.

*Car.* I am as well here, sir. [Reads.

*Cha.* Good for no earthly thing; a stock; ah, that  
*Clady!* A 5 Enter

## LOVE MAKES MAN; OR,

Enter Monsieur.

*Monf.* Sire, here be de several sorte of de jassimine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to mak your choice.

*Clod.* Mum, fir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, fir, your most oblig'd and faithful humble servant. *[Exit Clody bowing.]*

*Cha.* Faith, he's a pretty fellow.

*Ant.* Now, fir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

*Cha.* 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid: but use your pleasure, fir.

*Car.* Plato differs from *Socrates* in this. *[To himself.]*

*Ant.* Come, come, prithee *Carlos*, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leisure. What, no hour of interruption?

*Car.* Man's life, fir, being so short, and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

*Ant.* Ay, but to thrive in this world, *Carlos*, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This now won'd turn to some account.

*Car.* This, fir, may be done from what I've read: for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgics*? And, for the cure of herds, his *Bucolics* are a master-piece; but when his art describes the common-wealth of bees, their industry, there more than human knowledge of the herbs from which they gather honey, their laws, their government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

*Ant.* Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-sticks*, and *Beet-wax!* What, art thou mad?

*Cha.*

*Cha.* Raving, raving!

*Car.* No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

*Ant.* But can you find, among all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shap'd, healthy bride? answer me that, ha, sir!

*Car.* 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient *Spartan* dames, the *Roman* ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and tasted of their lawful envy'd love: but when I meet a *Messalina*, tir'd and unsated in her foul desires; a *Clytemnestra*, bath'd in her husband's blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her chariot o'er her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties; comparing then the numerous guilty, with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath 'em as ignorance, or atheism.

*Ant.* And you do resolve then not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

*Car.* What debt, good sir?

*Ant.* Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandfire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

*Car.* Nor would I; my labour'd studies, sir, may prove in time a living issue.

*Ant.* Very well, sir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* 'till this time, to be my grand-child!

*Car.* I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave may not shame the family.

*Cha.* A sad fellow this! This is a very sad fellow. [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Nor you won't take care of my estate?

*Car.* But in my wishes, sir: for know the wings on which my soul is mounted, have long since borne her pride too high to stoop to any prey that soars not upwards; sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, fix in that gross element their happiness; but great and pure spirits, shaking that clog of human frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the æthereal air.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* So in short you wou'd not marry an empress!

*Car.* Give me leave to enjoy myself; the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; my venerable companions there, the old sages and philosophers, sometimes the greatest kings and heroes, whose counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict account, and in my fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, be it your care to swell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather wou'd inform it with a soul.—I tire you, sir—your pardon, and your leave.—Lights there for my study. [*Exit Carlos.*]

*Ant.* Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness? A stupid wise rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

*Cha.* Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell 'em a piece of our mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

*Ant.* This minute, sir, and here comes my young rogue in the very nick of his fortune.

*Enter Clodio.*

*Ant.* Clody, a word!

*Clod.* To the wise is enough: your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit. [*To Cha.*]

*Cha.* I'll do't—hark you friend. [*Whispers a servant.*]

*Enter Sancho behind.*

*San.* I doubt my master has found but rough welcome! He's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason——It may be some body has borrow'd one of his books, or so——I must find it out.

[*Stands aside.*]

*Clod.* Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into hers, in the cutting of a caper.

*Cha.* Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

*Clod.*

*Clo.* Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found, that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions, as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

*Cba.* Faith thou art a pleasant rogue; I'gad she must like thee.

*Clo.* I know how to tickle the ladies, sir—In *Paris* I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

*Cba.* Ah, silly envious rogues! Prithce, what do you do to their ladies?

*San.* Positively, nothing.

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs the *princes* cou'd not endure me.

*Cba.* Why, hast thou really convers'd with the *royal family*?

*Clo.* Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, ay! ay!—you must know some of 'em came with me half a day's journey, to see me a little on my way hither; but I'gad I sent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a tinker, by *four*! Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next morning.

*Cba.* Gad-a-mercy, boy! well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too!

*San.* Just alike, I dare answer for him.

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge—

Let me see! there was, I and *Mazfeur*—no! no! no!

*Monsieur* did not sup with us.—There was I and *Prince*

*Grandmont*, *Duke de Bongrace*, *Duke de Bellegrade*—

(*Bellegrade*—yes—yes, *Jack* was there!) *Count de*

*l'Esprit*, *Marschal Bombard*, and that pleasant dog the

*Prince de Hautenhas*. We fix now were all at supper,

all in good humour, *Champaign* was the word, and

wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards

—Now, sir, in *Madam's* adjacent lodgings, there

happen'd to be the self-same number of ladies, after

the fatigue of a ballat, diverting themselves with *Ra-*

*tifia*, and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to

talk,



talk, tho' it were scandalously even of their best friends :  
 so, sir, after a profound 'silence at last one of 'em gap'd  
 ——— O gad! says she, would that pleasant dog *Clody*  
 were here to *badiner* a little. ——— Hey, says a second,  
 and stretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* says a third ——— and  
 wak'd. ——— Cou'd not one find him, says a fourth? ———  
 and leer'd. ——— O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go  
 out with the nasty rakes of the *Blood* again ——— in a  
 pet. ——— Did you so, says a sixth ——— *Pardie!* we'll spoil  
 that gang presently — in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in  
 two minutes, I receiv'd a billet in four words — *Chien*  
*nous vous demandons:* subscrib'd, *Grandmont, Bongrace,*  
*Bellegrade, l'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.*

*Cba.* Why, these are the very names of the princes  
 you supp'd with.

*Clo.* Every soul of 'em the individual wife or sister of  
 every man in the company! split me! *Ha! ha!*

*Cba.* And *Ant.* *Ha! ha! ha!*

*San.* Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily?

[*Aside.*

*Ant.* Well! and didst thou make a night on't, boy?

*Clo.* Yes, I'gad, and morning too, sir; for about eight  
 o'clock the next day, slap they all sous'd upon their  
 knees, kiss'd round, burnt their commodos, drank my  
 health; broke their glasses, and so parted.

*Ant.* Gad-a-mercy *Clody!* nay, 'twas always a wild  
 young rogue:

*Cba.* I like him the better for't ——— he's a pleasant  
 one, I'm sure.

*Ant.* Well, the rogue gives a rare account of his  
 travels.

*Clo.* I'gad, sir, I have a cure for the spleen; a ha! I  
 know how to riggle myself into a lady's favour — give  
 me leave when you please, sir.

*Cba.* Sir, you shall have it this moment — faith, I like  
 him — you remember the conditions, sir; three parts of  
 your estate to him and his heirs.

*Ant.* Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part  
 'em: you see *Carlos* has given over the world; I'll  
 undertake to buy his birth right for a shelf of new  
 books.

*Cba.*

*Cha.* Ay! ay! get you the writings ready with your other son's hand to 'em; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

*Ant.* I know it, sir,—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

*Cha.* Why then come along, my lad, and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

*Clo.* I dare be shewn, sir,—*Allons! Hey, Suivons l'Amour.* [Sings.] [Exeunt.]

*San.* How! my poor master to be disinherited, for *Monfieur!* Sa! sa! there; and I a looker-on too! If we have study'd our *majors* and our *minors*, *antecedents*, and *consequents*, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't; I am glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don *Lewis*, shall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old rough testy blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with 'em first—Here he comes, *profecto.*

*Enter Don Lewis.*

*D. Lew.* *Sancho!* Where's my boy *Carlos?* what, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* a little peep now—one peep at him thro' the key-hole—I must have a peep.

*San.* Have a care, sir, he's upon a magical point.

*D. Lew.* What, has he lost any thing?

*San.* Yes, sir, he has lost with a vengeance.

*D. Lew.* But what, what, what, what, firrah! What is't?

*San.* Why, his birth-right, sir, he is di—di—dis—disinherited. [Sobbing.]

*D. Lew.* Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

*San.* His brother, sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

*D. Lew.* This must be a lye, firrah, I will have it a lye.

*San.* With all my heart, sir; but here comes my old master, and the pick-pocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

*Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.*

*Ant.* Here, sir, this paper has your full instructions; pray be speedy, sir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

*Law.* Do you secure his hand, sir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [Exit.]

*San.* What think you now, sir?

*D. Lew.* Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd——this is right——I'm pleas'd——must cut that Lawyer's throat tho'——must bone him——ay! I'll have him bon'd——and potted.

*Ant.* Brother, how is't?

*D. Lew.* O mighty well——mighty well——let's feel your pulse——feverish,

*[Looks earnestly in Antonio's face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a tune.]*

*Ant.* You are merry, brother.

*D. Lew.* It's a lye.

*Ant.* How, brother?

*D. Lew.* A damn'd lye—I am not merry. [Smiling.]

*Ant.* What are you then?

*D. Lew.* Very angry. [Laughing.]

*Ant.* Hi! hi! hi! at what, brother? [Mimicking him.]

*D. Lew.* Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

*Ant.* What settlement, good brother: I find he has heard of it. [Aside.]

*D. Lew.* What do you think I have done?——I have——this deep head of mine has——disinherited my elder son, because his understanding's an honour to my family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy! a puppy!

*Ant.* Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

*D. Lew.* Do you so, sir? Why then I must tell you flat and plain, my boy *Carlos* must and shall inherit it.

*Ant.* I say no, unless *Carlos* had a soul to value his fortune: what! he should manage eight thousand crowns a year out of the *Metaphysicks*! *Astronomy* should look to my vineyards! *Horace* should buy off my wines! *Tragedy* should kill my mutton! *History* should cut down my hay! *Homer* should get in my corn! *Tityre tu Patule*

*rule* look to my sheep! and *Geometry* bring my harvest home! Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

*D. Lew.* What if I don't, sir, I believe it's a fine thing; and that's enough—Tho' I can speak no *Greek*, I love and honour the sound of it, and *Carlos* speaks it loftily; I gad, he thunders it out, sir; and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*. or any of the *Greek* poets, ods heart! it would have made your hair stand an end; sir, he has read such things in my hearing——

*Ant.* But did you understand 'em, brother?

*D. Lew.* I tell you, no. What does that signify? the very sound's a sufficient comfort to an honest man.

*Ant.* Fy! fy! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

*D. Lew.* Should, sir! Yes, and do, sir: sir, I'd have you to know, I have study'd, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

*Ant.* Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare musick—You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

*D. Lew.* A sad dog—I'll buy a prettier fellow in a pennyworth of ginger-bread.

*Ant.* What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure—Here comes one I must talk with——Well, brother, what news?

*Enter Charino.*

*Cha.* O! to our wishes, sir; *Clody's* a right bait for a girl, sir; a budding sprightly fellow: she's a little shy at first; but I gave him his cue, and the rogue does so whisk, and frisk, and sing, and dance her about: odsbud! he plays like a greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am your humble servant: come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young *Clody*?

*D. Lew.* *Clody*!

*Cha.* Ay, your nephew, *Clody*.

*D. Lew.* Settle upon him!

*Cha.* Ay.

*D. Lew.* Why, look you, I han't much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond—I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Come, let him have his way, sir, he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

*Cha.* Ripe, and ready, sir, like a blushing rose, she only waits for the pulling.

*Ant.* Why then, let to-morrow be the day.

*Cha.* With all my heart; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

*D. Lew.* Hark you, sir, do you suppose my *Carlos* shall——

*Cha.* Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

*Ant.* That I have already, sir, and so good-morrow to your patience, brother. [Exit.

*D. Lew.* *Sancho!*

*San.* Sir.

*D. Lew.* Fetch me some gun-powder—quick—quick.

*San.* Sir.

*D. Lew.* Some gun-powder, I say,——a barrel——quickly——and, d'ye hear, three penny-worth of ratsbane!——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

*San.* Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, sir.

*D. Lew.* Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

*San.* So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road—Hark, he rings——I must wait upon him. [Exit.

*D. Lew.* These damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, *Carlos*, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet——That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. [Exit.



## A C T II.

*Enter Antonio and Sancho.*

*Ant.* SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.

*San.* No inheritance, sir?

*Ant.* Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb; trouble him with land——

*San.* Must master *Clodio* have all, sir?

*Ant.* All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs; [*Bell rings*] go, see what he wants.

*San.* A father, I am sure. [*Exit Sancho.*]

*Ant.* What, will none of my rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

*Enter several Servants.*

Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be marry'd this morning; will that spur you, sir?

*Cook.* Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

*Ant.* Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

*Cook.* Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey! *Pedro!* *Gusman!* Come, stir, ho! [*Exit Cook.*]

*Ant.* Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down! 'Is the musick come?

*But.* They are within, at breakfast, sir.

*Ant.* That's well: here, let this room be clean'd.——You, hussy, see the bride-bed made; take care no young jade cuts the cords asunder; and look the sheets be fine, and well-scented—and d'ye hear,——lay on three pillows!——away! [*Exeunt.*]

[*A noise of chopping behind. Carlos alone in his study.*]

*Car.* What a perpetual noise these people make! my head is broken with several noises; and in every corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my  
TO A facul-

faculties turn into study: what a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!—*Sancho?*

*Enter Sancho.*

*San.* Did you call, sir? [*Chopping again.*]

*Car.* Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

*San.* The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

*Car.* And is thus at every dinner?

*San.* No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

*Car.* Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, *Sancho?*

*San.* No, sir; but he spits *French* like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

*Car.* He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. [*Chopping again.*]—Again that noise! pr'ythee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any princes to dine here?

*San.* Some there are as happy as princes, sir,—your brother's marry'd to-day.

*Car.* What of that! might not six dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

*San.* Sir, all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes too: all open, sir.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

*San.* Old *Charino's* daughter, sir, the great heiress; a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry—and they say, modest too.

*Car.* That's strange; pr'ythee how does these modest women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own mother; to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

*San.* Ah! wou'd you saw this lady, sir, she'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes*; she has a better secret than any's in *Aristotle*, if you study'd for it: I'gad you'd find her the prettiest natural philosopher to play with!

*Car.* Is she so fine a creature?

*San.* Such eyes; such looks! such a pair of pretty plump, pouting lips! such softness in her voice! such musick

musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

*Car.* Why, thou art in love, *Sancho*.

*San.* Ay! so would you be, if you saw her, sir.

*Car.* I don't think so. What settlement does my father make 'em?

*San.* Only all his dirty land, sir, and makes your brother his sole heir.

*Car.* Must I have nothing?

*San.* Books in abundance; leave to study your eyes out, sir.

*Car.* I am the elder born, and have a title too.

*San.* No matter for that, sir, he'll have possession——of the lady too.

*Car.* I wish him happy——he'll not inherit my little understanding too!

*San.* O, sir, he's more a gentleman than to do that——Ods me! sir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

*Enter Charino and Angelina.*

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, sir.

*Car.* I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such sweetness in her look! such modesty! if we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasur'd virtues there.

*San.* So! the book's gone. [*Aside.*

*Cha.* Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

*Ang.* Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, sir.

*Car.* A wonder!

*Cha.* Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exception to. What, in the name of *Venus*, would the girl have?

*Ang.* I never said, of all the world I made him, sir, my choice: nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

*Cha.*

*Cba.* O! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

*Ang.* I have done with my objections, sir.

*Car.* Such understanding, in so soft a form!——  
Happy——Happy brother!—may he be happy, while I  
sit down in patience, and alone!—I have gaz'd too much  
——Reach me an *O-vid*. [*Exeunt Car. and San.*]

*Cba.* I say, put on your best looks, hussley——for  
here he comes, faith.

*Enter Clodio.*

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

*Clo.* My dear, dear dad. [*Embracing.*] Ha; *Ma  
Princesse! etes vous là donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Je ne  
me connois guerre, &c.* [*Sings.*] Look, look,—o'sly-boots;  
what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will,  
child.——I'gad, I shall count the clock extremely to-  
night: Let me see——what time shall I rise to-morrow?  
——Not till after nine,——Ten,——Eleven, for a pistole.  
'Ah——*C'est à dire votre coeur insensible est en fin vaincu.*  
*Non, non, &c.* [*Sings a second verse.*]

*Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.*

*Ant.* Well said, *Clody*; my noble brother, welcome:  
my fair daughter, I give you joy.

*Clo.* And so will I too, sir. '*Alons! Vivons! Chan-  
sons! Dançons! Hey! L'autre jour, &c.*

[*Sings and dances, &c.*]

*Ant.* Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings  
are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you must have  
your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

*D. Lew.* Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be  
welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a  
parcel of——

*Cba.* What, sir?

*D. Lew.*——Miserable wretches———sad dogs.

*Ant.* Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and  
hasty; but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

*D. Lew.* A strange lye, that.

*Clo.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Testy, ha, ha!

*D. Lew.* Don't laugh, my dear rogue, pr'ythee don't  
laugh now; faith, I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

*Clo.* Gad so! why, then I find you are angry at me,  
dear uncle?

*D. Lew.*

*D. Lew.* Angry at thee, hey puppy! Why, what! — what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or —

*Ant.* Nay, brother, this is too far —

*D. Lew.* Angry at him! a son of a — son's son of a whore!

*Cha.* Ha, ha, poor peevish —

*D. Lew.* I'd fain have somebody poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropp'd to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her — Puppy, stand out of my way.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

*D. Lew.* [*To Angelina.*] Ah! — ah! — ah! Madam — I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yok'd to you, one of understanding too: — I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's scull's extremely thick — he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and snuff-boxes; or, say, he should have a thing snap'd like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

*Clo.* Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

*D. Lew.* Will no-body take that troublesome dog out of my sight — I can't stay where he is — I'll go see my poor boy *Carlos* — I've disturb'd you, madam; your humble servant.

*Ant.* You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

*D. Lew.* That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

*Clo.* Ha, ha; bye nuncle.

*D. Lew.* Puppy, good bye — [*Exit D. Lewis.*]

*Ang.* An odd-humour'd gentleman.

*Ant.* Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son *Carlos* his heir.

*Ang.* Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this *Carlos* is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

*Ant.* Come, shall we go and seal, brother? the priest stays for us; when *Carlos* has sign'd the conveyance, as he



he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

*Cha.* With all my heart, fir.

*Clo.* *Allons! ma chere Princeffe.* [Exeunt.

*Enter Carlos Don Lewis and Sancho.*

*D. Lew.* Nay, you are undone.

*Car.* Then—I must study, fir, to bear my fortune.

*D. Lew.* Have you no greater feeling?

*San.* You were sensible of the great book, fir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

*Car.* Will he have my books too?

*D. Lew.* No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, call'd *The gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: Such a creature! a beauty in folio! would thou hadst her in thy study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-clasp her.

*San.* He has seen her, fir.

*D. Lew.* Well, and——and——

*San.* He flung away his book, fir.

*D. Lew.* Did he faith! would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

*Car.* Must my brother then have all?

*D. Lew.* All, all.

*San.* All that your father has, fir.

*Car.* And that fair creature too?

*San.* Ay, fir.

*D. Lew.* Hey!

*Car.* He has enough, then. [Sighing.

*D. Lew.* He have her, *Carlos*! why wou'd, wou'd, that is——hey!

*Car.* May I not see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

*D. Lew.* I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

*Car.* I cannot, fir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy. —O were I born to give it too!

*D. Lew.* Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith she is a good-humour'd creature, she'll take it kindly.

*Car.*

*Car.* Do you think so, uncle?

*D. Lew.* I'll to her, and tell her of you.

*Car.* Do, sir. — Stay, uncle — will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

*D. Lew.* 'Fend a fiddle-stick — let me alone — I'll — I'll.

*Car.* Nay, but, sir! dear uncle!

*D. Lew.* A hum! a hum! [Exit D. Lewis.

*Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a writing.*

*Ant.* Where's my son?

*San.* There, sir, casting a figure: what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

*Ant.* I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall.

*Carlos,* how dost thou do? Come hither, boy.

*Car.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment; I think you write a reasonable good hand, *Carlos*.

*Car.* Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

*Ant.* Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother *Clodio*.

*Car.* Is it no more, sir?

*Law.* That's all, sir.

*Ant.* No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

*Car.* Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have it done before the lady too: there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

*Ant.* With all my heart, child; it's the same thing to me.

*Car.* You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

*Ant.* Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [Exit Antonio, Carlos, and lawyer.

*San.* Now has he undone himself for ever; odineart, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger.

[Exit.

The

*The SCENE changes to a dining room.*

*Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.*

*Law.* Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done: are you ready, sir!

*Priest.* Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in truth I am an hungry.

*Clo.* I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I cou'd both fall to without saying grace—Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

*Ang.* I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily—Sir, you look melancholy. [*To D. Lewis.*

*D. Lew.* Sweet swelling blossom! ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow—Ah! thou hast miss'd a man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy—

*Ang.* Can he talk, sir?

*D. Lew.* Like an angel—to himself—the devil a word to a woman: his language is all upon the high business: to Heaven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and secret causes.

*Ang.* Does he speak so well there, sir?

*D. Lew.* To admiration! such curiosities! but he can't look a woman in the face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

*Ang.* But a little conversation, methinks—

*D. Lew.* Why, so I think too; but the boy's bewitch'd, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

*Ang.* I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

*Clo.* Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

*Cha.* Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

*Clo.* So, here my father comes! now, priest! hey! my brother too! that's a wonder! broke like a spirit from his cell.

*Enter Antonio and Carlos.*

*D. Lew.* Odso! here he is! that's he! a little inclining  
to

the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

*Ant.* Come, *Carlos*, 'twere your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before 'em all, and give your brother joy.

*Cha.* He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

*Car.* Is this the lady, sir?

*Ant.* Ay, that's your sister, *Carlos*.

*Car.* Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

*Ant.* No doubt on't sir.

*Car.* Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

*Ant.* Ay, and welcome, *Carlos*.

*D. Lew.* Now, my boy! give her a gentle twist by the fingers! lay your lips softly, softly, close and plum to her. [*Apart to Carlos.*

*Car.* Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady—[*Salutes Angelina*] Dissolving softness! O the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateless draughts of ever springing beauty.—But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

*Ang.* How near his thoughts agree with mine! This the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienc'd love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

*Car.* I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw th' enlivening light before.

*Ang.* Ha! before! [*Aside*

*Ant.* Well, these are very fine compliments, *Carlos* but you say nothing to your brother yet.

*Car.* O yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

*Ang.* He speaks unhappily.

*Clo.* Ha!——what do you say, brother?

*Ant.* Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

*Cha.* Nor I.

*D. Lew.* Stand clear, I do——and that sweet creature too, I hope.

*Ang.* Too well, I fear. [Aside.]

*Ant.* Come, come, to the writing, *Carlos*; prithee leave thy studying, man.

*Car.* I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, *what man was*, was but my argument;——I am now on the *proof*! I find, I feel myself a man——nay, I fear it too.

*D. Lew.* He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

*Clo.* Come, come, will you——

*D. Lew.* Stand out of the way, puppy.

[Interposing with his back to Clody.]

*Car.* Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, as would a frightened child the dreadful lightning? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, O! I should turn and tear him like an offended lion——Is this, can it, must it be in a sister's power?

*Clo.* Come, come, will you sign brother?

*D. Lew.* Time enough, puppy.

*Car.* O! if you knew with what precipitated haste you hurry on a deed that makes you bless'd, or miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to happiness, you'd find no danger in a moment's pause.

*Clo.* I say, will you sign, brother?

*Car.* Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother

*D. Lew.* Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

*Ant.* Ay, but this is trifling, *Carlos*! come, come, your hand, man.

*Car.* Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shew'd me land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your pleasure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, ev'n to a churlish avarice of love——Heaven direct my fortune.

*Ant.* And so you won't part with your title, sir?

*Car.* Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish,



a fish, a fly, ' and only make the number of things up,'  
than yield one foot of land — if she be ty'd to't.

*Cha.* I don't like this ; he talks oddly, methinks.

*Ang.* Yet with a bravery of soul might warm the coldest heart.

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* Pshaw, pox, prithee, brother, you had better think of those things in your study, man !

*Car.* Go you and study, for 'tis time, young brother : turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read ; think, and digest them well ! the wholesomest food for green consumptive minds ; ' wear out whole fasted days, and by ' the pale weak lamp, pore away the freezing nights ; rather make dim thy sight, than leave thy mind in doubt ' and darkness : confine thy useless travels to thy closet, ' traverse the wise and civil lives of good and great men ' dead ; compare'em with the living : tell me why *Cæsar* ' perish'd by the hand that lov'd him most ? and why his ' enemies deplor'd him ? Distil the sweetness from the ' poet's spring, and learn to soften thy desires ;' nor dare to drea n of marriage-vows, 'till thou has taught thy soul, like mine, to love — Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this inestimable worth ?

*D. Lew.* Ah ! *Carlos* ! [*Kisses him.*] What say you to the scholar now, chicken ?

*Ang.* A wonder ! — Is this gentleman your brother, sir !

[*To Clody.*

*Clo.* Hey ! no, my — Madam, not quite — that is he is a little a-kin by the — Pox on him, would he were bury'd — I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

*Ant.* Positively, you will not seal then, ha ?

*Car.* Neither — I should not blindly say I will not seal — Let me intreat a moment's pause — for, even yet, perhaps, I may.

[*Sighing.*

*Ang.* Forbid it, fortune !

*Ant.* O, may you so, sir !

*Clo.* Ay ! sir, hey ! What, you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart !

*Cha.* Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

*Car.* Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together ;

but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting 'em: 'What! to lay waste  
'at once for ever, all the gay blossoms of your forward  
'fortune, the promis'd wishes of your young desire,  
'your fruitful beauty, and your springing joy; your  
'thriving softness, and your cluster'd kisses, growing on  
'the lips of love, devour'd with an unthirsty infant's ap-  
'petite! O forbid it, love! forbid it, nature and hu-  
'manity!' I have no land, no fortune, life, or being,  
while your necessity of peace requires 'em: say! or give  
me need to think your smallest hope depends on my ob-  
jected ruin; my ruin is my safety there; my fortune, or  
my life resign'd with joy, so your account of happy hours  
were thence but rais'd to any added number.

*Cha.* Why ay! there's some civility in this.

*Clo.* The fellow really talks very prettily.

*Car.* But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you  
now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an  
extorted bond, impos'd on the simplicity of your youth,  
and dare confess you with some honest friend would  
save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again  
have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon  
your happier fortune.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I'gad; I long to see  
what this will come to!

*Priest.* In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently,  
the dinner will be spoil'd, and then——no body will be  
able to eat it.

*Ant.* Brother, I say, let's remove the lady.

*Cha.* Force her from him!

*Car.* 'Tis too late! I have a figure here! sooner shall  
bodies leave their shade; 'as well you might attempt to  
'shut old Time into a den, and from his downy wings wash  
'the swift hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his glass;' so  
fix'd, so rooted here, is every growing thought of her.

*Clo.* Gads me; what, now its troublesome again, is it?

*Car.* Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate:  
you cannot have it sure, to ask if honour be the parent of  
my love: if you can love or live, and think your heart,  
rewarded there, 'like two young vines we'll curl together,  
'circling our souls in never-ending joy; we'll spring to-  
'gether,

'gether, and we'll bear one fruit?' one joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death shall close our eyes, and one cold grave shall hold us happy——Say but you hate me not! O speak! give but the softest breath to that transporting thought.

*Ang.* Need I then speak; to say, I am far from hating you——I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

*Cha.* I'll bear it no longer——

*Ang.* On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was propos'd me.

*Car.* How shall my soul requite this goodness?

*Cha.* Beyond patience! This is downright insolence! roguery! rape!

*Ant.* Part 'em.

*Clo.* Ay, ay, part 'em, part 'em.

*D. Lew.* Doll! dum! dum!——

[*Sings and draws in their defence.*]

*Cha.* Call an officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

*Ang.* Nay, then I am reduc'd to take protection here.

[*Goes to Carlos.*]

*Car.* O extasy of heart! transporting joy!

*D. Lew.* Lorra! dorrol! loll! [Sings and dances.]

*Cha.* A plot! a plot against my honour! murder! treason! gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd! [Exit.]

*Ant.* Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

*Cha.* I'll be reveng'd!

*Ant.* Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

*Car.* Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

*Clo.* You won't? Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Allons!* the lady, sir!

*D. Lew.* Lorra! dorrol! loll!

[*Presenting his point to Clodio.*]

*Cha.* I'll have his blood!

*Car.* Hold uncle! Come brother! sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would intreat a blessing here.

*Ant.* Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[Exit *Ant.*  
*Car.*]

*Car.* I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birth-right.

*Clo.* No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady!

*Car.* Why, then the whole, if you can like the terms.

*Clo.* What terms? what terms? Come, quick, quick.

*Car.* The first is this———[*Snatches Don Lewis's sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

*D. Lew.* Gramercy, *Carlos!* to him, boy! I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

*Car.* This is the first good sword I ever pois'd in anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wer't thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

*Clo.* Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

*Car.* Away, trisler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

*Clo.* Coward! why then, really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore——*Allons!*

[*They fight and Clodio is disarm'd.*]

*Cba.* His b'ood! I say his blood! I'll have it, by all the scars and wounds of honour in my family. [*Exit.*]

*Car.* There, sir, take your life——and mend it——  
'be gone without reply.'

*Ang.* Are you wounded, sir?

*Car.* Only in my fears for you: how shall we bestow us, uncle?

*D. Lew.* Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

*Car.* Good angels guard us. [*Exeunt with Ang.*]

*Clo.* Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my life——never in my life, split me!

*Enter Monsieur.*

*Monf.* Sire, her be de trompette, de haute-boy, de musique, de maitre danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to 'ave de masque begin,

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Hey! what does this puppy say now?

*Monf.* Sire, de musique.

*Clo.* Why ay—that's true—but—tell 'em——  
plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

*Monf.* Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

*Clo.* Ay! Why, then, tell 'em that my brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't be marry'd till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarm'd me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Charino, Antonio, officers, and servants.*

*Cha.* Officer, do your duty: I say, seize 'em all.

*Ant.* Carry 'em this minute before a—How now! what, all fled?

*Cha.* Ha! my girl! my child! my heirefs! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am ravish'd! murder'd; and flung in a ditch.

*Ant.* Who let 'em out? Which way went they, villains?

*Serv.* Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at that door, not six minutes ago.

*Cha.* I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

*Ant.* Nay, they shall be found, sir; run you to the port, firrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

*Enter Sancho drunk.*

*San.* Ban, ban, cac-caliban!

[*Sings.*]

*Ant.* Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

*San.* Son, sir!

*Cha.* Where's my daughter, firrah?

*San.* Daughter, sir!

*Cha.* Ay, my daughter, rascal!

*San.* Why, sir, they told me, just now, sir—that she's—she's run away.

*Ant.* Dog, where's your master?

*San.* My master! why, they say he is—

*Ant.* Where, firrah?



*San.* Why, he is——he is——gone along with her.

*Ant.* Death! you dog, discover him, or——

*San.* Sir, I will——I will.

*Ant.* Where is he, villain?

*San.* Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is——he is——upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

*Ant.* No more trifling, rascal.

*San.* If I do, sir, I wish this may be my poison. [*Drinks.*]

*Ant.* Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll——So sir, have you found him?

*Re-enter the servant hastily, and Clodio.*

*Clo.* Ay, sir, have you found 'em?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, I had sight of 'em; but they were just out on board a small vessel, before I could overtake 'em?

*Cba.* Death and furies!

*Ant.* Whither were they bound, firrah?

*Serv.* Sir, I could not discover that; but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

*Ant.* What shall we do, brother?

*Clo.* Be as smart as they, sir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

*Cba.* Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue 'em thro' all the elements.

*Clo.* I'll follow you, by the northern star.

*Ant.* Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell 'em they must hoist sail immediately.

*Clo.* And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box——Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither.

*Ant.* What, will you take nothing else, boy?

*Clo.* Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity——we're in haste. *Allons! hey; je vole.* [*Exeunt,*

### A C T. III. The SCENE Lisbon.

*Enter Elvira, Don Duarte, and Governor.*

*Elv.* **D**EAR brother, let me intreat you, stay; wh<sup>y</sup> will you provoke your danger?

*D. Du.* Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

*Elv.*

*Elv.* That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

*Gov.* Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

*Elv.* Nothing but a needless quarrel.

*Gov.* I am sorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

*D. Du.* To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

*Gov.* Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunn'd by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

*D. Du.* Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

*Gov.* Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every hour follow'd with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punish'd with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my blood.

*D. Du.* Punish me! you, nor your office, dare not do't.

*Gov.* Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

*Elv.* Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: when you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune. But if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means, or favour.

*D. Du.* Fire! and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*]

*Gov.* I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

*Elv.* Wou'd he were not my brother.

*Enter Don Manuel, with Angelina.*

*D. Man.* Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

*Gov.*

*Gov.* Ha! some prize brought in.

'*Sail.* Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her.'

*Gov.* Noble Don *Manuel*! welcome on shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

*D. Man.* She is indeed—These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce arm'd too.

*Gov.* Is't possible!

*D. Man.* Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

*Gov.* Pray, tell us, sir.

*D. Man.* When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their swords, (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leapt into the sea.

*Gov.* 'Tis wonderful indeed.

*D. Man.* It wrought so much upon me, had not our own safety hinder'd, (at that time a great ship pursuing us) I wou'd in charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

*Ang.* Too late, alas! they're lost! (Heart-wounding thought! for ever lost!—I now am friendless, miserable, and a slave.

*D. Man.* Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see 'em: they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they cou'd not fail of life and safety.

*Ang.* In that last hope, I brock a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

*Elv.* Alas! poor lady! come, sir, misery but weeps the more, when she is gaz'd on—we trouble her.

*Gov.* I wait on you: your servant, sir.—

[*Exeunt Elv. and Gov.*

*D. Man.* Now, my fair captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* This has engag'd me, sir, to hear.

*D. Man.* These three years have I honourably lov'd a noble lady, her name *Louisa*, the beauteous niece of great *Ferrara's* duke: her person and fortune uncontroll'd, sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languish'd in an hopeless constancy. Now I perceive, in all your language, and your looks, a soft'ning power, nor can a suit by you promoted be deny'd: therefore I wou'd awhile intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and (as I am sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour me, or my unweary'd love, 'twould be a generous act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its memory.

*Ang.* Such poor assistance, sir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: 'if I can steal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.'

*D. Man.* I'll study to deserve this goodness; for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait on you to the lady, 'till when I am your guard.

*Ang.* You have bound me to your service——

[*Exeunt D. Manuel and Angelina.*]

*The SCENE changes to a church, the vespers suppos'd to be just ended, several walking out. Carlos and Don Lewis rising near Louisa and Honoria. Louisa observing Carlos.*

*Hon.* Come, madam, shall we walk out? The croud's pretty well over now.

*Lou.* But then that melancholy softness in his look!

[*To herself.*]

*Hon.* Cousin! *Donna Louisa!*

*Lou.* Ev'n in his devotions too, such graceful adoration——so sweet a——

*Hon.* Cousin, will you go?

*Lou.* Pshaw, time enough——Prithee let's walk a little this way.

*Hon.* What's the matter with her?

[*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*]

*Car.*

*Car.* To what are we reserv'd !

*D. Lew.* For no good, I am afraid ——— My ill luck don't use to give over, when her hand's in ; she's always in haste ——— One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another ——— Drowning we have escap'd miraculously ; wou'd the fear of hanging were over too ; our being so strangely fav'd from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Carlos*, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again : faith, I was just gone ; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackrel ——— but it's pretty well as it is ; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning ——— all in good time ——— we are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting, might really make us hungry too.

*Lou.* They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity. [ *Aside.*

*Car.* These are light wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina's* loss ; when I reflect on her distress, the hardships and the cries of helpless bondage ; the insolent, the deaf desires of men in power ; O ! I cou'd wish the fate that sav'd us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had bury'd us in one wave embracing.

*Lou.* How tenderly he talks ! this were indeed a lover ! [ *Aside.*

*D. Lew.* A most unhappy loss indeed ! but come, don't despair, boy ; the ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe ; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet ? Come don't be melancholy.

*Car.* In that poor hope I live ——— O thou dread power ! stupendous Author of universal being, and of thy wondrous works, that virgin wife, the master-piece, look down upon her ; let the bright virtues of her untainted mind, sue for, and protect her : O let her youth, her spotless innocence, to which all passages in Heaven stand open, appear before thy throne distress'd, and meet some miracle to save her.

*Lou.* Who would not die, to be so pray'd for ? [ *Aside.*

*D. Lew.*



' D. *Lew.* Faith, *Carlos*, thou hast pray'd heartily,  
' I'll say that for thee; so that if any good fortune will  
' pay us a visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon  
' as she pleases, Come don't be melancholy.'

*Car.* Have I not cause? were not my force of faith  
superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the  
insults of my fortune; but I have rais'd myself, by  
elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lifts me  
from the brute.

D. *Lew.* Why now, would not this make any one  
weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is  
almost famish'd?

*Lou.* What are you saying, cousin?

*Hon.* I wou'd have said, madam, but you wou'd not  
hear me.

*Lou.* Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought:  
let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aside.*] *Jaques!*  
[*Whispers.*] ' What was't you ask'd me, cousin?

' *Hon.* The reason of your aversion to Don Manuel?  
' you know he loves you.

' *Lou.* I hate his love.

' *Hon.* But why, pray? you know 'tis honourable, and  
' so is his family; nor is his fortune less: I should think;  
' the more desirable, because his courage and his conduct  
' on the seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's ex-  
' tremely modest too.

' *Lou.* Therefore, I might hate him.

' *Hon.* For his modesty?

' *Lou.* Is any thing so sleepy, so flat, and insupporta-  
' ble, as a modest lover?

' *Hon.* Wou'd you bear impudence in a lover?

' *Lou.* I don't know; it's more tolerable in a man, than  
' the woman; and there must be impudence on the one  
' side, before they can both come to a right understanding.

' *Hon.* Why, what will you have him do?

' *Lou.* That's a very home question, cousin; but, if  
' I lik'd him, I could tell you.

' *Hon.* Suppose you did like him?

' *Lou.* Then I would not tell you.

' *Hon.* Why?

' *Lou.* 'Cause I should have more discretion.

‘ *Hon.* Bless me! sure you would not do any thing  
‘ you would be ashamed to tell?

‘ *Lou.* That’s true; but if one shou’d, you know;  
‘ twou’d be silly to tell. No woman would be fond of  
‘ shame, sure

‘ *Hon.* But there’s no avoiding it in a shameful action.

‘ *Lou.* Don’t be positive.

‘ *Hon.* All your friends would shun you, point at you.

‘ *Lou.* And yet you see there’s a world of friendship  
‘ and good breeding among all the women of quality.

‘ *Hon.* Suppose there be?

‘ *Lou.* Why then, I suppose, that a great many of them  
‘ are mightily hurry’d in the care of their reputation.

‘ *Hon.* So you conclude, that a woman doing an ill thing,  
‘ does herself no harm, while her reputation’s safe.

‘ *Lou.* It does not do her so much harm; and, of two  
‘ evils, I’m always for chusing the least.

‘ *Hon.* What need you chuse either?

‘ *Lou.* Because I have a vast fortune in my own hands,  
‘ and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

‘ *Hon.* Why won’t you marry then?

‘ *Lou.* Because then I must only do as my husband has  
‘ a mind to; and I hate to be govern’d: on my soul, I  
‘ would not marry, to be an *English* wife; not but the dear  
‘ jolting of a Hackney coach, and an easy husband, are  
‘ strange temptations; but from the cold comfort of a fine  
‘ coach with springs, and a dull husband with none, good  
‘ Lord deliver me: but then, the insolence of ours is in-  
‘ supportable, because the nasty law gives ’em a power  
‘ over us, which nature never design’d ’em. For my part,  
‘ I had rather be in love all days of my life, than marry.

‘ *Hon.* That is, you had rather bear the disease, than  
‘ have the cure.

‘ *Lou.* Marriage is indeed a cure for love; but love’s a  
‘ disease I wou’d never be cur’d of; therefore, no more  
‘ physick dear cousin; no more husbands—I hate your  
‘ bitter draughts—not but I’m afraid I am a little  
‘ feverish—you’ll think me mad

‘ *Hon.* What’s the matter?

*Lou.* Did you observe those strangers that have walk’d  
by us.

*Hon.*

*Hon.* Not much ; but what of them ?

*Lou.* Did you hear nothing of their talk ?

*Hon.* I think I did ; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost mistress.

*Lou.* Ay, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion : I must know more of him.

*Hon.* What do you mean ?

*Lou.* ———— Must speak to him.

*Hon.* By no means.

*Lou.* Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity ; and since they seem not born to beg relief, to offer it unask'd, would add some merit to the charity.

*Hon.* Consider.

*Lou.* I hate it — fir — fir —

*D. Lew.* Would you speak with me, madam ?

*Lou.* If you please, with your friend — not to interrupt you, fir.

*Car.* Your pleasure, lady ?

*Lou.* You seem a stranger, fir.

*Car.* A most unfortunate one.

*Lou.* If I am not deceiv'd, in want : pardon my freedom — if I have err'd, as freely tell me so ; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance.

*D. Lew.* Take it, boy.

*Car.* A bounty so unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder : but give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase ; for if you mean it as the bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

*Lou.* How assably he talks ! how chaste ! how innocent his thought ! he must be won ! — [Aside.] — You are too scrupulous ; I have no hard designs upon your honesty — only this — be wise and cautious, if you should follow me ; I am observ'd, farewell. *Jaques !* — Will you walk, cousin ? — [Whispers] *Jaques.* — and bring me word immediately — I am going home.

[Exit *Lou.* and *Hon.*

*D. Lew.*

*D. Lew.* Let's see, odsheart! follow her, man—— why, 'tis all gold!

*Car.* Dispose it as you please.

*D. Lew.* I'll first have a better title to't. — No, 'tis all thine, boy—— I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you—— I say, follow her—— since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

*Car.* Fortune, indeed, has dispossefs'd her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

*D. Lew.* Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with some body before I die.

*Car.* Be not so poor in thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, sir, with mine, in search of *Angelina's* fortune.

*D. Lew.* Well, dear *Charles*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE the Street. Enter Antonio and Charino.

*Ant.* You heard what the sailor said, brother, such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

*Cba.* Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be chous'd of my daughter; I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [Walks about.

*Ant.* You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and——how now, where's *Clody*,? ——oh, here he comes——

Enter Clodio, searching his pockets.

How now! what's the matter, boy?

*Clo.* Ay, it's gone, split me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

[Louder.

*Clo.* The best joint in christendom.

*Ant.* *Clody*!

*Clo.* Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

*Ant.* Pshaw, a trifle; get thee another, man.

*Clo.* Sir, 'tis not to be had—— besides, I dare not shew my

my face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

*Cha.* Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

*Clo.* I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

*Cha.* Pockets!

*Clo.* It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris*——I'll go to *Paris*, split me. [*Aside.*]

*Cha.* To *Paris*! why you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

*Clo.* I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in *Europe* there.

*Cha.* Joints!——my son-in-law that shou'd have been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

*Clo.* I'll have it cry'd, faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty pistoles to the finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure compliment to the favours of *Madam la Duchesse de——Mum.* I'll do't, faith.

*Ant.* Come along, *Clody.* [*Exeunt Ant. and Charino.*]

*Clo.* Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty box! ah, plague o' my sea-voyage.

*Enter a servant hastily with a flambeaux.*

*Serv.* By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! why thou art pert, my love; prithee, who is thy master, child!

*Serv.* The valiant *Don Duart*, sir; nephew to the governor of *Lisbon.*

*Clo.* Well, child, and what? does he eat every man he meets!

*Serv.* No, sir, but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! a pretty harmless humour that? Is this he, child!——you may look as terrible as you please, I must banter you, split me, [*Aside.*]

*Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.*

*D. Du.* Do you know me, sir!

*Clo.* Hey! ho! [*Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.*]

*D. Du.* Do you know me, sir?

*Clo.*



*Clo.* You did not see my snuff-box, sir, did you?

*D. Du.* Sir, in *Lisbon* no man asks me a question cover'd. [*Strikes off Clodio's bat.*] Now you know me.

*Clo.* Perfectly well, sir.—Hi! hi! I like you mightily—you are not a bully, sir?

*D. Du.* You are faucy, friend.

*Clo.* Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted.—Thou art really the most extraordinary---umph—that ever I met with! now, sir, do you know me, split me?

*D. Du.* Know thee! take that, peasant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*]

*Clo.* I can't, upon my soul, sir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*]

*Serv.* Help! murder! help!

*Clo.* *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, sir; ahah! [*D. Du. falls.*] he has it! never push'd better in my life, never in my life, split me.

*Serv.* O! my master's kill'd! help ho! murder help!

*Clo.* Hey! why faith, child, that's very true as thou say'st, and so the devil take the hindmost. [*Exit Clodio.*]

*Enter Officers.*

*1st Off.* How now! who's that cries murder?

*Serv.* O, my master's murder'd; some of you follow me, this way he took! let's after him——help! murder! help! [*Exit.*]

*2d Off.* 'Tis *Don Duart.*

*1st Off.* So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, faith, sir. Come, let's carry the body to the good lady his sister *Donna Elvira*; you pursue the murderer, I'll warrant him some civil gentleman; ye need not make too much haste, for if he does 'scape, 'tis no great matter——Come along.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

*Enter Carlos and Don Lewis.*

*D. Lew.* Come along, *Carlos*, I'm sure 'tis she by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has plaid her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

*Car.* Now fortune guide us.

*Enter Jaques and Bravoes, with a chair.*

*Jaques.* That's he, the tallest——besure you spare his  
his

his person——only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with the old fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how.——Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

*A noise of follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other side.*

Clo. Ah! Pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! what shall I do? if they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me!——ha! a door open! faith i'll in at a venture [Exit.

*Re-enter Braves with Carlos in a chair, some haling in Don Lewis.*

D. Lew. O my poor boy Carlos!——Carlos!——help! murder!

1st Bra. Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1st Bra. Nay, then by your leave, old gentleman.

——So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw! [They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.

SCENE a chamber, Elvira and her servant with lights.

Elv. Is not my brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; every where—I'll not rest till you return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper. [Exeunt servants.

*Enter Clodio stealing in.*

Clo. Ah! poor Clody! what will become of thee? thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—follow'd behind! stopp'd before! and beset on both sides! ah! pox o' my wit! I must be bantering, must I? but let me see! where am I! an odd sort of an house this——all the doors open, and no body in't! no noise! no whisper! no dog stirring.

Elv.

*Elv.* Who's that?

*Clo.* Ha! a woman's voice.

*Elv.* Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano! Julia!*

*Clo.* Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house; she can't see my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

*Elv.* Speak! what are you?

*Clo.* Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

*Elv.* I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither wou'd you? What want you?

*Clo.* Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, faith! [*Aside.*]

*Elv.* Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

*Clo.* An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

*Elv.* How could you offend the one, and not the other?

*Clo.* Being provok'd, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me—Gad, I have a rare tongue, I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Aside.*]

*Elv.* Poor wretch, I pity him!

*Clo.* Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

*Elv.* Are you a *Castilian*?

*Clo.* No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call 'um—in—in—

*Elv.* Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

*Clo.* May I depend upon you, madam? am I safe?

*Elv.* Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you:

you: enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites 'em.

*Clo.* D'ye think, madam, you can persuade 'em?

*Elw.* Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

*Clo.* The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you! [Exit.]

*Elw.* Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

*Enter servant and officers, with Don Duart's body.*

*Serv.* Here, bring in the body—O! madam, my master's kill'd.

*Elw.* What say'st thou?

*Serv.* Your brother, madam, my master, young *Don Duart*'s dead; he just now quarrell'd with a gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the street.

*Elw.* Ah me!

*1st Off.* We are inform'd, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

*Elw.* Oh!

*Serv.* Help, ho, my lady faints. [Enter two maids.]

*1st Off.* Give her air, she'll recover. [Clodio peeps in.]

*Clo.* Hey!—why, what the devil! am I safer than I would be now?—Exactly—I have nick'd the house to an hair—Just so I did at *Paris* too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs against me—This damn'd closet too has ne'er a chimney to creep out at—Ah! poor *Clody*! wou'd thou wert fairly in a storm at sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [Retires.]

*Elw.* Stand off, my sorrows will have way; O my unhappy brother! such an end as this thy haughty mind did long since prophesy! and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. 'Revenge and justice both stand knocking at my heart, but hospitable  
'faith

' faith has barr'd their entrance : if I shou'd give 'em  
' way, I am forsworn ; if not, am impious to a brother's  
' memory. Is there no means ? no middle path of  
' safety left ? must I protect my brother's murderer ? or  
' break a solemn vow, on which another's life depends ?'

*Enter Governor.*

*Gov.* Where's this unhappy fight ?---Alas ! he's gone  
past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

*Elv.* It shall be so ; I'll take the lighter evil of the  
two, and keep the solemn vow to which just Heaven  
was witness : the wounds of perjury never can be cur'd,  
but justice may again overtake the murderer, when no  
rash vows protect him.

*Gov.* Take comfort, niece.

*Elv.* O forbear ; search for the murderer, and remove  
the body at your discretion, sir, to be interr'd, while I  
shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my  
sorrow ; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my  
lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

*Gov.* I grieve for your misfortune, niece ; but since  
you'll have it so, we take our leaves ; farewell---Bring  
forth the body.

*[Excunt Governor and Servants with the body.]*

*Clo.* Hey ! what, are they gone away without me ?  
and by her contrivance too---Gadso !

*Elv.* Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of  
life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my  
vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and  
pass unknown.

*Clo.* If this is not love, the devil's in't. *[Aside.]*

*Elv.* Fly with thy utmost speed, where I may never  
see the more.

*Clo.* Ay, that's her modesty. *[Aside.]*

*Elv.* And let that charitable faith thou hast found in  
me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

*Clo.* Poor soul ! I may find a better way to thank thee  
for't.

*Elv.* You are at the door now, farewell for ever.

*Clo.* Which is as much as to say, what wou'd I give  
to see you again ?---All in good time, child---

*[Excunt.]*  
A C T



## A C T. IV.

*Enter Don Duart in his night gown, surgeon, and servants.*

*D. Du.* MAY I venture yet abroad, sir?

*Surg.* With safety, sir, your wound was never dangerous; tho' from your great loss of blood, you seem'd awhile without signs of life.

*D. Du.* Sir, do you know if the gentleman that wounded me be in custody?

*Surg.* He was never taken, sir, nor known that I could hear of.

*D. Du.* I am sorry for't; for could I find him, which now shall be my earnest care, I would with real services acknowledge him my best of friends, in having proved so fortunate an enemy; he has bestowed on me a second life, which, from a clearer insight of myself, will teach me how to use it better too. How does my sister seem to bear my fortune?

*Surg.* I never knew the loss of any friend lamented with more sorrow; she suffers none to visit her, nor is she acquainted with your recovery.

*D. Du.* I would not have her yet, nor any of my friends; no moisture sooner dries, than women's tears; and tho' I am apt to think my sister honest in her sorrow, yet knowing her a woman, still I am resolv'd to make a further trial of her virtue.

*Surg.* Sir, you may command my secrecy.

*D. Du.* I thank you, sir, 'twill oblige me---boy!

*Serv.* Sir.

*D. Du.* Do you think you know again the gentleman that fought me?

*Serv.* I believe I may, sir.

*D. Du.* I'd have you suddenly inquire him out; he seem'd, by his report, of *France*, or *England*; if so, you'll probably find him in some lewd house or other.

*Serv.* Rather at church, sir; for no body will suspect him there.

C

D. Du.

' D. Du. Seek him every where ; come, fir, I wait  
' for you. [*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE changes to Louisa's house.*

' *Enter Don Manuel and Angelina.*

' D. Man. Now, madam, let my hard fortune teach  
' you a little to endure your own. You see with what  
' severe neglect she still receives my humble love ; no-  
' thing I say, or do, has any weight or motion in her  
' thoughts for me.

' Ang. You are too diffident of your fortune ; I wou'd  
' not have an honest mind despair ; she seem'd, indeed, a  
' little careless of you--you gave her no offence, I'm  
' confident. See, here she comes ; take heed how you  
' displease her by an impatient stay—Pray go, in the  
' mean time I'll think of you——indeed I will.

' D. Man. I am yours for ever——[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Louisa and Jaques, servants waiting.*

Lou. Were they both seiz'd ?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately.  
I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders ; when they are enter'd,  
bar all the doors, and on your lives let every one be  
mute, as I directed--I must retire awhile. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bravoes, who let Carlos out of the chair, while  
others throw down Don Lewis gag'd and bound.*

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you--  
but now pray let me know my crime ? Why have you  
brought me hither ? where am I ? if in prison, look in  
my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[*Jaques holds up his lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*  
You seem to know me, fir---All dumb, and vanish'd ;  
my fortune's humourous, she sports with me.

D. Lew. Aw ! aw !

Car. What's here ! a fellow prisoner ! who are you ?

D. Lew. Aw ! aw !

Car. Do you speak no other language ?

D. Lew. Aw ! aw ! aw !

[*Louder.*]

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Oh !

[*Sighing.*]

Car. Poor wretch ! I am afraid he would speak if he  
cou'd.

[*Re-enter Jaques and servants with lights, who release Don Lewis.*]

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. *Lew.* Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again?

What a pox, are you all dumb? ——— [*Exeunt mutes.*  
Well, sir, and pray what are ——— *Carlos!* ah! my dear boy! [*Kisses him.*

*Car.* My uncle! nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! how came you hither, sir!

D. *Lew.* Faith, like a corpse into church, boy, with my heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou come?

*Car.* You saw the men that seiz'd us; they forc'd me into a chair, and brought me.

D. *Lew.* Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

*Car.* That we must wait their pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my reason, not my conscience; that's still at rest, fearless of any danger.

D. *Lew.* The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey day! what's to be done now?

*Enter Jaques, and servants, with a banquet, wine, and lights.*

*Car.* More riddles yet! I dream sure.

[*Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his chair.*

D. *Lew.* For me? Sir, your most humble servant; [*Sits.*] *Carlos!* sit down, boy.

Ha! ha! ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! is this all the business? puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

*Car.* Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. *Lew.* Never trouble thy head, prithee; pox of questions; fall to, man-----delicate food truly-----  
Here-----Dumb! prithee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little: come, *Carlos*, here's, here's-----honest dumb's health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, faith. [*A Flourish.*] [*Claps Jaques on the head.*

*Car.* What harmony's this?

D. *Lew.* Rare musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

C 2

[*Musick here.*  
Mighty

Mighty fine, truly—I have not made an heartier meal a great while.

[*Here Jaques offers a night-gown and cap to Don Lewis.* Well, and what's to do now, lad? for me, boy? Odso! we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging :) nay, I always said honest dumb knew how to make his friends welcome—Well, but it's time enough yet, shan't we crack a bottle first? *Carlos* is melancholy. [*Jaques shakes his head.*] What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd—Sir, your humble servant: [*Puts on the gown.*] Well, *Carlos*, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer! I'd give a pistole tho', to know what this will come to!—Dumb, come along.

*Car.* I'm bury'd in amazement—Why am I busy'd thus in trifles, having so many nearer thoughts that wound my peace?—[*Musick plays again.*] Ha! more musick? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*A song here; which ended, D. Lewis appears above.*

*D. Lew.* So! at last I have grop'd out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder to the watch—But mum! the door opens!

*Enter Louisa.*

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before!—Dumb's a fly dog; 'tis she, faith—tum, dum, dum—here will be fine work presently, toll, dum, di, dum—Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

*Lou.* You seem amaz'd, sir.

*Car.* Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

*Lou.* I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

*Car.* Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you cou'd not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

*Lou.* I own I cou'd not trust you to my fortune; I knew  
not

not but some other might have seen you—beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

*Car.* If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a dress, (as I confess, I'm little p actis'd in the rules of grac'd behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

*Leu.* Fy! you are too modest———how cou'd you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at least to our sex.

*Car.* 'Twere more unpardonable there.

*Leu.* Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance——Pray be seated, sir——nay, I'll have it so——' say, sometimes 'too much respect (pray be nearer, sir,) were most offensive:' suppose a woman were reduc'd to offer love, 'her pains of shame are insupportable: and shou'd she call that lover rude, who, kindly conscious of her wishes, bravely resolves to take, and saves her modesty the guilt of giving?' Suppose yourself the man so lov'd, where cou'd you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

*Car.* If I cou'd love again, my eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in manners, wou'd not seem to understand her.

*Leu.* Alas! you have too poor a sense of woman's love. 'Think you we have no invention? You wou'd not understand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd still proceed---Thus gently steal your hand, and sigh, and press it to her heart, and then look wishing in your eyes 'till love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to compassion.

*Car.* Amazing! can she be the creature she describes?"

*Leu.* O! they have such subtle ways to steal into a lover's heart; 'nay, if she's resolved,' not all your strength of modesty can guard you; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune shou'd be yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles; thus, like the lazy minutes, wou'd she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten.

[Gives him jewels.]



*Car.* Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

*Lou.* Fy! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not sure be thought so slow of apprehension!

*Car.* I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

*Lou.* Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain—I cannot speak it——yet you must know—But tell me, must I needs blush to own a passion that's so tender of you? I am this creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen supposed was natural, all but the soft result of growing love——'Why are you 'still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?'

*Car.* Monstrous!

[*Aside, and rising.*

*Lou.* What is't you start at?

*Car.* Not for your beauty; tho' I confess you fair to a perfection, compleat in all that may engage the eye: but when that beauty fades (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? no—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for tho' distress'd, a stranger, and in want, I thus return 'em thankless: be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name rever'd to ages: 'but while you thus enslave 'your generous reason to so intemperate a folly, your 'very nature seems inverted: cou'd you but one moment 'calmly lay it by, you'd find such a vile indignity to 'your sex, as modesty could never pardon.'

*Lou.* If I appear too free a lover, and talk beyond the usual courage of my sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, soft'ning wretch, that you would have me: my wishes shall be dumb, unless my eyes may speak 'em; 'or 'if I dare to touch your hand, it shall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as air; nay, fix'd, and silent, 'as your shade, I'll watch whole winter nights content, 'and listening to your slumbers: is this intemperance? 'for pity speak, for I confess your hard reproofs have 'struck upon my heart!' O! say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. 'If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tye,' and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

*Car.*

*Car.* Take heed! consider yet, even this humility be not the offspring of your first unruly passion: but since at least it carries something of a better claim to my concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

*Lou.* Impossible! O! why?

*Car.* Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

*Lou.* I cannot part with you.

*Car.* You must! I cannot with my reason——'Pray let me pass! why do you thus hang upon my arm, and strain your eyes, as if they had power to hold me?'

*Lou.* Ungrateful! will you go? take heed! for you have prov'd I am not mistress of my temper.

*Car.* I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. *[Exit Carlos.]*

*Lou.* O torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my pride for this? O! insupportable!——If I am not reveng'd, may all the——well. *[Walks disorder'd.]*

*D. Lew.* What a pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then?——Poor soul! she's in great heat truly——Ah! silly rogue!——now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again—I have a great mind, faith——Odd! she's a hummer!——A strange mind, I ha'n't had such a mind a great while—Hey!——ay! I'll do't, faith——if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! *[As he was getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.]*

*Lou.* Who waits there?

*Enter Jaques.*

Where's the stranger?

*Jaq.* Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

*Lou.* Are all the doors fast?

*Jaq.* All barr'd madam.

*Lou.* Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. *[Exit Jaques.]*

Ah!

*[Don Lewis drops down.]*

D. Lew. Odso! my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate piece of work truly, but not finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir.

D. Lew. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam———nay, I'll have it so) ah!

[Sits down and mimicks her behaviour to Carlos.

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd myself to this wretch too!———had witnesses to my folly!———nay, I deserve it.

[Stands mute.

D. Lew. So! so! I shall bring her to terms presently———you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam———ay, these now———these are a couple of fine large stones truly; but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles.

[Mimicks again.

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter servants and bravoes.

D. Lew. Hey!

[Rising.

Serv. Did your ladyship call, madam?

D. Lew. I don't like her looks, faith.

[Aside.

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd neck and heels, and lock'd in a garret; away with him.

D. Lew. Dumb! dumb! help, dumb! dumb! stand by me dumb! a pox of my finishing, aw! aw!

[They gag him, and carry him off.

Lou. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge.

[Exit Louisa.

Re-enter Carlos in the dark.

Car. What can this evil woman mean me? the doors all barr'd! the lights put out! the servants mute, and she with

with fury in her eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd shew itself. Ha! yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [Exit.

*The SCENE changes to another room.*

*Angelina, with a light.*

*Ang.* I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were 'larm'd with the cries of one that call'd for help: I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honest thoughts—What can this mean! no matter what, since nothing, but the loss of him I love, can worse befall me!——Hark, what noise! is the door fast? ah! [Going to shut it,

*Re-enter Carlos; and Jaques listening.*

*Car.* Ha! another lady! and alone!

*Ang.* Heavens, how I tremble!

*Car.* Sure, by her surprise, she is not of the other's counsel—Pardon this intrusion, lady, I am a stranger, and distress'd, be not dismay'd: I have no ill designs, unless to beg your charitable assistance be offensive.'

*Ang.* Ha! that voice!

[Amaz'd.

*Car.* Save me, ye powers! and give me strength to bear this insupportable surprise of rushing joy.

*Ang.* My Carlos——oh!

*Car.* 'Tis she! my long lost love, my living *Angelina*.

[Embraces her.

*Jaq.* Say you so, sir! this shall to my lady.

[Exit Jaques.

*Ang.* O! let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

*Car.* 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restor'd; 'it draws whole years to hours, and we grow old with joy in moments.'

*Ang.* O! I were happy, bless'd above my sex, cou'd but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

*Car.* Is't possible! thou miracle of goodness, that thou canst thus forget the misery, the want, the ruin my unhappy love has brought thee to? Trust me, that stormy thought has clouded ev'n the very joy I had to see thee.'

*Enter Jaques and Louisa at a distance.*

*Jaq.* They are there; from hence your ladyship may hear 'em.

*Lou.* Leave me. *[Exit Jaques, and Lou. listens.]*

*Ang.* I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be chearful.

*Car.* O! thou engaging softness! thy courage has reviv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now, with less expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

*Lou.* Ha! so near acquainted—— *[Behind.]*

*Car.* And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

*Ang.* The officer that made me captive, prov'd a worthy man, and plac'd me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

*Car.* Ha! to what end?

*Ang.* He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourably.

*Car.* Is't possible? Is there a wretch so curs'd among mankind, to be her honourable lover!

*Lou.* So! *[In anger.]*

*Car.* Take heed, my love, avoid her as a disease to modesty.

*Lou.* Very well.

*Car.* Oh! I have a shameful tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy loathing.

*Lou.* Insolent!——well!

*Ang.* You amaze me; pray what is it?

*Car.* This is no time to tell; ' I had forgot my danger:' let it suffice, the doors are barr'd against me; now, this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

*Ang.* Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you: but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

*Car.* About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided  
with



with the means to make it sure——' Now I dare thank  
'thee, Fortune.'

*Ang.* You will not fail.

*Car.* If I survive, depend on me; 'till when, may  
Heav'n support thy innocence.

*Ang.* Follow me——

[*Exeunt hastily*]

*Lou.* Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*] Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden; fly. [*Exit Jaques*] love and revenge, like vipers, gnaw upon my quiet, and I must change their food, or leave my being; 'though 'I cou'd bear ev'n the low contempt he has thrown on 'me, cou'd it but woo him to the least return of love; 'but I would bear again ten thousand racks, rather than 'confess this dotage.' No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch that destin'd fool he doats on. [*Enter Angelica, and exit on the other side.*] Ha! she is return'd! yonder she passes; with what assur'd contentment in her looks!——how pleas'd the thing is——strangely impudent——sure! the ugly creature thinks I won't strangle her. [*Enter Jaques.*] Now have you brought him?

*Jaq.* Madam, we made what haste we cou'd, but the gentleman reach'd the mount before us, and escap'd over the garden wall.

*Lou.* Escap'd, villain! durst thou tell me so?

*Jaq.* If your ladyship had call'd me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside:*

*Lou.* Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants,——well, 'tis no matter, bid the braves stay, I have directions for 'em: go. [*Exit Jaques.*]

He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his word, (as I've an odious cause to fear he will) he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [*Exit Lou.*]

SCENE the Street.

*Enter D. Duart disguis'd, with a servant.*

*D. Du.* Where did you find him?

*Serv.* Hard by, sir, at an house of civil recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

*Enter*

*Enter Clodio.*

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake—— I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one healing bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the *Grand Signior*——hold, let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here;——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his money*] seven pistoles by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy income this jade must have in a week, if she's thus paid by the hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [*Exit servant.*]  
Your servant, sir.

Clo. . . . Sir—— your humble servant.

D. Du. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir.——Hey, *Madonna!* [*Calls at the door.*]

D. Du. A very frank humour'd gentleman; I'll know him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of *Portugal*?

Clo. No, sir,—— I am a kind of a—— what d'ye call 'um—— a sort of a here—— and—— therian; I am a stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travell'd far, sir?

Clo. My tour of *Europe*, or so, sir;—— 'dangled about a little; I came this summer from the jubilee.

D. Du. Did you make any stay there, sir?

Clo. No, sir, I only call'd in there at the salvation-office, just bought an annuity of indulgences for life; got an assurance for my soul; lay with a nun, flux'd; and so came home again.'

*Enter servant with wine.*

So! so! here's the wine! come! sir, to our better acquaintance——Faith, I like you mightily——

*Allons! 'baïses donc!*

[*Kisses, drinks.*]  
*Morbleu!*

*Morbleu ! ce ne'st pas mauvais ! allons encore hey ! Vive l'amour ! quand iris, &c.* [Sings.

D. Du. I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travell'd through ; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies : you far'd well in *France*, I hope.

Clo. Yes faith, as far as my pocket wou'd go : the devil a stroke without it : no money, no mademoiselle ; no ducat, no dutchess ; no pistole, no princess——By the way, let me tell you, sir, your *Lisbonites* are held up at a pretty smart rate too——I was forc'd to come down to the tune of seven pistoles here——a man may keep a pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride post, splitme.--‘ but, a pox on 'em, it's no wonder the jades are ‘ so saucy in a country where there are so many swarms ‘ of unmarried friars, monks, and brawny jesuits ; the ‘ game may well be scarce, faith, where there are so ‘ many canonical poachers.’ Now, sir, in little *England*, ‘ where your gowns and cassocks are honestly marry'd, ‘ your right women are as cheap as mackrel---Gad, sir, I ‘ have taken you a fasting velvet scarf out of the side-box ‘ there, and the jade has jump'd at a beef-stake and a ‘ bottle ; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, and a single ‘ glass of cinnamon---Seven pistoles ! unconscionable ! ‘ Odsheart, in *London*, now for half the sum a man might ‘ have pick'd up the first rows of the middle gallery.’

D. Du. I find, sir, you know *England* then.

Clo. Ay, sir, and every woman there that's worth knowing. ‘ from honest *Betty Sands*, to the countess of ‘ *Ogletown*. Yes, sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and ‘ the side-box, sir, and behind the scenes ; ay, and the ‘ green-room, and all the girls and women-actresses ‘ there, sir——sir, I was a whole winter there the particular favourite of the giggling party——Come, sir, ‘ if you please, here's miss *Riggle's* health to you.

D. Du. Pray, sir, how came you so well acquainted there ?

Clo. Why, sir, I first introduc'd myself with a single ‘ pinch of *Bergamot* ; the next night I presented 'em a box ‘ full ; next day came to rehearsal : in a week I desir'd

'sir'd 'em to use my name whenever they pleas'd, for what the chocolate house afforded—upon this, I was chosen *Valentine*, if I don't mistake, to about eleven of 'em; and in three days more, I think, it cost me fifty guineas in gloves, knots, heads, fans, muffs, coffee, tea, snuff-boxes, orangerie, and chocolate.

*D. Du.* But pray, sir, were you as intimate at both play-houses?

*Clo.* No, stretch 'em! at the new-house they are so us'd to be queens and princesses, and are so often in their airs-royal, forsooth, that I'gad! there's no reaching one of their copper-tails there, without a long pole, or a settlement, split me.

*D. Du.* But I wonder, sir, that in a country so fam'd for handsome women, the men are so generallly blam'd for their scandalous usage of 'em.

*Clo.* O damn'd scandalous, sir,—they use their mistresses as bad as their wives, faith: I tell you what, sir, I knew a citizen's daughter there, that ran away with a lord, who in the first six months of her preferment, never stirr'd out, but she made the ladies cry at her equipage; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain house in the *Savoy*, I found the self-same, cast-off, solitary lady, in a room with bare walls, dressing her dear, pretty head there, in the corner bit of a looking-glass, prudently supported by a quartern brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyster-barrel.

*D. Du.* I find few mistresses make their fortunes there; but, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encourag'd you to advance your own marriage!

*Clo.* Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me.

*D. Du.* How so, sir?

*Clo.* Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dress'd, faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes in with a damn'd long stride, and a sharp stomach—says a short grace, and—whip'd her up like an oyster.

*D. Du.* You had ill fortune, sir.

*Clo.* Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know

know, sir, tho' I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

D. *Du.* That I know you have; be not amaz'd, sir.

Clo. Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me——Pray, sir, if it be no offence——may I beg the favour to know who you are?

D. *Du.* Let it suffice, I own myself your friend--I am your debtor, sir; you fought a gentleman they call *Don Duart*——I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, sir——is there no joke in all this?

D. *Du.* 'There, sir, the little all I'm master of, may 'serve at present to convince you of my sincerity:' "I am "sincere:" I ask for no return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther service. [Gives him a purse.

Clo. Sir, your health——I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? that is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

D. *Du.* I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unfully'd: but pray, sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, sir——twelve thousand pistoles, you say!

D. *Du.* I speak the least, sir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I had kill'd her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turn'd, poor soul! hurry'd me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

D. *Du.* Confusion!

Clo. Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

D. *Du.* Let me consider, sir—Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then? A prostitute, ev'n  
to.



to the man suppos'd my murderer! If it be true, the consequence is soon resolv'd — but this requires my farther search — May I depend on this for truth, sir?

*Glo.* Why sir you don't suppose I'd banter a lady of her quality?

*D. Du.* Damnation! Well, sir! I'll take your letter! but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

*Glo.* Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into the house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

*D. Du.* With all my heart.

*Glo.* Allons! Entrez.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V.

### SCENE *Elvira's house.*

*Elvira is discover'd alone in mourning, a lamp by her.*

*Don Duart enters behind disguis'd.*

*D. Du.* **T**HUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the servants — now for the proof of what I fear — Ha! yonder she is — This close retirement, those sable colours, the solemn silence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor ev'n the day to visit her: these seem to speak a real ferrow; if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed — I'll fathom it — Madam —

*Elv.* Who's there? another murderer; where are my servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

*D. Du.* Your pardon, lady; I have no evil meaning; this letter will inform you of my business, and excuse this rude intrusion.

*Elv.* For me! whence comes it, sir?

*D. Du.* The contents, madam, will explain to you — She seems amaz'd! looks almost thro' the letter — I should suspect the stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing circumstances — Ha! she pauses! 'Sdeath! a smile too — I fear her now!

*Elv.* My prayers are heard; justice at length has overtaken the murderer: 'his vow'd protection having been strictly paid I now unperjur'd may revenge my brother's blood.

' blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair occasion : ' but 'twere not safe to shew my thought ; therefore to be just, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*] I ask your pardon for my rudeness, sir : upon your friend's account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better welcome.

D. Du. So ! then she's damn'd, I find. But I'll have more, and bring'em face to face. [*Aside.*] My friend, madam, thought his visits should be unseasonable, before the sad solemnity of your brother's funeral.

Elv. A needless fear ! my brother, sir ! Alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eas'd our family of so scandalous a burthen ! A riotous, unmanner'd fellow ; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O ! patience ! patience ! [*Aside.*

Elv. Pray, let him know, his absence was the real cause of this mistaken mourning : 'tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my brother's death ; but womens hearts and tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance ; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her ? [*Aside.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine——to-morrow ! 'tis an age ! I'll make him mine to-night——I'll write to him this minute——Can you have patience, sir, 'till I prepare a letter for you ?

D. Du. You may command me, madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately——will you walk this way, sir ?

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you——Revenge and daggers ! [*Exeunt.*

*The S C E N E* Louisa's house.

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the lady seiz'd ?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half-dead with the fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed : When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice : 'tis near his time, away. [*Exit Jaques.*] Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this usage, ' sat me ' down alone content, and found a secret pleasure in complaining ; but to be slighted for a girl, a sickly, poor, ' unthinking wretch, incapable of love ! that ! stabs home !

' 'Tis

'Tis poison to my thoughts, and swell's 'em to revenge!  
 My rival! no! he shall never triumph! Hark! what  
 noise! they have him sure! How now!

*Enter Jaques.*

*Jaq.* Madam, the gentleman is taken.

*Lou.* Bring him in—Revenge, I thank thee now.

*Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.*

So, sir! you are return'd it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love—I'll help your search: if she be here, before she's safe!—Open that door there.

*S C E N E draws and discovers Angelina with Bravoes ready to strangle her.*

Now, sir, is this the lady?

*Car.* My *Angelina*! Oh!

*Ang.* O miserable meeting!

*Lou.* Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms! now scorn my love, my person, and my fortune! now let your squeamish virtue fly me as a disease to modesty! and tell her now your shameful tale of my intemperance!

*Car.* O! cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence?

*Lou.* What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin—  
 End her. *[To the Bravoes.]*

*Car.* O! hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

*Lou.* I've learn'd from you to use my pity—'Sdeath!  
 'I could laugh to see thy strange stupidity of love'—On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refus'd—

*Car.* Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

*Lou.* Nay, if you are so over willing.

*Car.* Speak, and I obey you.

*Lou.* Now then, this moment kneel and curse her.

*Car.* Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from the jaws of gaping danger *[Kneeling.]* O! may the watchful eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er innocence distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some miracle alone can save her, the ever waking sun, in his eternal progress, never saw so fair an object to employ it on.

*Lou.*

*Lou.* Presuming fool ! were I inclin'd to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance ?

*Car.* Yet hold ! forgive my rashness, I was to blame indeed ; but passion has transported both of us ; ' love ' made me as heedless of her safety, as wild revenge has ' you, ev'n of your neglected soul.

' *Lou.* What, dost thou think to preach me from my ' purpose ?

' *Car.* That were too vain an hope ; tho' I've a pite- ' ous cause that might bespeak, without a tongue, the ' mercy of a human heart : ' but if revenge alone can sate your fury, at least misplace it not ; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment ; ' but spare the innocent, the ' gentle maid ; she ne'er intended yet a thought against ' your peace ; I have deserv'd you anger, nay, and justly ' too ; for I confess I ought to have given you a milder ' treatment ; but to atone the crime, rip up my breast, ' and in my heart you'll read the unhappy cause of my ' neglect and rudeness.'

*Lou.* How he disarms my anger ! but must my rival triumph then ?

*Ang.* Charge me not with abhorr'd ingratitude : be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver !

*Car.* For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause : ' Do not debase your generous revenge ' with cruelty ; that every common wretch can take ; the ' savage brutes can suck their fellow-creatures blood, and ' tear their bodies down ; but greater human souls have ' more pride to curb, and bow the stubborn mind of what ' they hate ; and such revenge, the nobler far, I offer now ' to you ; ' see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy :

*Lou.* He buries my revenge in blushes.

' *Ang.* O ! generous proof of the most faithful love !

' *Car.* Think what a glorious triumph it would be, that ' when your sworn resentment, wild revenge, and indigna- ' tion, all stood ready, waiting for the word, you call'd your ' forceful

forceful reason to your aid, resolv'd, and took that tyrant passion captive to your gentle pity; O! 'twere such a god-like instance of your virtue, as might atone, if possible, ev'n crimes to come: revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd peace of mind, which mercy may: compassion has a thousand secret charms: think you 'twere no delight of thought, to heal the wounds of bleeding lovers, to make two poor afflicted wretches happy, whose highest crime is loving well and faithfully? Were it no soothing joy, no secret pride, to raise 'em from the last despair to hope? to life and love restor'd? Now, on my heart, I read a struggling pity in your eye! O cherish it, and spare our innocence! Perhaps, the story of our chaste affections, once compleat, may live a fair example to succeeding times, for which posterity shall stand indebted to your virtue.

'*Lou.*' Release the lady——go, [*Exeunt Bravoës.*]  
And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love; 'for I confess, the fair example of your mutual faith, your tenderness, humility, and tears, have quite subdu'd my soul; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me: O! you have given me such an image of the contentful peace, th' unshaken quiet of an honest mind, that now I taste more solid joy, being but the instrument of your united virtuous love, than all my late false hopes propos'd even in the last indulgence of my blind desires: Now love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their hands.*]

'*Car.* O! providential care of innocence distress'd!

'*Ang.* O! miracle of rewarded love!

'*Car.* 'What shall I say? I scarce have yet the power of thought amidst this hurry of transporting joy!' My *Angelina!* do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thousand things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of thee——But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to Heaven, and this our kind preserver; 'to whose most happy change, we owe even all our lives to come, which cheerful gratitude can pay.'

'*Lou.* Nay, now you give me a confusion. [*Raises 'em.*]  
But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to supply



supply your present wants, or any future means propos'd to give you lasting happiness.

*Car.* Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wond'rous bounty; 'and when you know the story of 'our fortune, as we shall soon find due occasion to relate 'it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deserve your pity and 'assistance.' But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you dispos'd of him?

*Lou.* I think he's here, and safe—who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*] Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit Jaques.*] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incens'd me.

*Car.* He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

*Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.*

*D. Lew.* Pr'ythee, honest dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ache a little :) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter—My dear *Carlos*! I must buss thee, faith!—Madam, your humble servant—I beg your pardon, d'ye see—you understand me.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

*Lou.* I hope we are all friends, sir.

*D. Lew.* I hope we are, madam—I am an honest old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

*Car.* Here's a stranger, uncle.

*D. Lew.* What! my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! Faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes Angelina.*] Od! she's a delicate nosegay! I must have her touz'd a little——*Carlos*! you must gather to-night; I can stay no longer——Weil, faith! I am heartily joy'd to see thee, child.

*Ang.* I thank you, sir, and wish I may deserve your love? Our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about——

*D. Lew.* Does not signify three pence; when Fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came——I tell you, I am glad to see you.

*Enter Jaques.*

*Jaq.* Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

*Lou.* At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

*Enter Governor.*

*Gov.* Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

*Lou.* Your lordship does me honour.

*Gov.* At least, I hope, my business will excuse it: some strangers here below, upon their offer'd oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship made me refuse their search, 'till I had spoken with you.

*Ang.* It must be they—Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

*Lou.* Be not concern'd! wou'd you avoid 'em!

*Car.* No, we must be found; let 'em have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke it's trial.

*Lou.* Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit. Jaques.* My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

*Gov.* You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they cou'd urge against 'em, I found in their complaints, more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

*Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clodio.*

*Cba.* I'll have justice,

*Ant.* Don't be too hot, brother.

*Cba.* Sir, I demand justice.

*D. Man.* That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

*Clo.* Ah! that's she, my lord, I am witness.

*Car.* My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

*Ant.* Why truly, *Carlos*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the matter; I wish you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction: but however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

*Cba.* This is all contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my daughter—she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her, is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hang'd;

hang'd; therefore no more delays, fir; for I tell you before hand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

*Ant.* I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

*Cha.* I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I'm quite of another opinion: and so once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher.

*Gov.* Does your daughter, fir, complain of any violence?

*Cha.* Your lordship knows young girls never complain when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

*Ang.* [*To Charino kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the bounds of honour, and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferr'd, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person, where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought; but here my heart's subdu'd, ev'n to the last compliance with my fortune: he, fir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

*Cha.* Get up again.

*Gov.* Come, fir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

*Cha.* My lord, I don't want advice; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

*Enter Jaques.*

*Jaq.* My lord, here's a stranger without enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

*Clo.* Hey! *Ab, mon cher Ami!*

*Enter Don Duart disguis'd.*

Well, what news, my dear, has she answer'd my letter?

*D. Du.* There, fir—This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*]

*Gov.* Marry'd to-night, and to this gentleman, say'st thou? I'm amaz'd.

*D. Du.* He is her choice, my lord.

*Clo.* [*Reading the letter.*]—Um—um—Charms—irresistable—excuse so soon—Passion—Blushes—Consent—Provision—Children—Settlement—Marriage—If this is not plain the devil's in't.—Hold, here's more, faith—[*Reads to himself.*]

'*D. Man.* How shall I requite this goodness? [*To Lou.*

'*Lou.* I owe you more than I have leisure now to pay: press me not too far, least I should offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours when long withheld, sometimes grow tasteless; over-fasting often palls the appetite.

'*D. Man.* The appetite of love, like mine, can never die: it would be ever tasting and unsated.'

[*They seem to talk apart.*

*Gov.* 'Tis very sudden—but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ha! Poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'n patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad that shou'd ha' been—this business is all at an end—for, look you, I find your daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the truth, so am I faith! If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the lady *Elvira's* wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you, shall be all heartily welcome to.

*D. Lew.* Thy house! ha! ha! well said, puppy!

*Clo.* Ha! old *Testy*!

*Cba.* What dost thou mean, man? [*To Clodio.*

*Gov.* 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

*Ang.* Bless'd news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

*Cba.* If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

*Ant.* Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turn'd tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with *Carlos's* name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

*Cba.*

*Cha.* Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

*Clo.* Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

*Lou.* Sir, we wait upon you.

*Cha.* This wedding's an odd thing!

*D. Lew.* Ha! ha! if it should be a lie now. [*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartment.*

*Elvira alone, with Clodio's Letter in her Hand.*

*Elw.* At how severe a price do women purchase an unspotted fame! when ev'n the justest title can't assure possession: when we reflect upon the insolent and daily wrongs, which men and scandal throw upon our actions, 'twere enough to make a modest mind despair: if we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: nothing we do or think on, be the motive e'er so just, or generous, but still the malice or the guilt of men, interprets to our shame: why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger, whose forfeit life I rashly sav'd, presume from that mistaken charity, to tempt me with his love.' [*Enter a Servant.*] Hark! what musick's that? [*Flourish.*]

*Serv.* Madam, the gentlemen are come.

*Elw.* 'Tis well; are the officers ready?

*Serv.* Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders,

*Elw.* Conduct the company. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death reveng'd.

[*Music plays.*]

*Enter Clodio, D. Duart, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.*

*Clo.* Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical—to a minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here——My lord——

*Gov.* Give you joy, madam.

*Clo.* Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too—This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

*Ant.* The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.



*Clo.* This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my elder brother—and this my noble uncle, Don *Cholerick*—*Snaphorte de Tefly*.

*D. Lew.* Puppy.

*Clo.* Peevish.

*D. Lew.* Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman, because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking; those that know him, generally give him the title of Don *Dismallo Thickscullo de Halfwitto*.

*Clo.* Well said, nuncle, ha, ha!

*D. Du.* Are you provided of a priest, sir?

*Clo.* Ay, ay, pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

*D. Du.* So wou'd I, I want the cue to act this justice on my honour; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks.

[*Aside.*

*Gov.* You have surpriz'd us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

*Elw.* I may yet surprize you more, my lord.

*D. Du.* Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

*Clo.* Ay, poor fool! she's modest——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princess, why that demure look now?

*Elw.* I was thinking, sir——

*Clo.* I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of one of your senses——In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nick'd it?

*Elw.* I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the priest is come.

*Elw.* Let him wait, we've no occasion yet——Within there——seize him. [*Several Officers rush in, who seize*

*D. Du.* Ha!

*Clodio, and bind him.*

*Gov.* What can this mean?

*Clo.* Gad me! what, is my dear in her frolicks already?

*Elw.* And now, my lord, your justice on that murderer.

*Gov.* How! madam!

*Clo.* That bitch, my fortune!

*D. Lew.* Madam, upon my knees, I beg you, don't carry the jest too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing, but a reprieve, can save him. [*Apart to Elvira.*]

*Ant.* Pray, madam, who accuses him?

*Elw.* His own confession, sir.

*Car.* Of murder, say you, madam!

*Elw.* The murder of my brother.

*Gov.* Where was that confession made?

*Elw.* After the fact was done, my lord, this man, pursu'd by justice, took shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my protection; he seem'd indeed a stranger, and his complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my brother's death, promis'd, by a rash and solemn vow, I wou'd conceal him: which vow Heav'n can witness with what distraction in my thoughts I strictly kept, and paid; but he alas! mistaken this my hospitable charity, for the effects of a most vile preposterous love, proceeds upon his error, and in his letter here addresses me for marriage; which, I once having paid my vow, answer'd in such prevailing terms, upon his folly, as now have unprotected, drawn him into the hands of justice.

*D. Du.* She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. [*Aside.*]

*D. Lew.* So, now I am a little easy—The puppy will be hang'd.

*Gov.* Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

*Clo.* Ay—I shall be hang'd, I believe.

*Cha.* Nay then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my friend *Clody* is dispos'd of—and so, without compliment, do ye see, children—Heav'n bless you together [*Joins Car. and Ang. hands.*]

*Car.* This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

*Ant.* Well, brother, I thank you however; *Carlos* is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor *Clody's* ill fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why, you wou'd be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me—*Clody*! how dost thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Clod. I hate this old fellow, split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast really made a damn'd blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left ear.

Clod. I'd fain have him die.

D. Lew. Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—tho' methinks I'd fain see the inside of the puppy too.

Clod. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on purpose,—tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clod. O! curse consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, madam, the fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes, he'll suffer. [Aside.]

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

Clod. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Clod. Why then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me.

Elw. Now, my lord, your justice.

D. Du. Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue.

[Discovers himself.]

Elw.

*Elv.* My brother! O! let my wonder speak my joy!

*Clo.* Hey! [*Clodio and his friends seem surpris'd.*]

*Gov.* Don *Duart*! living and well! how came this strange recovery?

*D. Du.* My body's health the surgeon has restor'd: but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot distemper'd blood, which lately render'd me offensive to mankind, his just resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past, and, by reflection, to reform.

*Elv.* This is indeed a happy change.

*Gov.* Release the gentleman.

*Clo.* Here, *Tesly*, prithee do so much as untie this a little.

*D. Lew.* Why, so I will, sirrah; I find thou hast done a mettled thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shock'd at thee any longer.

*Elv.* I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir, and blush to think how much I owe you for a brother thus restor'd.

*Clo.* Madam, your very humble servant, it's mighty well as it is.

*D. Du.* We are indeed his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my sake, give him such returns of love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

*Clo.* Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

*D. Du.* This modesty commends you, sir.

*Ant.* Sir, you have propos'd like a man of honour, and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

*Car.* I wish my brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my birthright, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

*D. Lew.* Nay then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to *Carles*, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

*D. Du.* sister!

*Elv.* This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient

nient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

D. Lew. So! now it will be a wedding again, faith.

D. Man. And if this kind example could prevail on you——

Lou. If it could not, your merit has sufficient power :  
from this moment, I am yours for ever.

D. Man. Which way shall I be grateful?

Clo. Nay then, strike up again, boys---and, with the lady's leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a dance  
*à la mode d'Angleterre.* [*They dance.*]

D. Lew. So! so! bravely done of all sides; and now  
Carlos, we'll e'en toast our noses over a chirping bottle  
'and laugh at our past fortune.'

Car. Come, my *Angelina*!

Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,  
And the distressful voyage of our loves,  
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.

Now we unlade our freight of happiness,  
Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd;  
For all my former search in deep philosophy,  
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life;  
But love, in one soft moment, taught me more  
Than all the volumes of the learn'd cou'd teach;  
Gave me the proof when nature's birth began.  
'To what great End th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



# EPILOGUE.

*AN Epilogue's a tax on authors laid,  
 And full as much unwillingly is paid.  
 Good-lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,  
 Coin has been always easier rais'd, than wit.  
 (I fear we'd made but very poor campaigns,  
 Had funds been levy'd from the grumbling brains.)  
 Beside, to what poor purpose should we plead,  
 When you have once resolv'd a play shall bleed?  
 But then again, a wretch, in any case,  
 Has leave to say why sentence should not pass.  
 First, let your censure from pure judgment flow,  
 And mix with that, some grains of mercy too;  
 On some your praise like wanton lovers you bestow.  
 Thus have you known a woman plainly fair,  
 At first scarce worth your two days pains or care;  
 Without a charm, but being young and new:  
 (You thought five guineas far beyond her due.)  
 But when pursu'd by some gay leading lover,  
 Then every day her eyes new charms discover;  
 'Till at the last, by crowds of beaux admir'd,  
 Sh' has rais'd her price, to what her heart desir'd,  
 New gowns and petticoats, which her airs requir'd.  
 So miss, and poet too, when once cry'd up,  
 Believe their reputation at the top;  
 And know, that while the liking fit has seiz'd you,  
 She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.  
 How can you bear a sense of love so gross,  
 To let mere fashion on your taste impose?  
 Your taste refin'd, might add to your delight;  
 Poets from you are taught to raise their flight;  
 For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.*

F I N I S.

PLAYS *printed for T. LOWNDES and*  
 PARTNERS, *at Six-pence each.*

**A** Bramule, by Dr. Trapp  
 Adventures of Half  
 an Hour

Albion and Albanus, by  
 Dryden

Alchymist, by Ben Johnson

Alcibiades, by Otway

All for Love, by Dryden

Ambitious Step-mother,  
 by Rowe

Amboyna, by Dryden

Amphitryon, by Dryden

Anatomist, by Ravenscroft

Anna Bullen, by Bankes

As you like It, by Shake-  
 speare

Artful Husband, by Ta-  
 verner

Athaliah, by Mr. Duncomb

Aurengzebe, by Dryden

Bartholomew Fair, by Ben  
 Johnson

Basset Table, by Centlivre

Beaux Stratagem, by Far-  
 quhar

Beggars Opera, by Gay

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Bold Stroke for a Wife

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 Lansdown

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Careless Husband, by Cib-  
 ber

Catiline, by Ben Johnson

Cato, by Addison

Chances, by D. Bucking-  
 ham

Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez

Cleomenes, by Dryden

Cobler of Preston

Comedy of Errors, by  
 Shakespeare

Conscious Lovers, by Cib-  
 ber

Committee, by Sir R.  
 Howard

Confederacy, by Vanbrugh

Conscious Lovers, by Steele

Constant Couple, by Far-  
 quhar

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Country Lassies, by C. John-  
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Damon and Phillida, by  
 Mr. Dibden

Devil of a Wife

Devil to pay, by Coffey

Distressed Mother, by  
 Amb. Phillips

Don Carlos, by Otway

Double Dealer, by Con-  
 greve

Double Gallant, by Cibber

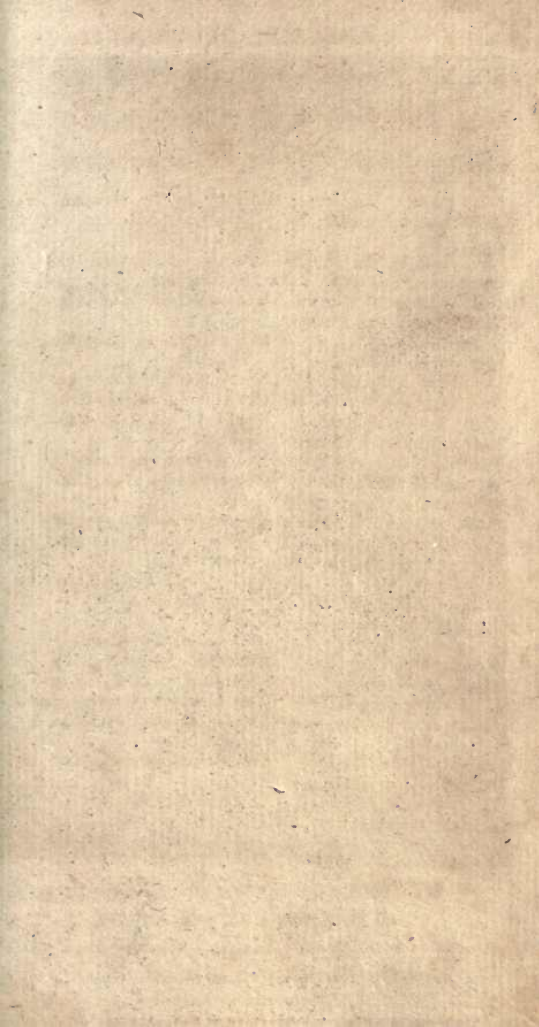
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 A. Cockain

Duke of Guise, by Dryden

Earl of Essex, by Bankes





*L. Taylor ad. viv. del. et. sculp.*

*MR. ABINGTON in the Character of*  
**LADY BETTY MODISH.**

*How handsomely does he reprove me! But  
 I can't bear that he should think I know it.—*

THE  
*CARELESS HUSBAND.*

A  
C O M E D Y,

WRITTEN BY  
COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the  
M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,  
A T T H E  
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

*Yet none Sir Fopling Him, or Him can call :  
He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents you all.*

PROL. to Sir FOPLING.

Qui capit ille facit.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON,  
S. BLADON, AND W. NICOLL.

M.DCC.LXXVI.



The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 18 to 28 in Page 20.

# P R O L O G U E.

*O*F all the various vices of the age,  
 And shoals of fools expos'd upon the stage,  
 How few are lash'd, that call for Satire's rage!  
 What can you think, to see our plays so full  
 Of madmen, coxcombs, and the driv'ling fool?  
 Of cits, of sharpers, rakes, and roaring bullies,  
 Of cheats, of cuckolds, aldermen, and cullies?  
 Wou'd not one swear 'twere taken for a rule,  
 That Satire's rod, in the dramatic school,  
 Was only meant for th' incorrigible fool?  
 As if, too, Vice and Folly were confin'd  
 To the vile scum alone of human kind,  
 Creatures a Muse shou'd scorn; such abject trash  
 Deserve not Satire's, but the Hangman's lash.  
 Wretches so far shut out from sense of shame,  
 Newgate or Bedlam only shou'd reclaim;  
 For Satire ne'er was meant to make wild monsters tame.  
 No, Sirs——

We rather think the persons fit for plays,  
 Are they whose birth and education says  
 They've ev'ry help that shou'd improve mankind,  
 Yet still live slaves to a vile tainted mind;  
 Such as in wit are often seen t'abound,  
 And yet have some weak part where folly's found:  
 For follies sprout, like weeds, highest in fruitful ground,  
 And 'tis observ'd, the garden of the mind,  
 To no infestive weed's so much inclin'd,  
 As the rank pride that some from Affectation find.  
 A folly too well known to make its court  
 With most success among the better sort.  
 Such are the persons we to-day provide,  
 And Nature's fools, for once, are laid aside.  
 This is the ground on which our play we build,  
 But in the structure must to Judgment yield:  
 And where the Poet fails in art or care,  
 We beg your wonted mercy to the Play'r.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

At Drury Lane.

At Covent Garden.

Mr. JEFFERSON  
Mr. DODD.  
Mr. REDDISH.

Mr. MATTOCKS.  
Mr. WOODWARD.  
Mr. ROSS.

W O M E N.

Mrs. ABINGTON.  
Miss YOUNGE.  
Miss SHERRY.  
Miss POPE.

Miss MACKLIN.  
Mrs.  
Mrs.  
Mrs.

SCENE WINDSOR.

Lord Morelove  
Lord Foppington  
Sir Charles Easy

Lady Betty Modish  
Lady Easy  
Lady Graveairs  
Mrs. Edging, *woman to* Lady Easy

T H E  
*CARELESS HUSBAND.*

---

ACT I. SCENE Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.

*Enter Lady Easy alone.*

*L. Easy.* **W**AS ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious man! must he bring home his follies too! Wrong me with my very servant!—O! how tedious a relief is patience! and yet in my condition 'tis the only remedy: for to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking on myself the means of redress, bidding defiance to his falshood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continual jealousy may teaze him to a fixt aversion; and hitherto, tho' he neglects, I cannot think he hates me. — It must be so. Since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy—My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, 'till by some gross apparent proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

*Enter Edging hastily.*

*Edg.* O madam!

*L. Easy.* What's the matter?

*Edg.* I have the strangest thing to shew your ladyship—such a discovery——

*L. Easy.* You are resolv'd to make it without much ceremony, I find; what's the business, pray?

*Edg.* The business, madam, I have not patience to tell you, I am out of breath at the very thoughts on't, I shall not be able to speak this half hour.

*L. Easy.* Not to the purpose, I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

*Edg.* Nay, madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your ladyship thinks;—there's that will speak to the purpose, I am sure—A base man—[*Gives a letter.*

76 THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

*L. Easy.* What's this, an open letter! Whence comes it?

*Edg.* Nay, read it, madam, you'll soon guess.—If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

*L. Easy.* [*Looking on the superscription.*] To Sir Charles Easy! — Ha! Too well I know this hateful hand — O my heart! but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside.*]—This direction is to your master, how came you by it?

*Edg.* Why, madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waist-coat-pocket, and so as I was searching for the box, madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again, methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

*L. Easy.* Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him — Sure I am fallen indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her.

*Edg.* Nay, pray, madam, read it; you'll be out of patience at it.

*L. Easy.* You are bold, mistress. Has my indulgence, or your master's good-humour, flatter'd you into the assurance of reading his letters? a liberty I never gave myself — Here — lay it where you had it immediately — should he know of your sauciness, 'twould not be my favour could protect you.

[*Exit L. Easy.*]

*Edg.* Your favour! Marry come up! Sure I don't depend upon your favour! — 'tis not come to that, I hope — Poor creature — don't you think I am my master's mistress for nothing? — you shall find, madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been — Not but it vexes me to think she should not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base man to me, and I could cry my eyes out, that she shou'd not think him as bad to her every jot. If I am wrong'd, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his wife — A conceited thing —



thing——she need not be so easy neither——I am as handsome as she, I hope——Here's my master——I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her or no.

*[Walks behind.]*

*Enter Sir Charles Easy.*

*Sir Char.* So! the day is come again——Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us. How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost every thing was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for 'em; now fortune's in my hand, she's as insipid as an old acquaintance——It's mighty silly, faith——Just the same thing by my wife too; I am told she's extremely handsome——nay, and have heard a great many people say she is certainly the best woman in the world——why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern——In my eye, the woman has no more charms than my mother.

*Edg.* Hum!——he takes no notice of me yet——I'll let him see, I can take as little notice of him. *[She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles.]* Pray sir.

*Sir Char.* A pretty pert air that——I'll humour it——What's the matter, child? are you not well? Kiss me, huffy.

*Edg.* No, the dence fetch me if I do.

*Sir Char.* Has any thing put thee out of humour, love?

*Edg.* No, sir, 'tis not worth my being out of humour at——tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burn'd.

*Sir Char.* Somebody has bely'd me to thee.

*Edg.* No, sir, 'tis you have bely'd yourself to me——Did not I ask you, when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.——

*Sir Char.* So!——

*Edg.* Beside, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day as if I were her dog, or had no more con-

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cern with you?—I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me—For ought I know I am as agreeable as she; and tho' she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so—and so pray take your nasty letter—I know the hand well enough—For my part, I won't stay in the family to be abus'd at this rate: I that have refus'd lords and dukes for your sake. I'd have you to know, sir, I have had as many blue and green ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a falbala apron.

*Sir Char.* My Lady Graveairs! my nasty letter! and I won't stay in the family! Death!—I'm in a pretty condition—What an unlimited privilege has this jade got from being a whore!

*Edg.* I suppose, sir, you think to use every body as you do your wife.

*Sir Char.* My wife! hah!—Come hither, Mrs. Edging; hark you, drab. [*Seizing her by the shoulder.*

*Edg.* Oh!

*Sir Char.* When you speak of my wife, you are to say your lady; and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife—for look you, child, you are not her strumpet, but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me—In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

*Edg.* It's no matter, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Ay, but if you shou'd not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder?—My dear. [*Shakes her.*

*Edg.* O lud! O lud! I will tell you, sir.

*Sir Char.* Quickly then.—— [*Again.*

*Edg.* Oh! I took it out of your pocket, sir.

*Sir Char.* When?

*Edg.* Oh! this morning, when you sent me for your snuff-box.

*Sir Char.* And your ladyship's pretty curiosity has look'd it over, I presume—ha—— [*Again.*

*Edg.* O lud! dear sir, don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* By stedfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

*Edg.* Yes, sir. [Curt'sying.

*Sir Char.* And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you?

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; which since I find you are a little sensible of——don't be wholly discourag'd——for I believe I——I shall have occasion for you again.

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* In the mean time let me hear no more of your lady, child.

*Edg.* No, sir.

*Sir Char.* Here she comes, be gone.

*Edg.* Yes, sir——Oh! I was never so frighten'd in my life. [Exit.

*Sir Char.* So! good discipline makes good soldiers——It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good-humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my forces——I'll sift her a little.

*Enter Lady Easy.*

My dear, how do you do? You are dress'd very early to-day, are you going out?

*L. Easy.* Only to church, my dear.

*Sir Char.* Is it so late then?

*L. Easy.* The bell has just rung.

*Sir Char.* Well, child, how does Windfor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

*L. Easy.* No, indeed, my dear; the air's so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I cou'd be content to end my days here.

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

*L. Easy.* When business would permit it, yours; and in your absence a sincere friend, that were truly

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happy in an honest husband, to sit a chearful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

*Sir Char.* Are you then really very happy, my dear?

*L. Easy.* Why should you question it? [*Smiling on him.*]

*Sir Char.* Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

*L. Easy.* Pshah!

*Sir Char.* Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wonder'd how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

*L. Easy.* Fy, my dear.

*Sir Char.* By my soul, I'm serious.

*L. Easy.* I can't boast of my good qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think 'em useless.

*Sir Char.* Nay, I submit to you——don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one tittle the better husband for your being so good a wife?

*L. Easy.* Pshah! you jest with me.

*Sir Char.* Upon my life I don't——Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

*L. Easy.* Did I ever give you any sign of it?

*Sir Char.* Um——that's true——but do you really think I never gave you occasion?

*L. Easy.* That's an odd question——but suppose you had?

*Sir Char.* Why then, what good has your virtue done you, since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

*L. Easy.* What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

*Sir Char.* I given you occasion!——Fy! my dear——you may be sure——I——look you, that is not the thing, but still a——(dear, what a blunder have I made)——a still, I say, madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principles have more pride than those that have no principles at all; and where there is pride there must be some jealousy——so that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and——

*L. Easy.* Why then, upon my word, my dear, I don't

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don't know that ever I wrong'd you that way in my life.

*Sir Char.* But suppose I had given a real cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

*L. Easy.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

*Sir Char.* Say it were a substantial one—suppose now I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me—Suppose now my Lady Graveairs and I were great—

*L. Easy.* Wou'd I could not suppose it! [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe. [*Aside.*]—Suppose, I say, my lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

*L. Easy.* Then I should cry myself sick in some dark closet, and forget my tears when you spoke kindly to me.

*Sir Char.* The most convenient piece of virtue sure that ever wife was mistress of! [*Aside.*

*L. Easy.* But pray, my dear, did you ever think that I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* O fy! child; only you know she and I us'd to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it: but since I find you very easy in it, I think myself oblig'd to tell you, that upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the deuce take me, if I would not as soon have an affair with thy woman.

*L. Easy.* Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

*Sir Char.* Poor dear—should'st thou—give me a kiss.

*L. Easy.* Pshaw! you don't care to kiss me.

*Sir Char.* By my soul I do—I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine woman.

*L. Easy.* I only wish you'd think me a good wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

*Sir Char.* Inquisitive!—Why—a—I don't know, one's always saying one foolish thing or another—Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My dear,



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what! are we never to have any ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise it. Toll, loll, loll!

*L. Easy.* This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices: if I can make him once think seriously — time yet may be my friend.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service —

*Sir Char.* Lord Morelove! Where is he?

*Serv.* At the chocolate-house: he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

*L. Easy.* I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear.

*Sir Char.* I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

*L. Easy.* Is there a chair?

*Serv.* Yes, madam. [*Exit Serv.*]

*L. Easy.* I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

*Sir Char.* Ah poor soul, for all his bravery, I am afraid so.

*L. Easy.* Well, my dear, I han't time to ask my lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

*Sir Char.* I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine too; but don't take any notice of my lord's being in town.

*L. Easy.* Very well! if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

*Sir Char.* Do so.

*L. Easy.* My dear, your servant. [*Exit L. Easy.*]

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'm your's. — Well! one way or other this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for tho' she can't make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

*Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.*

*Serv.* Sir, my lord's come.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* My dear Lord! this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season; I concluded of course, that books and solitude had secur'd you till winter.

*L. Mor.* Nay, I did not think of coming 'myself;' but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a—little hunting, and this air—

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* What do you laugh at?

*Sir Char.* Only because you should not go on with your story. If you did but see how silly a man fumbles for an excuse, when he is a little ashamed of being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at! Ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Thou art a very happy fellow—nothing touches thee—always easy—Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again?

*Sir Char.* Yes, faith do I: and to make you easy, my lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that in all probability will make him so much the better sport too.

[Embracing.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper; I own I still follow her: do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

*Sir Char.* Ay! ay! a fine woman's an excuse for any thing; and the scandal of her being in jest, is a jest itself: we are all forc'd to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

*L. Mor.* You are willing to give me hope, but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

*Sir Char.* I don't know that—I'm sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine ladies darling passion.

*L. Mor.* Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her?

*Sir Char.* Sting her to the heart—Will you take my advice?

*L. Mor.* I have no relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* I am sorry for that, my lord—but mind what I say to you—but hold, first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

*L. Mor.* Why—about three weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom than I found myself easy at.

*Sir Char.* Who was that other?

*L. Mor.* One of my Lord Foppington's gang, the pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate, and a great perriwig—he that sings himself among the women—What d'ye call him—He won't speak to a commoner when a lord's in company—You always see him with a cane dangling at his button, his breast open, no gloves, one eye tuck'd under his hat, and a toothpick—Startup, that's his name.

*Sir Char.* O! I have met him in a visit—but pray go on.

*L. Mor.* So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she err'd in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman, that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dar'd to tell her so—This provok'd me into her whole character, with as much spite and civil malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her: so, in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desir'd to be alone, that I would take my odious proud heart along with me and trouble her no more—I—bow'd very low, and as I left the room I vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman—About an hour after, I whipp'd into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

*Sir Char.* Very well; and how did you find your proud heart by that time you got to Hounslow?

*L. Mor.* I am almost asham'd to tell you—I found her so much in the right, that I curs'd my pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha!—Well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope?

*L. Mor.* Not if she receives me well.

*Sir Char.* If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you——first, you shall dine with her.

*L. Mor.* How! where! when!

*Sir Char.* Here! here! at two o'clock.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My wife's gone to invite her—When you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see by the ease in your behaviour, you are still pleas'd in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will either open the door of an *eclaircissement*, or quite shut it against you——and if she is still resolv'd to keep you out——

*L. Mor.* Nay, if she insults me—then, perhaps I may recover pride enough to rally her by an over-acted submission.

*Sir Char.* Why, you improve, my lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

*L. Mor.* Was it, faith! Hark you, dare you stand by me?

*Sir Char.* Dare I! ay, to my last drop of assurance, against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in Christendom.

*L. Mor.* Nay, then defiance to her——We two——Thou hast inspir'd me, I find myself as valiant as a flatter'd coward.

*Sir Char.* Courage, my lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

*L. Mor.* My blood stirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engag'd.

*Sir Char.* She'll certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provok'd.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service, and if your honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he's dress'd.

*L. Mor.* Lord Foppington! is he in town?

*Sir Char.* Yes——I heard last night he was come.

Give

Give my service to his lordship, and tell him I shall be glad he'll do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

*L. Mor.* What use can we make of him?

*Sir Char.* We'll see when he comes; at least there's no danger in him; not but I suppose you know he's your rival.

*L. Mor.* Pshaw! a coxcomb.

*Sir Char.* Nay, don't despise him neither—he's able to give you advice; for tho' he's in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a minute's pain.

*L. Mor.* Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

*Sir Char.* Faith, very near as much as a man of sense ought to have. I grant you, he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving; but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

*L. Mor.* That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

*Sir Char.* Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

*L. Mor.* To be laugh'd at.

*Sir Char.* Don't be too confident of that, the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit. 'Tis true, he's often a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies humble servant in love.

*L. Mor.* There indeed I almost envy him.

*Sir Char.* The easiness of his opinion upon the sex will go near to pique you—We must have him.

*L. Mor.* As you please—But what shall we do with ourselves till dinner?

*Sir Char.* What think you of a party at piquet?

*L. Mor.* O! you are too hard for me.

*Sir Cha.* Py! fy! what! when you play with his Grace?

*L. Mor.* Upon my soul he gives me three points.



*Sir Char.* Does he? why then you shall give me but two—Here, fellow, get cards. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE, Lady Betty Modish's lodgings.

*Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy, meeting.*

*L. Bet.* O H! my dear! I am overjoy'd to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just receiv'd my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

*L. Easy.* O! your servant, madam, I am a very indifferent judge, you know: what, is it with sleeves?

*L. Bet.* O! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is!—'Tis all extravagance both in mode and fancy, my dear; I believe there's six thousand yards of edging in it—Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow—something so new, so lively, so noble, so coquet and charming—but you shall see it, my dear—

*L. Easy.* Indeed I won't, my dear; I am resolv'd to mortify you for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

*L. Bet.* Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natur'd.

*L. Easy.* Why truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense so warmly concern'd in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting value.

*L. Bet.* Ah! my dear! my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind. Take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman is often a greater proof of her value than you are aware of.

*L. Easy.* That I can't comprehend; for you see, among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come into 'em.

*L. Bet.* That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty; an homely woman at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men,  
and

and consequently not followed by the women: so that to be successful in one's fancy is an evident sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

*L. Easy.* At this rate, you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

*L. Bet.* As I had rather command than obey. The wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veryest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

*L. Easy.* Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

*L. Bet.* I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he shan't dare to find fault with my principle.

*L. Easy.* But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

*L. Bet.* The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

*L. Easy.* Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good humour in hopes of a *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

*L. Bet.* The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good-breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to shew that power——'tis impossible not to quench it.

*L. Easy.* But methinks, my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

*L. Bet.* Ay! but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not let the world see him there? Won'd any creature sit new-dress'd all day in her closet? Cou'd you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd suit, and never shew it at the play, or in the drawing-room?

*L. Easy.*

*L. Easy.* But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or harrafs it out, when there's no occasion.

*L. Bet.* Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out: o' my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last, I begin to be known by him. Had not I best leave him off, my dear? for (poor soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

*L. Easy.* Now, 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be us'd like a dog for four or five years together — but nothing's a wonder in love; yet pray, when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

*L. Bet.* Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye, than a shoe; one must draw 'em on a little to see if they are right to one's foot.

*L. Easy.* But I'd no more fool on with a man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinch'd me.

*L. Bet.* Ay, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes or an heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

*L. Easy.* Well! I confess you are very happily distinguish'd among most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sence and quality so long and honourably in love with you: for now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he wou'd marry: to be in love now is only having a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

*L. Bet.* Ay, but the world knows that is not the case between my lord and me.

*L. Easy.* Therefore I think you happy.

*L. Bet.* Now I don't see it. I'll swear I'm better pleas'd to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

*L. Easy.* I vow I should not thank any gentleman for toasting me; and I have often wonder'd how a  
woman

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woman of your spirit cou'd bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

*L. Bet.* As how, my dear? Come, pr'ythee, be free with me, for you must know I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me?

*L. Easy.* Why, there's my Lord Foppington; cou'd any woman but you bear to see him, with a respectful flier, stare full in your face, draw up his breath, and cry——Gad, you're handsome?

*L. Bet.* My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it, but, poor things, they do it no harm: for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have been busy with; ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* Thou art a strange giddy creature.

*L. Bet.* That may be from so much circulation of thought, my dear.

*L. Easy.* But my Lord Foppington's married, and one wou'd not fool with him for his lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and——

*L. Bet.* Poor creature! her pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; though I know she hates me in her heart, and I can't endure malicious people, so I us'd to dine with her once a week, purely to give her disorder; if you had but seen when my lord and I fool'd a little, the creature look'd so ugly.'

*L. Easy.* But I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refus'd him.

*L. Bet.* Pshaw; will any thing a man says make a woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one hair out of order?—and for reputation, look you, my dear, take it for a rule, that as, amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty that has fortune; so, amongst people of fortune, no woman wants virtue that has beauty: but an estate and beauty join'd are of an unlimited, nay, a power pontifical, make one not only absolute, but infallible—A fine woman's never in the wrong; if we were, 'tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him——O! how I love to hear

hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

“ Yet for the plague of human race,

“ This devil has an angel's face.”

*L. Easy.* At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

*L. Bet.* Just as much as honour to a great man: power always is above scandal. ‘ Don't you hear people say, the king of France owes most of his conquests to breaking his word? and wou'd not the confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to war with reproaches?’ Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business; one shall not see an homely creature in town but wears it in her mouth, as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

*L. Easy.* Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone: for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride? and a woman's pride, at best, may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness: and I don't question but my lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good-nature.

*L. Bet.* You are mistaken, I am very ill-natur'd, tho' your good-humour won't let you see it.

*L. Easy.* Then to give me a proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately, and dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir Charles to bring you.

*L. Bet.* Pray don't ask me.

*L. Easy.* Why?

*L. Bet.* Because to let you see I hate good-nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the malice to say I did you a favour.

*L. Easy.* Thou art a mad creature.

[*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

*The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.*

*Lord Morelove and Sir Charles at Piquet.*

*Sir Char.* Come, my lord, one single game for the rout, and so have done.

*L. Mor.*



*L. Mor.* No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; ill cards are the dullest company in the world—How much is it?

*Sir Char.* Three parties.

*L. Mor.* Fifteen pounds—very well.

[*While L. Mor. counts out his money, a servant gives Sir Charles a letter, which he reads to himself.*]

*Sir Char.* [*To the servant.*] Give my service, say I have company dines with me; if I have time, I'll call there in the afternoon — Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Serv.*]

*L. Mor.* What's the matter? — There —

[*Paying the money.*]

*Sir Char.* The old affair—my lady Graveairs.

*L. Mor.* O! pr'ythee how does that go on?

*Sir Char.* As agreeable as a Chancery-suit: for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid on't, as you may see —

[*Giving the letter.*]

*L. Mor.* [*Reads.*] “ Your behaviour since I came to  
“ Windsor has convinc'd me of your villainy  
“ without my being surpriz'd or angry at it. I  
“ desire you would let me see you at my lodg-  
“ ings immediately, where I shall have a bet-  
“ ter opportunity to convince you, that I ne-  
“ ver can, or positively will be as I have  
“ been, Yours, &c.”

A very whimsical letter! — Faith, I think she has hard luck with you: if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover; for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointur'd widow — But what's your quarrel?

*Sir Char.* Nothing—she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me, how heartily she's vex'd that she was not before-hand with me.

*L. Mor.* Her pride, and your indifference, must occasion a pleasant scene sure; what do ye intend to do?

*Sir Char.* Treat her with a cool familiar air, 'till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

*L. Mor.* Very gallant and provoking.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my lord Foppington——— [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* O—now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without pain—here's one that's a master of the art, and shall declaim to you——— [*Enter Lord Foppington.*] My dear lord Foppington!

*L. Fop.* My dear agreeable! *Que je t'embrasse!* *Pardi! Il y a cent ans que je ne t'ai veu*—My lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

*L. Mor.* My lord, I kiss your hands—I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be in at the diversions of the place—you look extremely well.

*L. Fop.* To see one's friends look so, my lord, may easily give a *vermeile* to one's complexion.

*Sir Char.* Lovers in hope, my lord, always have a visible *brillant* in their eyes and air.

*L. Fop.* What dost thou mean, Charles?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business there?

*L. Fop.* Why two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

*L. Mor.* You make haste, my lord.

*L. Fop.* My lord, I always fly when I pursue—— But they are well kept indeed—I love to have creatures go as I bid 'em; you have seen 'em, Charles, but so has all the world; Foppington's long tails are known on every road in England.

*Sir Char.* Well, my lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

*L. Fop.* Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee, Charles, thou knowest I am a fellow of *sans consequence* be where I will.

*Sir Char.* Nay, nay, this is too much among friends, my lord; come, come——we must have it, your real business here?

*L. Fop.* Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fille de joye* about the court here, that loves winning at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her——so I have brought an odd thousand

hand bill in my pocket, that I design *tête-à-tête*, to play off with her at piquet, or so : and now the business is out.

*Sir Cha.* Ah ! and a very good business too, my lord.

*L. Fop.* If it be well done, Charles —

*Sir Char.* That's as you manage your cards, my lord.

*L. Mor.* This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours.

*Sir Char.* O ! nothing's above the price of a fine woman.

*L. Fop.* Nay, look you, gentlemen, the price may not happen to be altogether so high neither—for I fancy I know enough of the game, to make it an even bett I get her for nothing.

*L. Mor.* How so, my lord ?

*L. Fop.* Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

*L. Mor.* That's new, I confess.

*L. Fop.* You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her—then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

*Sir Cha.* And a man must be a churl indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security ; hah ! hah ! hah !

*L. Fop.* Heh ! heh ! heh ! thou art a devil, Charles.

*L. Mor.* Death ! how happy is this coxcomb ! [*Aside.*]

*L. Fop.* But to tell you the truth, gentlemen — I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was——my wife.

*L. Mor.* That's kind, indeed ; my lady has been here this month, she'll be glad to see you.

*L. Fop.* That I don't know ; for I design this afternoon to send her to London.

*L. Mor.* What ! the same day you come, my lord ? that would be cruel.

*L. Fop.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient ; for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

*L. Mor.* That's your fault, the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

*L. Fop.* If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so too : but she happens to be my wife ;

wife; and when a wife is given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all.

*L. Mor.* She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent conduct.

*L. Fop.* Um—ay—the woman's proud enough.

*L. Mor.* Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

*L. Fop.* The world's extremely civil, my lord; and I should take it as a favour done me, if they could find an experiment to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

*L. Mor.* I believe there are a great many in the world, that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

*L. Fop.* I am a great many in the world's very humble servant; and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

*L. Mor.* Pray, my lord, what did you marry for?

*L. Fop.* To pay my debts at play, and disinheric my younger brother.

*L. Mor.* But there are some things due to a wife.

*L. Fop.* And there are some debts I don't care to pay—to both which I plead husband, and my lord.

*L. Mor.* If I should do so, I shou'd expect to have my coach stopt in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

*L. Fop.* Then wou'd I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance.

*L. Mor.* And so pay double the sum of the debt, and be marry'd for nothing.

*L. Fop.* Now I think deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two of the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

*L. Mor.* If I were marry'd, I wou'd as soon part from my estate, as my wife.

*L. Fop.* Now I wou'd not, sun-burn me if I would,

*L. Mor.* Death! But since you are thus indifferent, my lord, why wou'd you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natur'd shrew, that wanted the

plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality, that wou'd have deserv'd her.

*L. Fop.* Why faith, my lord, that might have been consider'd; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities: for to tell you the truth, if it had been possible that the old put of a peer cou'd have tofs'd me in t'other five thousand for 'em, by my consent, she shou'd have relinquish'd her merit and virtues to any of her younger sisters.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my lord, virtues in a wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

*L. Fop.* Right, Charles: and strike me blind, but the women of virtue are now grown such idiots in love, they expect of a man just as they do of a coach-horse, that one's appetite, like t'other's flesh, should increase by feeding.

*Sir Char.* Right, my lord, and don't consider, that *toujours chapons bouillis* will never do with an English stomach.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the truth, Charles, I have known so much of that sort of eating, that I now think, for an hearty meal, no wild fowl in Europe is comparable to a joint of Banstead mutton.

*L. Mor.* How do you mean?

*L. Fop.* Why, that for my part I'd rather have a plain slice of my wife's woman, than my guts full of e'er an Ortolan duchess in Christendom.

*L. Mor.* But I thought, my lord, your chief business now at Windsor, had been your design upon a woman of quality.

*L. Fop.* That's true, my lord; tho' I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

*L. Mor.* O! then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

*L. Fop.* I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

*L. Mor.* Why so, my lord?

*L. Fop.* Why, who the devil would run through all the degrees of form and ceremony, that lead one up



to the last favour, if it were not for the reputation of understanding the nearest way to get over the difficulty?

*L. Mor.* But, my lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker, frighten the women from engaging with you? for they say, no man can love but one at a time.

*L. Fop.* That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stop my breath, if ever I lov'd one in my life.

*L. Mor.* How do you get 'em then?

*L. Fop.* Why, sometimes as they get other people: I dress, and let 'em get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my title, buy 'em.

*L. Mor.* But how can you, that profess indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the price of a woman of quality?

*L. Fop.* Because you must know, my lord, that most of them begin now to come down to reason; I mean those that are to be had, for some die fools: but with the wiser sort, 'tis not of late so very expensive: now-and-then a *partie quarr*, a jaunt or two in a hack to an Indian house, a little china, an odd thing for a gown or so, and in three days after, you meet her at the conveniency of trying it, *chez mademoiselle D'Epingle*.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little chat, a dish of tea, *mademoiselle's* good humour, and a *petit chanson*, or two, the devil's in't if a man can't fool away the time, 'till he sees how it looks upon her by candle-light.

*L. Fop.* Heh! heh! well said, Charles; I'gad, I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a reputation there—Your great lady is as soon undress'd as her woman.

*L. Mor.* I could never find it so—the shame or scandal of a repulse always made me afraid of attempting a woman of condition.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! I'gad, my lord, you deserve to be ill us'd, your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world; but my lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see plainly that women, are

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only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack 'em.

*L. Fop.* Right, Charles——a man should no more give up his heart to a woman than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

*Sir Char.* How do you like that, my lord?

[*Aside to L. Mor.*

*L. Mor.* Faith, I envy him——But, my lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one put you strangely out of countenance?

*L. Fop.* Not at all, my lord——for if a man don't mind a box o'th' ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country girl, why the deuce shou'd he be concern'd at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

*L. Mor.* Then you have no notion of a lady's cruelty?

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! Let me blood, if I think there's a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my guts with laughing, to see a senseless flirt, because the creature happens to have a little pride, that she calls virtue, about her, give herself all the insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow, that all the while does not care three pinches of snuff, if she and her virtue were to run, with their last favours, thro' the first regiment of guards——Ha! ha!——it puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent——

*L. Mor.* O that's impossible, my lord——pray let's hear it.

*L. Fop.* Why I happened once to be very well in a certain man of quality's family, and his wife lik'd me.

*L. Mor.* How do you know she lik'd you?

*L. Fop.* Why from the very moment I told her I lik'd her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

*L. Mor.* That might be her not liking you.

*L. Fop.* My lord——women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain——but to satisfy you I did not want encouragement, I never came there in my life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my snuff-box.

*L. Mor.* She lik'd your snuff, at least——Well, but how did she use you?

*L. Fop.*

*L. Fop.* By all that's infamous, she jilted me.

*L. Mor.* How ! jilt you ?

*L. Fop.* Ay, death's curse, she jilted me.

*L. Mor.* Pray let's hear.

*L. Fop.* For when I was pretty well convinc'd she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment : upon which, with an insolent frown in her face, (that made her look as ugly as the devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before——Did you ever hear of such a slut !

*Sir Char.* Intolerable.

*L. Mor.* But how did her answer agree with you ?

*L. Fop.* O, passionately well ! for I star'd full in her face, and burst out a laughing ; at which she turn'd upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incens'd turkey-cock.

[*A servant whispers Sir Charles.*]

*L. Mor.* What did you then ?

*L. Fop.* I——look'd after, gap'd, threw up the sash, and fell a singing out of the window — So that you see, my lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman!

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my lord ; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action——Dinner's serv'd, and the ladies stay for us ——There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

*L. Mor.* I guess who you mean —— Have a care, my lord, she'll prove your courage for you.

*L. Fop.* Will she ! then she's an undone creature. For let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war ; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town——But

——Women born to be controll'd,  
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. *The SCENE continues.**Enter Lord Morelove, and Sir Charles.**L. Mor.* SO! did not I bear up bravely?*Sir Char.* Admirably! with the best-bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality, when her country-bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brush'd her eyes over me, and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window! Ha! ha!*Sir Char.* What astonish'd airs she gave herself, when you ask'd her, what made her so grave upon her old friends?*L. Mor.* And whenever I offered any thing in talk, what affected care she took to direct her observations of it to a third person!*Sir Char.* I observ'd she did not eat above the rump of a pidgeon all dinner-time.*L. Mor.* And how she colour'd, when I told her, her ladyship had lost her stomach!*Sir Char.* If you keep your temper, she's undone.*L. Mor.* Provided she sticks to her pride, I believe I may.*Sir Char.* Ah! never fear her; I warrant in the humour she is in, she wou'd as soon part with her sense of feeling.*L. Mor.* Well! what's to be done next?*Sir Char.* Only observe her motions; for by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my lord Foppington: if so, you must stand her fire, and then play my lady Graveairs upon her, whom I'll immediately pique, and prepare for your purpose.*L. Mor.* I understand you—the properest woman in the world too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* Right; and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel to her.

*L. Mor.* Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake: a woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasions to prove her goodness.

*Sir Char.* Why then, upon honour, my lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife——never yet found me out.

*L. Mor.* That may be her being the best wife in the world; she, may be, won't find you out.

*Sir Char.* Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees 'em, how the deuce should he mend 'em? But however, you see I am going to leave 'em off as fast as I can.

*L. Mor.* Being tir'd of a woman is indeed a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her——Here she comes, and if I don't mistake, brimfull of reproaches——You can't take her in a better time——I'll leave you.

*Enter Lady Graveairs.*

Your ladyship's most humble servant, is the company broke up, pray?

*L. Grav.* No, my lord, they are just talking of baset; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

*L. Mor.* O madam, with all my heart! but Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him. [*Exit L. Mor.*]

[*Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly, and trifle some time before they speak.*]

*L. Grav.* Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning.

*Sir Char.* Yes, madam, but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship; you seem'd to tax me with things that——

*L. Grav.* Look you, sir, 'tis not at all material, whether I tax'd you with any thing or no: I don't in the least desire to hear you clear yourself, upon my word, you may be very easy as to that matter; for my part I am mighty well satisfy'd, things are as they



are; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleas'd to send me word,——and so your servant, sir, that's all—— [Going.

*Sir Char.* Hold, madam.

*L. Grav.* Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any thing, I can assure you.

*Sir Char.* Why this extraordinary haste, madam?

*L. Grav.* In short, Sir Charles, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer: But I see things are in vain, and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thank'd for't: And since there must be an end of one's ridiculousness one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present, and therefore, sir, I desire you'd think of things accordingly——your servant——

[Going, he holds her.

*Sir Char.* Nay, madam, let's start fair however; you ought at least to stay 'till I'm as ready as your ladyship; and then——if we must part——

*Affectedly.* { Adieu ye silent grots and shady groves;  
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;  
Adieu ye whisper'd sighs that fann'd the  
fire,

And all the thrilling joys of young desire.

*L. Grav.* O mighty well, sir: I am very glad we are at last come to a right understanding, the only way I have long wish'd for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design thro' all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

*Sir Char.* O fy! madam, upon my word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

*L. Grav.* O dear sir, you need not take such care, upon my word; you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder——I'll try at least, and so once more, and for ever, sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you too, that I do think——you are a villain——

[Exit hastily.

*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* O your very humble servant, madam—

[*Bowing low.*

What a charming quality is a woman's pride, that's strong enough to refuse a man her favours, when he's weary of 'em—Ah! [*Lady Graveairs returns.*

*L. Grav.* Look you, Sir Charles—don't presume upon the easiness of my temper: for to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what letters you have had of mine, since you came to Windsor, and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to London.

*Sir Char.* Upon my faith, madam, I never keep any; I always put snuff in 'em, and so they wear out.

*L. Grav.* Sir Charles, I must have 'em, for positively I won't stir without 'em.

*Sir Char.* Ha! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.* Perhaps, madam, I have no mind to part with them—or you.

*L. Grav.* Look you, sir, all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of every thing between us—If you say you won't give 'em, I must e'en get 'em as well as I can.

*Sir Char.* Hah! that won't do then I find. [*Aside.*

*L. Grav.* Who's there? Mrs. Edging—Your keeping a letter, sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

*Enter Edging.*

*Edg.* Did your ladyship call me, madam?

*L. Grav.* Ay, child, pray do me the favour to fetch my scarf out of the dining-room.

*Edg.* Yes, madam—

*Sir Char.* O! then there's hope again. [*Aside.*

*Edg.* Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrell'd with her; I hope she's going away in a huff—she shan't stay for her scarf, I warrant her—This is pure. [*Aside. Exit smiling.*

*L. Grav.* Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave now, after all, to ask you—why you have us'd me thus?

*Sir Char.* What is it you call usage, madam!

*L. Grav.* Why then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neg-

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lectful of me of late? only tell me seriously wherein I have deserv'd this.

*Sir Char.* Why then, seriously, madam——

*Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.*

We are interrupted——

*Edg.* Here's your ladyship's scarf, madam.

*L. Grav.* Thank you, Mrs. Edging.——O law! pray will you let somebody get me a chair to the door.

*Edg.* Humh! she might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go—— [Exit.

*L. Grav.* Now, sir.

*Sir Char.* Then seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my pleasures, that I had rather lose a woman than go through the plague and trouble of having or keeping her; and to be free, I have found so much even in my acquaintance with you, whom I confess to be a mistress in the art of pleasing, that I am from henceforth resolv'd to follow no pleasure that arises above the degree of amusement——and that woman that expects I should make her my business; why——like my business, is then in a fair way of being forgot:—When once she comes to reproach me with vows, and usage, and stuff——I had as lief hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments; her passion becomes as troublesome as a law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor——In short, I shall never care six-pence for any woman that won't be obedient——

*L. Grav.* I'll swear, sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles however——and you'd have me obedient?

*Sir Char.* Why not? my wife's so, and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

*L. Grav.* Lord! is there no chair to be had I wonder?

*Enter Edging.*

*Edg.* Here's a chair, madam.

*L. Grav.* 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging: pray will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water.

*Edg.* Humh! her huff's almost over, I suppose—I see he's a villain still. [Exit.

*L. Grav.* Well! that was the prettiest fancy about obedience

obedience sure that ever was! Certainly a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover! 'But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? methinks you should not have left so fashionable an article out of your scheme of government.

*Sir Char.* Um! No, there is too much trouble in that; though I have known 'em of admirable use in the reformation of some humourfome gentlewomen.

*L. Grav.* But one thing more and I have done—Pray what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order and tranquillity!

*Sir Char.* O! she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

*L. Grav.* No; that wou'd be troublesome——You had better take one that's broken to your hand,——there are such souls to be hir'd I believe; things that will rub your temples in an evening 'till you fall fast asleep in their laps. Creatures too that think their wages their reward: I fancy, at last, that will be the best method for the lazy passion of a married man, that has outliv'd his any other sense of gratification.'

*Sir Char.* Look you, madam,——I have lov'd you very well a great while; now you wou'd have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do; and I don't think there's a plague upon earth like a dun that comes for more money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

*L. Grav.* A dun! do you take me for a dun, sir? do I come a dunning to you? [*Walks in a heat.*]

*Sir Char.* Hift! don't expose yourself——here's company——

*L. Grav.* I care not—A dun! You shall see, sir, I can revenge an affront, though I despise the wretch that offers it——A dun! O! I could die with laughing at the fancy. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Char.* So! she's in admirable order——Here comes my lord, and I'm afraid in the very nick of his occasion for her.

*Enter Lord Morelove.*

*L. Mor.* O Charles! Undone again! all's lost and ruin'd.

*Sir Char.* What's the matter now?

*L. Mor.* I have been playing the fool yonder even to contempt; my senseless jealousy has confess'd a weakness I shall never forgive myself——She has insulted on it to that degree too——I can't bear the thought——O Charles! this devil still is mistress of my heart, and I cou'd dash my brains to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

*Sir Char.* Ah! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this condition: Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Pr'ythee don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst——

*Sir Char.* Well, well, let's hear, pray——what has she done to you? Ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Why ever since I left you, she treated me with so much coolness and ill-nature, and that thing of a lord with so much laughing ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful familiarity, that at the last she saw and triumph'd in my uneasiness.

*Sir Char.* Well! and so you left the room in a pet? ha!

*L. Mor.* O worse, worse still! for at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust myself between my lord and her, press'd her by the hand, and in a whisper trembling begg'd her in pity of herself and me to shew her good-humour only where she knew it was truly valu'd; at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat her down by the peer, whisper'd him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! then would I have given fifty pound to have seen your face: Why, what in the name of common sense, had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder to blow yourself up.

*L. Mor.* I see my folly now, Charles—but what shall I do with the remains of life that she has left me?

*Sir Char.* O, throw it at her feet by all means, put on your tragedy face, catch fast hold of her petticoat, whip



whip out your handkerchief, and in point blank verse, desire her one way or other, to make an end of the business. *[In a whining tone.]*

*L. Mor.* What a fool dost thou make me?

*Sir Char.* I only shew you, as you came out of her hands, my lord.

*L. Mor.* How contemptibly have I behav'd myself?

*Sir Char.* That's according as you bear her behaviour.

*L. Mor.* Bear it! no: I thank you, Charles——thou hast wak'd me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* Your business, I believe——She's ready for you, she's just gone down stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again with a knife or a pistol, presently.

*L. Mor.* I'll go this minute.

*Sir Char.* No, stay a little, here comes my lord. We'll see what we can get out of him first.

*Enter Lord Foppington.*

*L. Fop.* Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee——We have been so chagrin without thee, that, stop my breath, the ladies are gone half asleep to church for want of thy company.

*Sir Char.* That's hard indeed, while your lordship was among 'em: Is Lady Betty gone too?

*L. Fop.* She was just upon the wing——But I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

*L. Mor.* Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she ever would receive from me——Ask him how he came by it? *[Aside to Sir Charles.]*

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee don't be uneasy——Did she give it you, my lord?

*L. Fop.* Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not, but we were playing the fool, and I took it—a la——Pshah! I can't tell thee in French neither, but Horace touches it to a nicety——'twas *Pignus direptum malè pertinaci.*

*L. Mor.* So! but I must bear it——If your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in the keeping of it.

*L. Fop.* My lord, I'm passionately oblig'd to you,  
but

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but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

*L. Mor.* Not at all, my lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

*L. Fop.* That's a bite, I am sure — he'd give a joint of his little finger to be as well with her as I am. [*Aside.*] But here she comes! Charles, stand by me——Must not a man be a vain coxcomb now, to think this creature follow'd one?

*Sir Char.* Nothing so plain, my lord.

*L. Fop.* Flattering devil!

*Enter Lady Betty.*

*L. Bet.* Pishah! my Lord Foppington! Pr'ythee don't play the fool now, but give me my snuff-box——Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

*Sir Char.* You know I hate trouble, madam.

*L. Bet.* Pooh! You'll make me stay 'till prayers are half over now.

*L. Fop.* If you'll promise me not to go to church, I'll give it you.

*L. Bet.* I'll promise nothing at all, for positively I will have it.

[*Struggling with him.*]

*L. Fop.* 'Then comparatively I won't part with it, ha! ha!

[*Struggles with her.*]

*L. Bet.* O you devil! you have kill'd my arm! Oh! Well—if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

*L. Mor.* O Charles! that has a view of distant kindness in it.

[*Aside to Sir Charles.*]

*L. Fop.* Nay, now I keep it superlatively——I find there's a secret value in it.

*L. Bet.* O dismal! upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it you. Do you think I wou'd offer such an odious fancy'd thing to any body I had the least value for?

*Sir Char.* Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all.

[*Aside to Lord Morelove.*]

*L. Fop.* Why, really, madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil: are you sure it never held any thing but snuff!

*L. Bet.* O! you monster!

*L. Fop.* Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me

to

to have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoakandfor's tobacco-box.

*L. Mor.* I can bear no more.

*Sir Char.* Why don't then; I'll step into the company, and return to your relief immediately. [*Exit.*]

*L. Mor.* [*To L. Bet.*] Come, madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference——since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship?

*L. Bet.* O my lord, no body sooner——I beg you give it my lord.

[*Looking earnestly on L. Fop. who smiling gives it to*

*L. Mor. and then bows gravely to her.*]

*L. Mor.* Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship; and if there be any other trifle of mine, your lordship has a fancy to, tho' it were a mistress, I don't know any person in the world who has so good a claim to my resignation.

*L. Fop.* O my lord this generosity will distract me.

*L. Mor.* My lord, I do you but common justice: but from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex. You positively understand 'em the best of any man breathing, therefore I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

*L. Fop.* Then positively your lordship's the most obliging person in the world, for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman that is not the finest creature in the universe. [*Bowing to L. Betty.*]

*L. Mor.* O! your lordship does me too much honour, I have the worst judgment in the world, no man has been more deceiv'd in it.

*L. Fop.* Then your lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a mask, or by candle-light.

*L. Mor.* In a mask indeed, my lord, and of all masks the most dangerous.

*L. Fop.* Pray what's that, my lord?

*L. Mor.* A bare face.

*L. Fop.* Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so really comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

*L. Mor.* It often hides her heart, my lord, and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous mask than a piece

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a piece of velvet: that's rather a mark than a disguise of an ill woman: but the mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous form, give no warning; they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

*L. Bet.* O barbarous aspersions! my Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

*L. Fop.* I must confess, madam, nothing of this nature ever happen'd in my course of amours: I always judge the beauteous form of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition, and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that into my arms, I think myself obliged in good-nature, not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

*L. Bet.* Why ay, my lord, there's some good-humour in that now.

*L. Mor.* He's happy in a plain, English stomach, madam. I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's gust, where beauty is the only sauce to it.

*L. Bet.* So!

*L. Fop.* My lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested.

*L. Mor.* I know some ladies would thank you for that opinion.

*L. Bet.* My Lord Morelove's really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in love.

*L. Mor.* Upon my word, madam, I once thought I was. [Smiling.]

*L. Bet.* Fy! fy! how could you think so? I fancy now you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love; ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* The lady I lov'd, madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that she at last brought me to treat her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

*L. Bet.* And ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable company.

*L. Mor.* That I can't say, madam, for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. [Mimicking her.]

*L. Bet.*

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*L. Bet.* What, and so you left the poor lady! O you inconstant creature!

*L. Mor.* No, madam, to have lov'd her on had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman. [*L. Bet. and L. Mor. seem to talk.*]

*L. Fop.* [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll e'en give him an opportunity of doing his business with her at once for ever—My lord, I perceive your lordship's going to be good company to the lady, and for her sake I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you —

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Char.* My Lord Foppington!

*L. Fop.* O Charles! I was just wanting thee—Hark thee—I have three thousand secrets for thee—I have made such discoveries! to tell thee all in one word—Morelove's as jealous of me as the devil; heh! heh! heh!

*Sir Char.* Is't possible? has she given him any occasion?

*L. Fop.* Only rally'd him to death upon my account; she told me within, just now, she'd use him like a dog, and begg'd me to draw off for an opportunity.

*Sir Char.* O! keep in while the scent lies, and she's your own, my lord.

*L. Fop.* I can't tell that, Charles, but I'm sure she's fairly unharbour'd, and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow 'em 'till the game has enough on't; and between thee and I she's pretty well blown too, she can't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a thousand pound after her already.

*Sir Char.* What do you mean?

*L. Fop.* I have lost five hundred to her at piquet since dinner.

*Sir Char.* You are a fortunate man, faith; you are resolv'd not to be thrown out, I see.

*L. Fop.* Hang it! What should a man come out for, if he does not keep up the sport?

*Sir Char.* Well push'd, my lord.

*L. Fop.* Tayo! have at her——

*Sir Char.*



*Sir Char.* Down! down! my lord — ah — 'ware haunches.

*L. Fop.* Ah! Charles [*Embracing him*] Pr'ythee let's observe a little, there's a foolish cur, now I have run her to a stand, has a mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see she won't stir out of her way for him.

[*They stand aside.*]

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! Your ladyship's very grave of a sudden, you look as if your lover had insolently recover'd his common senses.

*L. Bet.* And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one wou'd swear you were just come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

*L. Mor.* No, faith, quite contrary——for do you know, madam, I have just found out, that upon your account I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth——I have upon my faith!——nay and so extravagantly such——ha! ha! ha! that it's at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it for the soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* I want to cure him of that laugh now. [*Aside.*] My lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret: do you know too, that I still find (spite of all your great wisdom, and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleas'd now and then to call them :) do you know, I say, that I see under all this, you still love me with the same helpless passion; and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary airs you are pleas'd to give yourself?

*L. Mor.* O by all means, madam, 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your power—Confusion!

[*Aside.*]

*L. Bet.* My lord, you have talk'd to me this half hour, without confessing pain. [*Pauses and affects to gape.*] Only remember it.

*L. Mor.* Hell and tortures!

*L. Bet.* What did you say, my lord?

*L. Mor.* Fire and furies!

*L. Bet.* Ha! ha! he's disorder'd—Now I am easy—My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at piquet?

*L. Fop.*

*L. Fop.* I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, madam.

[*L. Bet. coquets with L. Fop.*

*L. Mor.* O Charles—the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils.

*Sir Char.* And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women—Come away—I have business for you upon the terrace.

*L. Mor.* Let me but speak one word to her——

*Sir Char.* Not a syllable—the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at: For I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

*L. Bet.* My lord, don't let any thing I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you think fit.

*L. Mor.* Daggers and death!

*Sir Char.* Is the man distracted?

*L. Mor.* Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

*Sir Char.* Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my lord, do as you please.

*L. Mor.* Pr'ythee pardon me—I know not what to do.

*Sir Char.* Come along—I'll set you to work I warrant you——Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles—will you go?

*L. Mor.* Yes——and I hope for ever——

[*Exit Sir Char. pulling away L. Mor.*

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover with such unfortunate qualifications?

*L. Bet.* Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

*L. Fop.* I thought I should have burst to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of Us——But, run me through, madam, your ladyship push'd like a fencing-master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe——I'm afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

*L. Bet.* Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps——Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day, I must keep it up for fear of a second engagement. [*Aside.*

*L. Fop.*

*L. Fop.* Never was poor wit so foil'd at his own weapon sure.

*L. Bet.* Wit? Had he ever any pretence to it?

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! he has not much in love, I think, though he wears the reputation of a very pretty young fellow, among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours: he expects a woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

*L. Bet.* That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope, that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit, ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Poor Morelove, I see she can't endure him. *[Aside.]*

*L. Bet.* Or if one really had all those faults, he does not consider, that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff? nobody takes it now.

*L. Fop.* O! no mortal, madam, unless it be here and there a Squire, that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my lord bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

*L. Bet.* O what a surfeiting couple has he put together—— *[Throwing her hand carelessly upon his.]*

*L. Fop.* Fond of me, by all that's tender—— Poor fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. *[Aside.]*—But, madam, you were pleas'd just now to offer me my revenge at piquet—Now here's nobody within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

*L. Bet.* O! no: not now, my lord!—I have a favour I wou'd fain beg of you first.

*L. Fop.* But time, madam, is very precious, in this place, and I shall not easily forgive myself, if I don't take him by the forelock.

*L. Bet.* But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my lord Morelove first, and wou'd fain beg your assistance.

*L. Fop.* O! with all my heart; and, upon second thoughts, I don't know but piquing a rival in public, may be as good sport, as being well with a mistress in private: for, after all, the pleasure of a fine woman is like that of her virtue, not so much in the thing,

thing, as the reputation of having it. [*Aside.*]—Well, madam, but how can I serve you in this affair?

*L. Bet.* Why methought, as my lord Morelove went out, he shew'd a stern resentment in his look, that seem'd to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance: now I have a great fancy that you and I should follow him to the terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it in practice.

*L. Fop.* And so punish his fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Nay, we won't give him time, if his courage should fail, to repent it.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! let me blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* O! 'twill be such diversion to see him bite his lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our sides in laughing at nothing, ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! I see the creature does really like me, [*Aside.*] And then, madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a tune, in affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish, when we know he loves us to death all the while, ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* And if at last his sage mouth should open, in surly contradiction of our humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not gallant and fashionable; constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness, virtue a jest, we'll rally discretion out of doors, lay gravity at our feet, and only love, free love, disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

*L. Fop.* Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject—I am impatient—my fancy's upon the wing already—let's fly to him.

*L. Bet.* No, no; stay 'till I'm just got out, our going together won't be so proper.

*L. Fop.* As your ladyship pleases, madam—But when this affair is over, you won't forget that I've a certain revenge due.

*L. Bet.* Ay! ay! after supper I am for you—Nay, you shan't stir a step, my lord——

[*Seeing her to the door.*

*L. Fop.*

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*L. Fop.* Only to tell you, you have fixt me yours to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity —

*L. Bet.* O, your servant. [Exit.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow who has ever been abroad, should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken as the confederates do towns, by a regular siege, when so many of the French successes might have shewn him the surest way is to whisper the governor — 'How can a coxcomb give himself the fatigue of bombarding a woman's understanding, when he may with so much ease make a friend of her constitution — I'll see if I can shew him a little French play with lady Betty — let me see — Ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her into piquet at her own lodgings — not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge the strength of my inclination, by my haste of losing up to her price; then of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry — Rat piquet — sweep counters, cards, and money, all upon the floor, & *donec* — *L'affaire est faite.* [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE, *The Castle Terrace.*

*Enter Lady Betty and Lady Easy.*

*L. Easy.* **M**Y dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend; or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts — Can you be serious for a moment?

*L. Bet.* Not easily: but I would do more to oblige you.

*L. Easy.* Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my lord Morelove?

*L. Bet.* Then seriously — I think not — But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms — First, I own I like his conversation, his person has neither fault nor beauty — well enough — I don't remember I ever secretly



wish'd myself married to him, or——that I ever seriously resolv'd against it.

*L. Easy.* Well, so far you are tolerably safe—— But come——as to his manner of addressing to you, what effect has that had?

*L. Bet.* I am not a little pleas'd to observe, few men follow a woman with the same fatigue and spirit, that he does me——am more pleas'd when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

*L. Easy.* Have a care, that last is a dangerous symptom——he pleases your pride, I find.

*L. Bet.* Oh! perfectly: in that——I own no mortal ever can come up to him.

*L. Easy.* But now, my dear! now comes the main point——jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touch'd with it? Tell me that, with a safe conscience, and then I'll pronounce you clear.

*L. Bet.* Nay, then I defy him; for positively I was never jealous in my life.

*L. Easy.* How, madam, have you never been stirr'd enough, to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? Or are you sure his gallantry to another, never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

*L. Bet.* Hah! Why, madam——Bless me!——wh——wh——why sure you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

*L. Easy.* Nay, nay, that is not the business——Have you ever felt any thing of this nature, madam?

*L. Bet.* Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear——any thing of this nature——O Lud! I swear I don't like it: dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frighted out of my wits.

*L. Easy.* Nay, if you can't rally upon't, your wound is not over deep, I am afraid.

*L. Bet.* Well, that's comfortably said, however.

*L. Easy.* But come to the point——how far have you been jealous?

*L. Bet.* Why——O bless me! he gave the music one night to my lady Languish here upon the terrace: and (tho' she and I were very good friends) I remember I could not speak to her in a week for't——Oh!

*L. Easy.*

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*L. Easy.* Nay, now you may laugh, if you can; for, take my word, the marks are upon you——But come——what else?

*L. Bet.* O nothing else, upon my word, my dear.

*L. Easy.* Well, one word more, and then I give sentence; suppose you were heartily convinc'd that he actually follow'd another woman?

*L. Bet.* But pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

*L. Easy.* Guilty, upon my honour.

*L. Bet.* Pshah! I defy him to say, that ever I own'd any inclination for him.

*L. Easy.* No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

*L. Bet.* If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I can assure you.

*L. Easy.* That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I am sure my lord can't be far off.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Char.* Servant, lady Betty——My dear, how do you do?

*L. Easy.* At your service, my dear——but pray what have you done with my lord Morelove?

*L. Bet.* Ay, Sir Charles, pray how does your pupil do? Have you any hopes of him? Is he docible?

*Sir Char.* Well, madam, to confess your triumph over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him are lost. I offered what I cou'd to his instruction, but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone——and the news, I presume, does not displease your ladyship?

*L. Bet.* Fy, fy, Sir Charles, you disparage my friend; I am afraid you don't take pains with him.

*Sir Char.* Ha! I fancy, lady Betty, your good-nature won't let you sleep o'nights: don't you love dearly to hurt people?

*L. Bet.* O, your servant; then without a jest, the man is so unfortunate in his want of patience, that, let me die, if I don't often pity him.

*Sir Char.* Ha! strange goodness——O that I were your lover for a month or two.

*L. Bet.* What then!

*Sir Char.* I wou'd make that pretty heart's blood of yours ake in a fortnight.

\* *L. Bet.* Hugh—I should hate you, your assurance would make your address intolerable.

\* *Sir Char.* I believe it wou'd, for I'd never address to you at all.

\* *L. Bet.* O! you clown you!

[*Hitting him with her fan.*]

\* *Sir Char.* Why, what to do? to feed a diseas'd pride, that's eternally breaking out in the affectation of an ill-nature that—in my conscience I believe is but affectation.

\* *L. Bet.* You, nor your friend, have no great reason to complain of my fondness, I believe, Ha! ha! ha!

\* *Sir Char.* [*Looking earnestly on her.*] Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment from your want of common gratitude?

\* *L. Bet.* Torment! for my part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

\* *Sir Char.* Poor intolerable affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours; you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life's the poor and low abuse of it.

\* *L. Bet.* Pray, how do I abuse it—if I have any power?

\* *Sir Char.* You drive him to extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason: you've almost turn'd his brain, 'his common judgment fails him;' he's now, at this very moment, driven by his despair upon a project, in hopes to free him from your power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his sense, of course must ruin him with you for ever: I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable disdain has forc'd him to it; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a hint of it to you, and in contempt of his design, I know he'd call my life to answer it: but I have no regard to men in madness, I rather choose for once to trust in your good-nature, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty had made miserable, your generosity wou'd scorn to make ridiculous.

\* *L. Bet.* Sir Charles, you charge me very home: I never had it in my inclination to make any thing ri-

diculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

*Sir Char.* Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

*L. Bet.* O fy! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not yours. Pray, what is it?

*L. Easy.* I long to know, methinks.'

*Sir Char.* You may be sure he did not want my dissuasions from it.

*L. Bet.* Let's hear it.

*Sir Char.* Why this man, whom I have known to love you with such excess of generous desire, whom I have heard in his ecstatic praises on your beauty talk, 'till, from the soft heat of his distilling thoughts, the tears have fall'n——

*L. Bet.* O! Sir Charles—— [Blushing.

*Sir Char.* Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (tho' you contemn'd it) once his merit: but now I own that merit ought to be forgotten.

*L. Bet.* Pray, Sir, be plain.

*Sir Char.* This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flatter'd him) his hopes of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

*L. Bet.* You amaze me—for I can't suppose his utmost malice dares assault my reputation—and what—

*Sir Char.* No, but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely means to make 'em busy with their tongues: for he is this moment, upon the open terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs. 'And to convince the world and me, he said, he was 'not that tame lover we fancied him, he'd venture 'to give her the music to-night: nay, I heard him, 'before my face, speak to one of the hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would take their directions only from my Lady Graveairs.'

*L. Bet.* My Lady Graveairs! truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't—For my part, Sir Charles, I don't see any thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for't.

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*Sir Char.* Pshah! pshah! madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

*L. Bet.* Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give myself that trouble, I believe.

*Sir Char.* So I told him, madam: Are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her pride, and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incense her more against you?——That's what I'd have, said he, starting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

*L. Bet.* Upon my word, I fancy my lord will find himself mistaken——I shan't be piqued, I believe—I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me. Piqued! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Disorder'd.*]

*Sir Char.* Madam, you've said the very thing I urg'd to him;—I know her temper so well, said I, that tho' she doated on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than show the least motion of uneasiness.

*L. Bet.* I can assure you, Sir Charles, my Lord won't find himself deceiv'd in your opinion—Piqued!

*Sir Char.* She has it. [*Aside.*]

*L. Easy.* Alas! poor woman! how little do our passions make us?

*L. Bet.* Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business: I would have him take heed of publickly affronting me.

*Sir Char.* Right, madam, that's what I strictly warn'd him of: for, among friends, whenever the world sees him follow another woman, the malicious tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your ladyship.

*L. Bet.* I'd have him consider that, methinks.

*Sir Char.* But alas! madam, 'tis not in his power to think with reason; his mad resentment has destroy'd ev'n his principles of common honesty: he considers nothing but a senseless proud revenge,



which, in his fit of lunacy, 'tis impossible that either threats or danger can dissuade him from.

*L. Bet.* What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he shall see, that I have passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought!

*L. Easy.* Dear creature, don't disorder yourself so.

*L. Bet.* Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

*L. Easy.* ' Well! certainly I am very ill-natur'd; ' for tho' I see this news has disturb'd my friend, ' I can't help being pleas'd with any hope of my ' Lady Graveair's being otherwise disposed of. [*Aside.*—My dear, I am afraid you have provok'd her a little too far.

*Sir Char.* Oh! not at all—You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

*L. Bet.* I may see him with his complaining face again

*Sir Char.* I am sorry, madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stir'd your pity, not your anger: I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults which you yourself resolv'd he should commit—Yonder he comes, and all the world with him: might I advise you, madam, you shou'd not resent the thing at all—I wou'd not so much as stay to see him in his fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly, as your utter neglect of it.

*L. Easy.* Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me; indeed it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

*L. Bet.* No, madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

*Sir Char.*

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*Sir Char.* [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of!—You had as good part with a little of that pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you.

*Enter Lord Foppington.*

*L. Fop.* Ladies, your servant.—O! we have wanted you beyond reparation——such diversion.

*L. Bet.* Well! my lord! have you seen my Lord Morelove?

*L. Fop.* Seen him!——ha! ha! ha!——O, I have such things to tell you, madam——you'll die——

*L. Bet.* O pray let's hear 'em, I was never in a better humour to receive them.

*L. Fop.* Hark you. [*They whisper.*]

*Enter Lord Morelove, Lady Graveairs, and other Ladies.*

*L. Mor.* So, she's engag'd already.

[*To Sir Charles.*]

*Sir Char.* So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

*L. Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* }

*Sir Char.* You see already what ridiculous pains she's taking to stir your jealousy, and cover her own.

*L. Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* }

*L. Mor.* O, never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

*Sir Char.* And hark you—— [*Whispers L. Mor.*]

*L. Bet.* And so the widow was as full of airs as his lordship?

*Sir Char.* Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*]

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles, you have convinc'd me, and I thank you.

*L. Grav.* My Lord Morelove! What, do you leave us?

*L. Mor.* Ten thousand pardons, madam, I was but just——

*L. Grav.* Nay, nay, no excuses, my Lord, so you will but let us have you again.

*Sir Char.* [*Aside to L. Grav.*] I see you have good-humour, madam, when you like your company.

*L. Grav.* And you I see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, cou'd stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

*Sir Char.* Ha! Power would make her an admirable tyrant. [*Aside.*]

*L. Easy.* [*Observing Sir Charles and L. Graveairs.*] So! there's another couple have quarrell'd too I find—Those airs to my Lord Morelove, look as if design'd to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and it may be, that will let me in to the secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord Foppington, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

*Sir Char.* Nay, my Lord, this is not fair indeed to enter into secrets among friends!———Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

*Ladies.* O! no secrets, no secrets.

*L. Bet.* Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your pardon: my lord's excuseable, for I wou'd haul him in to a corner.

*L. Fop.* I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their properties invaded——

*L. Bet.* Odious multitude———

*L. Fop.* Perish the *canaille*.

*L. Grav.* O, my lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

*L. Mor.* [*To Lady Betty.*] As the men, madam, all have of my Lord Foppington; beside favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service: he has already lost you one of your retinue, madam.

*L. Bet.* Not at all, my lord, he has only made room for another: one must sometimes make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

*L. Easy.*

*L. Easy.* Ha! ha! Ladies favours, my lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

*L. Bet.* No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine women would be always us'd like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

*L. Easy.* Have a care, madam, an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for positively, if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy; and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat for a monopolist.

*L. Mor.* O! there's no great fear of that, my lord; tho' the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your lordship's.

*L. Bet.* Or if they should not, my lord, cast-lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment, while there are so many well-disposed people in the world—There are generally neglected wives, stale maids, or charitable widows always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion—and, by the way, Hark you, Sir Charles—

*L. Mor.* [*Aside.*] So! she's stir'd, I see; for all her pains to hide it—she would hardly have glanc'd an affront at a woman she was not piqued at.

*L. Grav.* [*Aside.*] That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

*L. Bet.* [*Softly to Sir Charles.*] Pray how came you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

*Sir Char.* One is not so apt, madam, to be alarm'd at the liberties of an old acquaintance, as perhaps your ladyship ought to be at the resentment of an hard-us'd, honourable lover.

*L. Bet.* Suppose I were alarm'd, how does that make you easy?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together may easily convince you, that (as

I told you before) I know his addresses to her are only outward, and 'twill be your fault now, if you let him go on 'till the world thinks him in earnest, and a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious enquiries into your reputation.

*L. Bet.* Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

*Sir Char.* But hear me, madam——

*L. Grav.* [*Aside.*] The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible his worship's being so busy in the matter too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my lord with me, as friendship with her, at least I fancy so; therefore I'm resolv'd to keep her still piqued and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him—— Sir Charles, that is not fair to take a privilege you just now declar'd against my Lord Foppington.

*L. Mor.* Well observ'd, madam.

*L. Grav.* Beside, it looks so affected to whisper, when every body guesses the secret.

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* O! madam, your pardon in particular; but 'tis possible you may be mistaken; the secrets of people that have any regard to their actions are not so soon guess'd as theirs that have made a confident of the whole town.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Grav.* A coquette in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I'm afraid, must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make her peace with him: Ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* 'Twould be a mortification indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduc'd, sure, that could bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Grav.*



*L. Grav.* Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds, and take the man they like, tho' it happens to be one that a froward vain girl has disoblig'd, and is pining to be friends with.

*L. Mor.* Nay, tho' it happens to be one, that confesses he once was fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards asham'd on't.

*L. Bet.* Nay, my lord, there's no standing against two of you.

*L. Fop.* No, faith, that's odds at tennis, my lord: not but if your ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your back-hand a little: though, upon my soul, you may safely set me up at the line; for, knock me down, if ever I saw a rest of wit better play'd, than that last, in my life——What say you, madam, shall we engage?

*L. Bet.* As you please, my lord.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! tout de bons jouets, m<sup>re</sup> lor.*

*L. Mor.* O pardon me, sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a match for the lady.

*L. Fop.* To you, madam.

*L. Bet.* That's much, my lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

*L. Fop.* Ah! *bien joué.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* At that game, I confess your ladyship has chosen a much properer person to improve your hand with.

*L. Fop.* To me, madam——My lord, I presume, whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will at least be able to give as much envy as the wise person that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

*L. Grav.* O! my lord! both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear neither will have any rivals to disturb 'em.

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* None that will disturb 'em, I dare swear.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.*

*L. Grav.* } Ha! ha! he!

*L. Bet.*

*Sir Char.* I don't know, gentlefolks—but you are all in extreme good humour, methinks; I hope there's none of it affected.

*L. Easy.* I shou'd be loth to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [*Aside.*]

*L. Bet.* Mine is not, I'll swear.

*L. Mor.* Nor mine, I'm sure.

*L. Grav.* Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

*L. Fop.* And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

*L. Easy.* Well, good people, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all perform'd extremely well: but, if you please, you shall ev'n give over your wit now, while it is well.

*L. Bet.* [*To herself.*] Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

*Sir Char.* You shou'd not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you.

[*Aside to L. Bet.*]

*L. Bet.* Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

*Sir Char.* Your pardon, madam, I thought a right understanding would have been for both your interests and reputation.

*L. Bet.* For his, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Nay, then, madam, it's time for me to take care of my friend.

*L. Bet.* I never in the least doubted your friendship to him in any thing that was to shew yourself my enemy.

*Sir Char.* Since I see, madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit and my service; I shall never be ashame'd of using my power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

*L. Bet.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [*To herself.*]

*L. Easy.* My Lord Foppington, I think you generally

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rally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray, will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us than parties and whispers?

*L. Fop.* What say you, ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the basket-table?

*L. Bet.* With all my heart; Lady Easy——

*L. Easy.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do; and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you din'd—What say you, my lord?

*L. Mor.* Your ladyship may be sure of me, madam.

*L. Fop.* Ay, ay, we'll all come.

*L. Easy.* Then, pray, let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppington, you shall 'squire me.

*L. Fop.* O! you do me honour, madam.

*L. Bet.* My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

*L. Mor.* Me, madam?

*L. Bet.* If you please, my lord.

*L. Mor.* Ha! That look shot thro' me! what can this mean? [*Aside.*]

*L. Bet.* This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answer'd in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

*L. Mor.* If you please to do me that honour, madam, I shall certainly be there.

*L. Bet.* That's all, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* Is not your ladyship for walking?

*L. Bet.* If your lordship dares venture with me.

*L. Mor.* O! madam! [*Taking her hand.*] How my heart dances! what heav'nly music's in her voice, when softened into kindness! [*Aside.*]

*L. Bet.* [*Aside.*] Ha! his hand trembles——Sir Charles may be mistaken. [*Exeunt L. Bet. and L. Mor.*]

*L. Fop.* My Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us? [*Exeunt L. Easy, L. Fop. and Ladies.*]

*L. Grav.* No, my lord, we'll follow you—Stay a little. [*To Sir Char.*]

*Sir Char.* I thought your ladyship design'd to follow 'em.

*L. Grav.* Perhaps I'd speak with you.

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*Sir Char.* But, madam, consider, we shall certainly be observ'd.

*L. Grav.* Lord, sir! if you think it such a favour.  
[*Exit hastily.*]

*Sir Char.* Is she gone, let her go, &c.

[*Exit singing.*]

A C T V. *The SCENE continues.*

*Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.*

*Sir Char.* COME a little this way — my Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

*L. Mor.* O! we are pretty safe here — well: you were speaking of Lady Betty.

*Sir Char.* Ay, my lord — I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: 'For, between you and I, since, I told you, I have profess'd myself an open enemy to her power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new air of good-humour may very much proceed from a little woman's pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her power.

*L. Mor.* Not unlikely: But still can we make no advantage of it?

*Sir Char.* That's what I have been thinking of — look you, Death! my Lady Graveairs!

*L. Mor.* Ha! She will have audience, I find.

*Sir Char.* There's no avoiding her — the truth is, I have ow'd her a little good-nature a great while — I see there is but one way of getting rid of her — I must ev'n appoint her a day of payment at last, If you'll step into my lodgings, my lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

*L. Mor.* Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit L. Morelove.*]

*Enter Lady Graveairs on the other side.*

*L. Grav.* Sir Charles!

*Sir Char.* Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks; you'll find, madam, I have deserv'd better of you than your jealousy imagines — Is it a fault to  
be

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be tender of your reputation?—Fy, fy—This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too—You see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

*L. Grav.* May I believe you?

*Sir Char.* Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

*L. Grav.* Don't think me troublesome—For I confess 'tis death to think of parting with you; since the world sees, for you I have neglected friends and reputation, have stood the little insults of disdainful prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your friendship; have borne the freezing looks of near and general acquaintance—Since this is so—don't let 'em ridicule me too, and say my foolish vanity undid me; don't let 'em point at me as a cast mistress.'

*Sir Char.* 'You wrong me to suppose the thought: you'll have better of me when we meet.' When shall you be at leisure?

*L. Grav.* I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my interest to part with you—Can you come to-night?

*Sir Char.* You know we have company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper—What's o'clock now?

*L. Grav.* It's almost six.

*Sir Char.* At seven then be sure of me; 'till when I'd have you go back to the ladies, to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

*L. Grav.* May I depend upon you? [Exit.

*Sir Char.* Depend on every thing—A very troublesome business this—send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I am caught in an honourable affair again!—A debt now that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent-charge upon one's good-nature, with an unconscionable long scroll of arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah—intolerable! Well, I'll ev'n to my lord and shake off the thoughts on't. [Exit.

*Enter Lady Betty and Lady Easy.*

*L. Bet.* I observe, my dear, you have usually this great



great fortune at play; it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with an husband.

*L. Easy.* Truly I don't complain of my fortune either way.

*L. Bet.* Pr'ythee tell me, you are often advising me to it; are there those real comfortable advantages in marriage, that our old aunts and grandmothers would persuade us of?

*L. Easy.* Upon my word, if I had the worst husband in the world, I should still think so.

*L. Bet.* Ay, but then the hazard of not having a good one, my dear.

*L. Easy.* You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give airs till you spoil him.

*L. Bet.* Can there be the same dear, full delight in giving ease, as pain? O! my dear, the thought of parting with one's power is insupportable.

*L. Easy.* And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

*L. Bet.* But still to marry before one's heartily in love—

*L. Easy.* Is not half so formidable a calamity—but if I have any eyes, my dear, you'll run no great hazard of that in venturing on my Lord Morelove—You don't know, perhaps, that within this half hour the tone of your voice is strangely softened to him, ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* My dear, you are positively, one or other, the most censorious creature in the world—and so I see it's in vain to talk with you—Pray, will you go back to the company?

*L. Easy.* Ah! poor Lady Betty! [Exeunt.]

*The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.*

*Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.*

*L. Mor.* Charles! you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I shall fail in it.

*Sir Char.* That's what I considered; for now the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to throw her into yours.

*L. Mor.* After all (begging the ladies pardon) your  
fine

fine women, like bullies, are only stout when they know their men: a man of an honest courage may fright 'em into any thing! Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly——Won't you go along with me?

*Sir Char.* That may not be so proper;——besides I have a little business upon my hands.

*L. Mor.* O! your servant, sir——Good-by to you——you shan't stir.

*Sir Char.* My lord, your servant——[*Exit L. Mor.* So! now to dispose of myself, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs——Umph! I have no great maw to that business, methinks. I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things, that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel——[*Edging crosses the stage.*] There goes a warmer temptation by half:——Ha! into my wife's bedchamber too——I question if the jade has any great business there;——I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of nobody's being at home, to make her peace with me——Let me see——ay, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards——Besides I want a little sleep, I find——Your young fops may talk of their women of quality——but to me now, there's a strange agreeable convenience in a creature one is not oblig'd to say much to upon these occasions.

[*Going.*

*Enter Edging.*

*Edg.* Did you call me, sir!

*Sir Char.* Ha! all's right——[*Aside.*]——Yes, madam, I did call you.

[*Sits down.*

*Edg.* What wou'd you please to have, sir?

*Sir Char.* Have! why, I wou'd have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well us'd, huffy.

*Edg.* Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

*Sir Char.* Well, don't be uneasy—I am not angry with you now——Come and kiss me.

*Edg.* Lard, sir!

*Sir Char.* Don't be a fool now——come hither.

*Edg.* Pshaw——

[*Goes to him.*

*Sir Char.* No wry face——so——sit down. I won't have you look grave neither; let me see you smile, you jade you.

*Edg.*

*Edg.* Ha! ha! [Laughs and blushes.]

*Sir Char.* Ah, you melting rogue.

*Edg.* Come, don't you be at your tricks now—Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one! I am sure there's ten times more love in that, and fifty times the satisfaction, people may say what they will.

*Sir Char.* Well! now you're good, you shall have your own way—I am going to lie down in the next room; and, since you love a little chat, come and throw my night gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

*Edg.* Yes, sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still.

[Exit after him.]

*The SCENE changes to the Terrace.*

*Enter Lady Betty, Lady Easy, and Lord Morelove.*

*L. Mor.* Nay, madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little vanity, my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a tolerable woman's man.

*L. Bet.* But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

*L. Easy.* Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, vanity methinks might be easily excus'd, considering how much 'tis in fashion: for pray observe, what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see any body comes up to him.

*L. Mor.* Nor I indeed—and here he comes—Pray, madam, let's have a little more of him; nobody shews him to more advantage than your ladyship.

*L. Bet.* Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my lord.

*L. Mor.* Upon occasion, madam——

*L. Easy.* Engaging upon parties, my lord?

[Aside, and smiling to L. Mor.]

*Enter Lord Foppington.*

*L. Fop.* So, ladies! what's the affair now?

*L. Bet.* Why you were, my lord: I was allowing you a great many good qualities, but Lady Easy says you are a perfect hypocrite; and that whatever airs you give

give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

*L. Fop.* You see, madam, how I am scandaliz'd upon your account. But it's natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with any body but herself; did you never observe she was piqued at that before? Ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

*L. Fop.* Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her disorder! Ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Stop my breath, but Lady Easy is an admirable discoverer — Marriage is indeed a prodigious security of one's inclination: a man's likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his idleness!

*L. Bet.* I vow, my lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! Right, madam, what signifies beauty without power? And a fine woman when she's married makes as ridiculous a figure, as a beaten general marching out of a garrison.

*L. Easy.* I'm afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger in your use of power, would be from too heedless a liberality: you would more mind the man than his merit.

*L. Fop.* Piqued again, by all that's fretful—Well, certainly to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible.

[To *L. Betty.*

*L. Bet.* Ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* Does not she show him well, my lord?

[*Aside to L. Mor.*

*L. Mor.* Perfectly, and me to myself—for now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[To *L. Easy.*

*L. Fop.* Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

*L. Easy.* O not at all, my lord, you are always good company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

*L. Fop.*

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*L. Fop.* O, madam, never to the offence of the ladies : I agree in any community with them ; nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine women are there.

*L. Easy.* O fy, my lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play.

*L. Bet.* Lampoons and plays, madam, are only things to be laugh'd at.

*L. Mor.* Plays now; indeed, one need not be so much afraid of, for since the late short-sighted View of 'em, vice may go on and prosper ; the stage dares hardly shew a vicious person speaking like himself, for fear of being call'd prophane for exposing him.

*L. Easy.* 'Tis hard, indeed, when people won't distinguish between what's meant for contempt, and what for example.

*L. Fop.* Od so ! ladies, the court's coming home, I see, shall we not make our bows ?

*L. Bet.* O ! by all means.

*L. Easy.* Lady Betty, I must leave you : for I'm oblig'd to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

*L. Bet.* Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit, and be with you. [*Exit Lady Easy.*]—Pray, what's become of my lady Graveairs ?

*L. Mor.* Oh, I believe she's gone home, madam ; she seem'd not to be very well.

*L. Fop.* And where's Sir Charles, my lord ?

*L. Mor.* I left him at his own lodgings.

*L. Bet.* He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

*L. Fop.* Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes——But here come the chaises, we must make a little more haste, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.*

*Enter Lady Easy, and a Servant.*

*L. Easy.* Is your master come home ?

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*L. Easy.* Where is he ?

*Serv.*



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*Serv.* I believe, madam, he's laid down to sleep.

*L. Easy.* Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper——stay, it's no matter, now I think on't——there's some above upon my toilet.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*The SCENE opens, and discovers Sir Charles without his wig, and Edging by him, both asleep in two easy chairs.*

*Then enter Lady Easy, who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.*

*L. Easy.* Ha!

Protect me, virtue, patience, reason!

Teach me to bear this killing sight, or let

Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd!

For sure a sight like this, might raise the arm

Of duty, ev'n to the breast of love! At least

I'll throw this vizard of my patience off:

Now wake him in his guilt,

And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.

I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay, till he

Frowns on me, perhaps——and then

I'm lost again——The ease of a few tears

Is all that's left to me——

And duty too forbids me to insult,

When I have vow'd obedience——Perhaps

The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd

Me with the thousand little requisites

That warm the heart to love——

Somewhere there is a fault——

But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve:

Ha! bare-headed, and in so sound a sleep!

Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome  
air,

But Heav'n offended may overtake his crime,

And, in some languishing distemper, leave him

A severe example of its violated laws——

Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love.

This may prevent it.

*[Takes a Steinkirk off her neck, and lays it gently on his head.]*

And

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And if he shou'd wake offended at my too busy care, let my heart-breaking patience, duty, and my fond affection plead my pardon. *[Exit.*

*[After she has been out some time, a bell rings; Edging wakes, and stirs Sir Charles.*

Edg. Oh!

Sir Char. How now! what's the matter?

Edg. O! blefs my soul, my lady's come home.

Sir Char. Go, go then. *[Bell rings.*

Edg. O lud! my head's in such a condition too. *[Runs to the glass, bell rings again.]* I am coming, madam—O lud! here's no powder neither. *[Bell again.]*—Here, madam. *[Exit.*

Sir Char. How now? *[Feeling the Steinkirk upon his head.]* What's this? How came it here? *[Puts on his wig.]* Did not I see my wife wear this to-day? —

Death! she can't have been here, sure——It could not be jealousy that brought her home——for my coming was accidental—so too, I fear, might hers. —How careless have I been?——not to secure the door neither——'Twas foolish — It must be so! She certainly has seen me here sleeping with her woman:—if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have proved me?——The thought has made me despicable ev'n to myself——How mean a vice is lying? and how often have these empty pleasures lull'd my honour and my conscience to a lethargy — while I grossly have abus'd her? poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods? Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her coveries.'——How contemptible a figure must I have made to her?——A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies; and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and wore an everlasting smile to me? This asks a little thinking—something should be done——I'll see her instantly, and be resolv'd from her behaviour. *[Exit.*

*The SCENE changes to another room.*

*Enter Lady Easy and Edging.*

L. Easy. Where have you been, Edging?

Edg.

*Edg.* Been, madam ! t—I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, madam.

*L. Easy.* How guilt confounds her ! but she's below my thought.—Fetch my last new scarf hither—I have a mind to alter it a little—make haste.

*Edg.* Yes, madam.—I see she does not suspect any thing. [Exit.

*L. Easy.* Heigh ho ! [Sitting down.] I had forgot—but I am unfit for writing now—'Twas an hard conflict—yet it's a joy to think it over : a secret pride, to tell my heart my conduct has been just—How low are vicious minds, that offer injuries, how much superior innocence that bears 'em !—Still there's a pleasure ev'n in the melancholy of a quiet conscience—Away my fears, it is not yet impossible—for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

*Re-enter Edging with a scarf.*

*Edg.* Here's the scarf, madam.

*L. Easy.* So, sit down there—and, let me see—here—rip off all that silver.

*Edg.* Indeed, I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it—But now suppose, madam, you carried another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air.

*L. Easy.* Pr'ythee don't be impertinent, do as I bid you.

*Edg.* Nay, madam, with all my heart ; your ladyship may do as you please.

*L. Easy.* This creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. [Aside.]

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Char.* So, my dear ! What, at work ! how are you employ'd, pray ?

*L. Easy.* I was thinking to alter this scarf here.

*Sir Char.* What's amiss ? methinks it's very pretty.

*Edg.* Yes, sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my lady has a mind it should be proper too.

*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* Indeed!

*L. Easy.* I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

*Sir Char.* That's a grave thought, my dear.

*Edg.* O dear sir, not at all, my lady's much in the right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a girl.

*Sir Char.* Leave the room.

*Edg.* Lard, sir! I can't stir——I must stay to——

*Sir Char.* Go——— [Angrily.]

*Edg.* [Throwing down the work hastily, and crying, aside.] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burn'd.

[Exit Edging.]

*Sir Char.* Sit still, my dear——I came to talk with you——and, which you may well wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too; but it is in order to my hereafter always talking to you.

*L. Easy.* Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of unkind.

*Sir Char.* The perpetual spring of your good-humour, lets me draw no merit from what I have appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to know your thoughts of what I really am: and having never ask'd you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange negligence considered) reconcile to reason your first thoughts of venturing upon marriage with me.

*L. Easy.* I never thought it such a hazard.'

*Sir Char.* How cou'd a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to see an happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, ev'n before marriage, to appear but what I am: a loose, unheeded wretch, absent in all I do. Civil, and as often rude without design; unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a fault, and in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natur'd: how shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

*L. Easy.* Your own words may answer you——Your having never seem'd to be but what you really were; and thro' that carelessness of temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty, I always doubted of in smoother faces: thus while I saw you  
took

took least pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me most: nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind: or at the worst, I knew that errors from want of thinking might be borne; at least, when probably one moment's serious thought wou'd end 'em. These were my worst of fears, and these, when weigh'd by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

*Sir Char.* My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and till this hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its lustre.

*L. Easy.* You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

*Sir Char.* Virtues, like benefits, are double, when conceal'd: and I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher value far than I have spoke you.

*L. Easy.* I understand you not.

*Sir Char.* I'll speak more plainly to you—Be free, and tell me—where did you leave this handkerchief?

*L. Easy.* Ha!

*Sir Char.* What is't you start at? You hear the question.

*L. Easy.* What shall I say? my fears confound me.

*Sir Char.* Be not concern'd, my dear; be easy in the truth, and tell me.

*L. Easy.* I cannot speak—and I cou'd wish you'd not oblige me to it—'tis the only thing I ever yet refus'd you—and tho' I want reason for my will, let me not answer you.

*Sir Char.* Your will then be a reason, and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame my joy; let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wond'rous conduct has wak'd me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more—And (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

*L. Easy.*



*L. Easy.* Alas! I think not of her——O, my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness.

[Weeping.

*Sir Char.* Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it——‘I see you’re in pain to give me this confusion’——Come, I will not shock your softness by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a pleasure at my sense of joy, for my recover’d happiness to come. Give then to my new-born love what name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve——Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquer’d heart.

*L. Easy.* ‘O the soft treasure! O the dear reward of long-desiring love’——Now I am blest indeed to see you kind without th’ expence of pain in being so; to make you mine with easiness: thus: thus to have you mine, is something more than happiness, ‘tis ‘double life, and madness of abounding joy.’ But ‘twas a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

*Sir Char.* O thou engaging virtue!——But I’m too slow in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but remember I insist upon it——let thy woman be discharg’d this minute.

*L. Easy.* No, my dear, think me not so low in faith to fear, that after what you’ve said, ’twill ever be in her power to do me future injury. When I can conveniently provide for her, I’ll think on’t: but to discharge her now might let her guess at the occasion; and methinks I wou’d have all our differences, like our endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

*Sir Char.* Still my superior every way!——be it as you have better thought——Well, my dear, now I’ll confess a thing that was not in your power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

*L. Easy.* I know she is not, and was always less concern’d to find it so, for constancy in errors might have been fatal to me.

*Sir Char.* What is’t you know, my dear?

[Surpris’d.

*L. Easy.*

*L. Easy.* Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now—my Lady Graveairs—Your carelessness, my dear, let all the world know it, and it wou'd have been had indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'll ask no more questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess I thought my discretion had been a master-piece—How contemptible must I have look'd all this while!

*L. Easy.* You shan't say so.

*Sir Char.* Well, to let you see I had some shame, as well as nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady Graveairs, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wrong'd you: read it.

*L. Easy.* [*Reads.*] “Something has happen'd, that  
“prevents the visit I intended you; and  
“I could gladly wish, you never wou'd  
“reproach me if I tell you, 'tis utterly  
“inconvenient that I should ever see  
“you more.”

This indeed was more than I had merited.

*Enter Servant.*

*Sir Char.* Who's there? Here—step with this to my Lady Graveairs.

[*Seals the letter, and gives it to the servant.*]

*Serv.* Yes, sir—Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

*L. Easy.* I'll wait on her.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'm thinking there may be other things my negligence may have wrong'd you in; but be assured, as I discover 'em, all shall be corrected. Is there any part or circumstance in your fortune that I can change or yet make easier to you?

*L. Easy.* None, my dear, your good nature never flinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

*Sir Char.* I am coming—I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty?

*L. Easy.* You did, and I shou'd be pleas'd to be myself concern'd in it.

*Sir Char.* I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you've given

me, to suffer at this time any concern but you t' employ my thoughts?

*L. Easy.* Seasons must be obey'd ; and since I know your friend's happiness depending, I cou'd not taste my own, shou'd you neglect it.

*Sir Char.* Thou easy sweetness—O ! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed ? But time and future thrift of tenderness shall yet repair it all. The hours will come, when this soft-gliding stream that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course——

And like the ocean after ebb, shall move  
With constant force of due returning love.

[*Exeunt.*

*The SCENE changes to another Room.*

*Enter Lady Easy and Lady Betty.*

*L. Bet.* You've been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

*L. Easy.* You'll pardon me if I don't let you into circumstances ; but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy, ev'n to a pain of joy.

*L. Bet.* Indeed I'm truly glad of it, tho' I am sorry to find, that any one who has generosity enough to do you justice, should unprovok'd be so great an enemy to me.

*L. Easy.* Sir Charles your enemy !

*L. Bet.* My dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinc'd of it.

*L. Easy.* In what, pray ? I can't think you'll find him so.

*L. Bet.* O ! madam, it has been his whole business of late to make an utter breach between my lord Morelove and me.

*L. Easy.* That may be owing to your usage of my lord : perhaps he thought it wou'd not disoblige you ; I am confident you are mistaken in him.

*L. Bet.* Oh ! I don't use to be out in things of this nature, I can see well enough : but I shall be able to tell you more, when I have talk'd with my lord.

*L. Easy.* Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him—no excuses—for positively I will leave you together.

*L. Bet.* Indeed, my dear, I desire you won'd stay then; for I know you think now, that I have a mind to ——— to ———

*L. Easy.* To———to———ha! ha! ha! [*Going.*]

*L. Bet.* Well! remember this.

*Enter Lord Morelove.*

*L. Mor.* I hope I don't fright you away, madam?

*L. Easy.* Not at all, my lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment, I'll wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*]

*L. Bet.* My lady Easy gone?

*L. Mor.* Perhaps, madam, in friendship to you, she thinks I may have deserv'd the coldness you of late have shewn me; and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just grounds and reason.

*L. Bet.* How handsomely does he reproach me! but I can't bear that he should think I know it—[*aside.*] My lord, whatever has pass'd between you and me, I dare swear that cou'd not be her thoughts at this time. For when two people have appear'd profess'd enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as t'other to receive a justification of their actions.

*L. Mor.* Passion, indeed, often does repeated injuries on both sides, but I don't remember in my heat of error, I ever yet profess'd myself your enemy.

*L. Bet.* My lord, I shall be very free with you—— I confess I do think now I have not a greater enemy in the world.

*L. Mor.* If having long loved you to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your enemies.

*L. Bet.* O, my lord, there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say——

*L. Mor.* There's no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

*L. Bet.* Fy, fy, my lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

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*L. Mor.* My conduct has indeed deserv'd this scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (tho' I'm assur'd in vain) for pardon. [*Kneels.*]

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Char.* How, my Lord! [*L. Mor. rises.*]

*L. Bet.* Ha! He here? This was unlucky. [*Aside.*]

*L. Mor.* O pity my confusion! [*To L. Bet.*]

*Sir Char.* I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the insult you have borne from that lady, by this time should have warn'd you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

*L. Mor.* Hold, Sir Charles! While you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady——'Tis sufficient I have no complaint against her, and——

*L. Bet.* My lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury like this is better punish'd with our contempt; apparent malice shou'd only be laugh'd at.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! the old recourse. Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment; and then, 'as the Grand Monarch did with Cavalier,' you are sure to keep your word with him.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles, to let you know how far I am above your little spleen, my lord, your hand from this hour.——

*Sir Char.* Pshah! pshah! All design! all pique! mere artifice, and disappointed woman.

*L. Bet.* Look you, sir, not that I doubt my lord's opinion of me; yet——

*Sir Char.* Look you, madam, in short, your word has been too often taken to let you make up quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft look and a fair promise you never intended to keep.

*L. Bet.* Was ever such an insolence? he won't give me leave to speak.

*L. Mor.* Sir Charles!

*L. Bet.* No pray, my lord, have patience; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof on't: pray, sir, wherein can you charge me with breach of promise to my lord?

*Sir Char.*



*Sir Char.* Death, you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to see no other company the whole day, when he was come, he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquettes, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran o'er with transport of their flattery, and your own vain power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four hours of your good humour upon such wretches; and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful spleen, complain'd you had talk'd yourself into the head-ache, and then indulg'd upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain: and by that time you had stretch'd, and gap'd him heartily out of patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle; and immediately order your coach to the park?

*L. Bet.* Yet, sir, have you done?

*Sir Char.* No——tho' this might serve to shew the nature of your principles! but the noble conquest you have gain'd at last over defeated sense of reputation too, has made your fame immortal.

*L. Mor.* How, sir?

*L. Bet.* My reputation?

*Sir Char.* Ay, madam, your reputation——My lord, if I advance a falshood, then resent it——I say, your reputation——It has been your life's whole pride, of late, to be the common toast of every public table, vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington: let that be reconcil'd with reputation, I'll now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him. Now, you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles——

[Walks disorder'd, and he after her.]

*Sir Char.* I know your vanity is so voracious, 'twill even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank,

perhaps to fill up with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part with even your pride to keep him.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles, I have not deserv'd this of you.

[*Bursting into tears.*]

*Sir Char.* Ah! true woman, drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hush'd of course.

*L. Mor.* O Charles! I can bear no more, those tears are too reproaching.

*Sir Char.* Hift for your life! [*Aside, and then aloud.*] My lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington wou'd make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

*L. Bet.* My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provok'd me to.——

*L. Mor.* Hold, I conjure you, madam, I want not this conviction.

*L. Bet.* Send for him this minute, and you and he shall both be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

*Sir Char.* Death! you would as soon eat fire, as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to——Here comes my wife, now we shall see——Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her——Now! now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity——Now! my lord, you'll have a warning sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed——

*Enter Lady Easy and Lord Foppington.*

*L. Easy.* In tears, my dear, what's the matter!

*L. Bet.* O, my dear, all I told you's true; Sir Charles has shewn himself so inveterably my enemy, that if I believ'd I deserv'd but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

*L. Fop.* Hark you, Charles, pr'ythee what is this business?

*Sir Char.* Why your's, my lord, for ought I know—I have made such a breach betwixt 'em—I can't promise:

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promise much for the courage of a woman ; but if hers holds, I'm sure it's wide enough, you may enter ten a-breast, my lord.

*L. Fop.* Say'st thou so, Charles ? then I hold six to four I am the first man in the town.

*L. Easy.* Sure there must be some mistake in this ; I hope he has not made my lord your enemy.

*L. Bet.* I know not what he has done.

*L. Mor.* Far be that thought ! Alas ! I am too much in fear myself, that, what I have this day committed, advis'd by his mistaken friendship, may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

*L. Bet.* No, my lord, since I perceive his little arts have not prevail'd upon your good nature, to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself and to the confession you have made, my lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

*L. Mor.* Ha ! is't possible, can you own so much ?  
' O my transported heart !'

*L. Bet.* He says I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it—but 'twas when that uneasiness, I thought, proceeded from your love ; and if you did love——'twill not be much to pardon it.

*L. Mor.* O let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

*L. Bet.* And since the giddy woman's flights I have shewn you too often, have been public, 'tis fit, at last, the amends and reparation shou'd be so : therefore, what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry, that has or shall be offer'd by me to your uneasiness.

*L. Mor.* O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it——Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

*L. Fop.* Ha ! *Pardi voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire.* [Aside.

*L. Bet.* As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation ; for though, in the little outward gallantry I receiv'd from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better  
opinion

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opinion of his understanding than to suppose he cou'd mistake it.

*L. Fop.* I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *non-chalance* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to shew itself before.

*L. Bet.* My lord, I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

*L. Fop.* O, madam, don't be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for, in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together——Madam, I have lost a thousand fine women in my time; but never had the ill manners to be out of humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

*L. Bet.* My lord, that's a very prudent temper.

*L. Fop.* Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal peace with mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your happiness, give me leave to have the honour of compleating it, by joining your hand where you have already offer'd up your inclination.

*L. Bet.* My lord, that's a favour I can't refuse you.

*L. Mor.* Generous, indeed, my lord!

[*L. Fop. joins their hands.*]

*L. Fop.* And stop my breath, if ever I was better pleas'd, since my first entrance into human nature.

*Sir Char.* How now, my lord! what! throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

*L. Fop.* Look you, Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have play'd with her alone: but he that will keep well with the ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a poole with 'em: and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

*Sir Char.* Wisely consider'd, my lord.

*L. Bet.* And now, Sir Charles——

*Sir Char.* And now, madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech: and, in one word, confess that every thing I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial——I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove, but by alarming  
your

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your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have by this time convinc'd you that, in love, nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good nature, by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in. Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Why——well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they wou'd take away its love from it——Poor Lady Betty! ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* My dear, I beg your pardon; but 'tis impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleas'd.

*L. Fop.* Really, madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath wou'd positively go out with a laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Nay, I have deserv'd it all, that's the truth on't—but I hope, my lord, you were not in this design against me.

*L. Mor.* As a proof, madam, I am inclin'd never to deceive you more——I do confess I had my share in't.

*L. Bet.* You do, my lord——then I declare 'twas a design, one or other—the best carried on that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame own it) for ought I know, the only thing that could have prevail'd upon my temper: 'twas a foolish pride that has cost me many a bitten lip to support it——I wish we don't both repent, my lord.

*L. Mor.* Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

*Sir Char.* Well, madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct is, that my lord had constancy, and you have try'd it.

*Enter a Servant to Lord Morelove.*

*Serv.* My lord, Mr. le Fevre's below, and desires to know what time your lordship will please to have the music begin.

*L. Mor.*



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*L. Mor.* Sir Charles, what say you? will you give me leave to bring 'em hither?

*Sir Char.* As the ladies think fit, my lord.

*L. Bet.* O! by all means; 'twill be better here, unless we cou'd have the terrace to ourselves.

*L. Mor.* Then, pray desire 'em to come hither immediately.

*Serv.* Yes, my Lord. [Exit Serv.

*Enter Lady Graveairs.*

*Sir Char.* Lady Graveairs!

*L. Grav.* Yes! you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come, like a poor tame fool, to upbraid your guilt; but, if I cou'd, to blast you with a look.

*Sir Char.* Come, come, you have sense,—don't expose yourself—you are unhappy, and I own myself the cause,—the only satisfaction I can offer you is to protest no new engagement takes me from you; but a sincere reflection of the long neglect and injuries I've done the best of wives; for whose amends and only sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient pleasures of my life.

*L. Grav.* Have you then fallen into the low contempt of exposing me, and to your wife too?

*Sir Char.* 'Twas impossible, without it, I cou'd ever be sincere in my conversion.

*L. Grav.* Despicable!

*Sir Char.* Do not think so—for my sake I know she'll not reproach you—nor by her carriage, ever let the world perceive you've wrong'd her.—My dear—

*L. Easy.* Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup with us?

*L. Grav.* I can't refuse so much good company, madam.

*Sir Char.* You see the worst of her resentment—In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her friend, and she'll never be your enemy.

*L. Grav.* I am unfortunate—'tis what my folly has deserv'd, and I submit to it.

*L. Mor.* So! here's the music.

*L. Easy.* Come, ladies, shall we sit?

*After*

# THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 81

*' After the Music, a Song.'*

Sabina with an angel's face,

' By Love ordain'd for joy,

Seems of the Sirens cruel race,

' To charm and then destroy.

' With all the arts of look and dress,

' She fans the fatal fire ;

' Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,

' She bids the swains expire.

' The god of Love enrag'd to see

' The nymph defy his flame,

' Pronounc'd his merciless decree

' Against the haughty dame ; —

' Let age with double speed o'ertake her,

' Let love the room of pride supply ;

' And when the lovers all forsake her,

' A spotless virgin let her die.'

*Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.*

*Sir Char.* Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast upon me ; in all my past experience of the sex, I found, even among the better sort, so much of folly, pride, malice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded thee but of the foremost rank, and therefore scarce worthy my concern ; but thou hast stirr'd me with so severe a proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to my love — If then the unkindly thought of what I have been, hereafter shou'd intrude upon thy growing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be easy.

*Thy wrongs when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd ;*

*And from that virtue found, I blush'd and truly lov'd.*

*{ Exeunt. }*

## E P I L O G U E.

*Conquest and freedom are at length our own,  
 False fears of slav'ry no more are shewn;  
 Nor dread of paying tribute to a foreign throne.  
 All stations now the fruits of conquest share,  
 Except (if small with great things may compare)  
 Th' oppress'd condition of the lab'ring player.  
 We're still in fears (as you of late in France)  
 Of the despotic power of song, and dance:  
 For while subscription, like a tyrant, reigns,  
 Nature's neglected, and the stage in chains,  
 And English actors slave to swell the Frenchman's gains.  
 Like Æsop's crow, the poor out-witted stage,  
 That liv'd on wholesome plays i' th' latter age,  
 Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd,  
 Let fall her cheese to the fox mouth, and starv'd:  
 O that our judgment, as your courage has  
 Your fame extended, wou'd assert our cause,  
 That nothing English might submit to foreign laws!  
 If we but live to see that joyful day,  
 Then of the English stage, reviv'd we may,  
 As of your honour now, with proper application, say.  
 So when the Gallie fox by fraud of peace,  
 Had lull'd the British lion into ease,  
 And saw that sleep compos'd his couchant head,  
 He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd  
 In toils of treacherous politics around him laid:  
 Shews him how one close hour of Gallie thought  
 Retook those towns for which he years had fought.  
 At this th' indignant savage rolls his fiery eyes,  
 Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base surprise,  
 Pauses awhile — But finds delays are vain:  
 Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy mane;  
 He grinds his dreadful fangs; and stalks to Blenheim's  
 plain.  
 There, with erected crest, and horrid roar,  
 He, furious, plunges on through streams of gore,  
 And dyes with false Bavarian blood the purple Da-  
 nube's shore.  
 In one push'd battle frees the destin'd slaves;  
 Revives old English honour, and an empire saves.*

F I N I S.





Dignam ad v. del.

Published Feb. 6 1777. by F. Leavelle and Partners.

W. Waller Sculp.

*Mr. Quick and Mr. Clarke in the Characters of*  
**MR. SABLE and LORD BRUMPTON.**

Sab: Look, you, Gentlemen, don't stand staring at me. I have a Book  
 home, which I call my down-say book, where I have every man of  
 -lity's Age & Distemper in Town, and know when you should drop.



T H E  
F U N E R A L :  
O R,  
G R I E F A - L A - M O D E .  
A  
C O M E D Y .

Written by

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Marked with the Variations of the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K ,

A T T H E

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.


*Ut Qui conducti plorant in Funere, dicunt,  
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo ; sic  
Derisor Vero plus Laudatore movetur.* HOR.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN, W. OWEN,  
T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL,  
AND S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

# P R O L O G U E

 The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with single inverted Commas; as at Line 7, to the bottom, in Page 5.

## P R O L O G U E.

*NATURE's deserted and dramatic art,  
 To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart ;  
 Gay lights and dresses, long-extended scenes,  
 Dæmons and Angels moving in machines ;  
 All that can now, or please, or fright the fair,  
 May be perform'd without a writer's care,  
 And is the skill of carpenter, not player.  
 Old Shakspeare's days could not thus far advance ;  
 But what's his buskin to our ladder dance ?*

*In the mid region a silk youth to stand,  
 With that unwieldy engine at command !  
 Gorg'd with intemperate meals while here you sit,  
 Well may you take activity for wit :*

*Fie, let confusion on such dulness seize ;  
 Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.*

*But we, still kind to your inverted sense,  
 Do most unnatural things once more dispense.  
 For since you're still prepost'rous in delight,  
 Our author made, a full house to invite,  
 A funeral comedy to-night.*

*Nor does he fear that you will take the hint,  
 And let the funeral his own be meant ;*

*No, in Old England nothing can be won  
 Without a faction, good or ill be done ;*

*To own this our frank author does not fear ;  
 But hopes for a prevailing party here :*

*He knows h'as num'rous friends, nay, knows they'll  
 shew it,*

*And for the fellow-soldier save the poet.*

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Lord Brumpton, \_\_\_\_\_ At Drury Lane. Mr. Bransby. Mr. Clarke.  
 Lord Hardy, *son to Lord Brumpton*, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Cautherley. Mr. Wroughton.  
 Mr. Campley, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Dodd. Mr. Lewis.  
 Mr. Truffy, *steward to Lord Brumpton*, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Packer. Mr. Hull.

Cabinet, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Moody. Mr. Quick.  
 Mr. Sable, *an undertaker*, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Baddeley. Mr. Dunstall.  
 Puzzle, *a lawyer*, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. King. Mr. Wilson.  
 Trim, *servant to Lord Hardy*, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Waldron. Mr. Jones.  
 Tom, *the lawyer's clerk*, \_\_\_\_\_

## W O M E N.

Lady Brumpton, \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Hopkins. Miss Barsanti.  
 Lady Charlotte, *an orphan, ward to Ld. Brumpton*, \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Younge. Miss Macklin.  
 Lady Harriot, *her sister*, \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Abington. Mrs. Bulkley.  
 Mademoiselle d'Epingle, \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Cross. Miss Valois.  
 Tattleaid, \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Love. Mrs. Pitt.  
 Mrs. Fardingle, \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Bradshaw. Mrs. Green.  
 Kate Matchlock, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Griffith.

Visitant Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c. — Scene, Covent-Garden.

T H E  
F U N E R A L.

---

A C T I.

*Enter Cabinet, Sable, and Campley.*

*Cab.* I Burst into laughter. I can't bear to see writ over an undertaker's door, Dresses for the dead, and necessaries for funerals ! ha ! ha ! ha !

*Sab.* Well, gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know you are of the laughers, the wits that take the liberty to deride all things that are magnificent and solemn.

*Camp.* Nay, but after all, I can't but admire Sable's nice discerning on the superfluous cares of mankind, that could lead them to the thought of raising an estate by providing horses, equipage, and furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

*Cab.* But is it not strangely contradictory, that men can come to so open, so apparent an hypocrisy, as, in the face of all the world, to hire professed mourners to grieve, lament, and follow in their stead, the nearest relations, and suborn others to do by art what they themselves should be prompted to by nature ?

*Sab.* That's reasonably enough said, but they regard themselves only in all they act ; for the deceas'd, and the poor dead are deliver'd to my custody, to be embalm'd, flash'd, cut, and dragg'd about, not to do them honour, but to satisfy the vanity or interest of their survivors.

A 3

*Camp.*



*Camp.* This fellow's every way an undertaker! how well and luckily he talks! his prating so aptly, 'has, methinks, something more ridiculous in it, than if he were absurd! [*Aside to Cabinet.*]

*Cab.* But, 'as Mr. Campley says,' how could you dream of making a fortune from so chimerical a foundation, as the provision of things wholly needless and insignificant?

*Sab.* Alas, sir, the value of all things under the sun is merely fantastic: we run, we strive, and purchase things with our blood and money, quite foreign to our intrinsic real happiness, and which have a being in imagination only, as you may see by the pother that is made about precedence, titles, court-favour, maiden-heads and china-ware.

*Camp.* Ay, Mr. Sable, but all those are objects that promote our joy, are bright to the eye, or stamp upon our minds, pleasure and self-satisfaction.

*Sab.* You are extremely mistaken, sir; for one would wonder, to consider that, after all our outcries against self-interested men, there are few, very few in the whole world that live to themselves, but sacrifice their bosom-bliss to enjoy a vain shew and appearance of prosperity in the eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd, than a young bride in her glittering retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young widow in her weeds and black train; of both which, the lady of this house may be an instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

*Cab.* You talk, Mr. Sable, most learnedly.

*Sab.* I have the deepest learning, sir, experience; remember your widow cousin, that married last month,

*Cab.* Ay, but how cou'd you imagine she was in all that grief an hypocrite! Could all those shrieks, those swoonings, that rising falling bosom be constrain'd?—You're uncharitable, Sable, to believe it: What colour, what reason had you for it?

*Sab.* First, sir, her carriage in her concerns with me; for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful relict, but was herself enough to make a hard bargain with

me. Yet I must confess they have frequent interruptions of grief and sorrow when they read my bill; but as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd bright or joyous should after her love's death approach her. All her servants that were not coal black must turn out; a fair complexion made her eyes and heart ache; she'd none but downright jet, and to exceed all example, she hir'd my mourning furniture by the year, and in case of my mortality ty'd my son to the same article; so in six weeks time ran away with a young fellow—Pry'thee, push on briskly, Mr. Cabinet, now is your time to have this widow; for Tattleaid tells me, she always said she'd never marry——

*Cab.* As you say, that's generally the most hopeful sign.

*Sab.* I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know those professions are only to introduce discourse of matrimony and young fellows.

*Cab.* But I swear I could not have confidence, ev'n after all our long acquaintance, and the mutual love which his lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a thing of such a nature so unseasonably—

*Sab.* Unseasonably! why I tell you 'tis the only season (granting her sorrow unfeign'd :) when would you speak of passion, but in the midst of passions? there's a what d'ye call, a crisis—the lucky minute, that's so talk'd of, is a moment between joy and grief, which you must take hold of, and push your fortune. But get you in, and you'll best read your fate in the reception Mrs. Tattleaid gives you: all she says, and all she does, nay, her very love and hatred are mere repetitions of her ladyship's passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true lady's woman, and is herself as much a second-hand thing, as her cloaths. But I must beg your pardon, Sir, my people are come, I see. [*Exit Cab. and Camp. Enter Sable's Men.*]—Where in the name of goodness have you all been! have you brought the saw-dust and tar for embalming? have you the hangings and the sixpenny nails, and my lord's coat of arms?

## THE FUNERAL.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman Gathergrease that died last night——he has promised to invent one against to-morrow.

*Sab.* Ah! pox take some of our cits, the first thing after their death is to take care of their birth——pox, let him bear a pair of stockings, he is the first of his family that ever wore one; well, come you that are to be mourners in this house put on your sad looks, and walk by me that I may sort you. Ha, you! a little more upon the dismal; [*forming their countenances*—] this fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corps: that wainscot face must be o'top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the entrance of the hall—So—but I'll fix you all myself—Let's have no laughing now on any provocation: [*makes faces*] Look yonder, that hale well-looking puppy! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and shew you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are.

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, the grave-digger of St. Timothy's in the Fields would speak with you.

*Sab.* Let him come in.

*Enter Grave-digger.*

*Grav.* I carried home to your house the shroud the gentleman was buried in last night; I could not get his ring off very easily, therefore I brought you the finger and all; and, Sir, the sexton gives his service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any bodies removed or not: if not, he'll let them lie in their graves a week longer.

*Sab.* Give him my service; I can't tell readily; but our friend, tell him, Dr. Passport, with the powder, has promised me six or seven funerals this week. I'll send to our country-farm at Kensington Gravel-

Pits,

' Pits, and our city-house in Warwick-lane for news,  
 ' you shall know time enough. Hark'ee, be sure there  
 ' is care taken to give my Lady Languish's woman a  
 ' fee to keep out that young fellow who came last  
 ' from Oxford; he'll ruin us all. [*Enter Goody*  
 ' *Trash.*] I wonder, Goody Trash, you could not be  
 ' more punctual; when I told you I wanted you,  
 ' and your two daughters, to be three virgins to-night  
 ' to stand in white about my Lady Catherine Gris-  
 ' sel's body, and you know you were privately to  
 ' bring her home from the man-midwife's, where she  
 ' died in child-birth, to be buried like a maid; but  
 ' there is nothing minded: well, I have put off that  
 ' till to-morrow; go, and get your bags of brick-dust  
 ' and your whiting. Go, and sell to the cook-maids;  
 ' know who is surfeited about town: bring me no bad  
 ' news, none of your recoveries again.' [*Exit Goody*  
 ' *Trash.*] And you, Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have  
 not call'd at Mr. Pestle's the apothecary: will that fel-  
 low never pay me? I stand bound for all the poison in  
 that starving murderer's shop: he serves me just as  
 Dr. Quibus did, who promised to write a treatise  
 against water-gruel, a damn'd healthy slop that has  
 done me more injury than all the Faculty: look you  
 now, you are all upon the sneer, let me have none  
 but downright stupid countenances—I've a good mind  
 to turn you all off, and take people out of the play-  
 house; but hang them, they are as ignorant of their  
 parts as you are of yours; they never act but when  
 they speak; when the chief indication of the mind is  
 in the gesture, or indeed in case of sorrow, in no ges-  
 ture, except you were to act a widow, or so—But  
 yours, you dolts, is all in dumb show, dumb show.  
 I mean expressive elegant show: as who can see such  
 an horrid ugly phiz as that fellow's, and not be  
 shocked, offended and killed of all joy while he be-  
 holds it? But we must not loiter—Ye stupid rogues,  
 whom I have picked out of the rubbish of mankind,  
 and fed for your eminent worthlessness, attend, and  
 know that I speak you this moment stiff and immut-  
 able to all sense of noise, mirth or laughter; [*Makes*



*mouths at them as they pass by him to bring them to a constant countenance.] So, they are pretty well—pretty well—* *[Exit.]*

*Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.*

*Trus.* 'Twas fondness, Sir, and tender duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your lethargic slumber; on which I will assume an authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just use of your revived life, in seeing who are your true friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble nature, as to make it act against itself in disinheriting your brave son.

*Ld. B.* Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a creature as you tell me—My mind reflects upon ten thousand endearments that plead unanswerably for her: her chaste reluctant love, her easy observance of all my wayward humours, to which she would accommodate herself with so much ease, I could scarce observe it was a virtue in her; she hid her very patience.

*Trus.* It was all art, Sir, or indifference to you; for what I say is downright matter of fact.

*Ld. B.* Why didst thou ever tell me it! or why not in my life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a minute mine, after her being false; all past that moment is death and darkness: Why didst thou not tell me then, I say?

*Trus.* Because you were too much in love with her to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a man that touch'd on conjugal affairs could ever reconcile the jarring humours, but in a common hatred of the intermeddler: but on this most extraordinary occasion, which seems pointed out by Heaven itself to disengage you from your cruelty and banishment of an innocent child: I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain yourself in hearing one discourse with that curst instrument of all her secrets, that Tattle-ard, and you will see what I tell you; you will call me then your guardian and good genius.

*Ld. B.* Well, you shall govern me, but would I had died in earnest ere I had known it; my head swims,



swims, as it did when I fell into my fit, at the thoughts of it.—How dizzy a place is this world you live in! All human life's a mere vertigo!

*Truf.* Ay, ay, my Lord, fine reflections, fine reflections, but that does no business. Thus, Sir, we'll stand concealed, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer dialogue than usual between vicious persons; for a late accident has given a little jealousy, which makes them over-act their love and confidence in each other. *[They retire.]*

*Enter Widow and Tattleaid meeting, and running to each other.*

*Wid.* Oh, Tattleaid! his and our hour is come!

*Tat.* I always said by his church-yard cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient——

*Wid.* Nay, thou hast ever been my comfort, my confident, my friend, and my servant; and now I'll reward thy pains; for tho' I scorn the whole sex of fellows; I'll give them hopes for thy sake; every smile, every frown, every gesture, humour, caprice and whimsy of mine, shall be gold to thee, girl; thou shalt feel all the sweets and wealth of being a fine rich widow's woman. Oh! how my head runs my first year out, and jumps to all the joys of widowhood! if thirteen months hence a friend should haul one to a play one has a mind to see, what pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady Brumpton's footman called (who kept a place for that very purpose) to make a sudden insurrection of fine wigs in the pit and side-boxes. Then, with a pretty sorrow in one's face, and a willing blush for being stared at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's own quality. Thus *[very directly]* to a snug pretending fellow of no fortune. Thus *[as scarce seeing him]* to one that writes lampoons. Thus *[fearfully]* to one one really loves; Thus *[looking down]* to one woman-acquaintance; from box to box thus: *[with looks differently familiar]* and when one has done one's part, observe the actors, do theirs, but with my mind fixed not on those I look at, but those that look at me——Then the serenades! the lovers!

*Tat.* Oh, Madam, you make my heart bound within me: I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage them all; and indeed, Madam, the men are really very silly creatures, 'tis no such hard matter—they rulers! they governors! I warrant you indeed!

*Wid.* Ay, Tattleaid, they imagine themselves mighty things, but government founded on force only, is a brutal power—We rule them by their affections, which blinds them into belief that they rule us, or at least are in the government with us—But in this nation our power is absolute; 'thus, thus, we sway—[*Playing her fan.*] A fan is both the standard and the flag of England.' I laugh to see men go on our errands, strut in great offices, live in cares, hazards and scandals, to come home and be fools to us in brags of their dispatches, negotiations, and their wisdoms—as my good dear deceas'd used to entertain me; which, I to relieve myself from—would hiss some silly request, pat him on the face—He shakes his head at my pretty folly, calls me simpleton; gives me a jewel, then goes to bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd—

*Tat.* But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

*Wid.* Why, Tatty, you must know my late Lord—how prettily that sounds, my late Lord! but I say, my late Lord Fribble was generosity—I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my order, had told him stories to my son-in-law's disadvantage, in his rage and resentment, I (whose interest lay otherwise) always fell on my knees to implore his pardon, and with tears, sighs and importunities for him prevailed against him: besides this, you know I had, when I pleased, fits. Fits are a mighty help in the government of a good-natured man: but in an ill-natured fellow have a care of them—he'll hate you for natural infirmities; will remember your face in its distortion, and not value your return of beauty.

*Tat.* O rare Madam! your ladyship's a great head-piece; 'but now, dear Madam, is the hard task, if

I may

' I may take the liberty to say it—to enjoy all freedoms, and seem to abstain; to manage the number of pretenders, and keep the disobliged from prating—'

*Wid.* Never fear, Tattleaid; while you have riches, if you affront one to abuse, you can give hopes to another to defend you; these maxims I have been laying up all my husband's life-time; for we must provide against calamities.

*Tat.* But now, Madam, a fine young gentleman with a red coat, that dantes—

*Wid.* You may be sure the happy man (if it be in fate that there is a happy man to make me an unhappy woman) shall not be an old one again. Age and youth married is the cruelty in Dryden's Virgil, where Mezentius ties the dead and living together; I'm sure I was tied to a dead man many a long day before I durst bury him—But the day is now my own—Yet now I think on't, Tattleaid, be sure to keep an obdurate shyness to all our old acquaintance: 'let them talk of favours if they please; if we grant them still, they'll grow tyrants to us; if we discard them, the chaste and innocent will not believe we could have confidence to do it, were it so; and the wise, if they believe it, will applaud our prudence.'

*Tat.* Ay, Madam—I believe, Madam—I speak, Madam, but my humble sense—Mr. Cabinet would marry you.

*Wid.* Marry me! No, Tattleaid, he that is so mean as to marry a woman after an affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very weakness. He that marries his wench will use her like his wench—Such a pair must sure live in a secret mutual scorn of each other—and wedlock is hell, if at least one side does not love, as it would be heaven, if both did; and I believe it so much heaven, as to think it was never enjoyed in this world.'

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A gentleman to Mrs. Tattleaid—*[Exit Tat.]*

*Wid.* Go to him—Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle creature in the case of Cabinet,

binet, she's certainly in his interests.—We people of condition are never guarded enough against those about us. They watch when our minds boil over with joy or grief, to come in upon us. How miserable it is to have one one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own reflection upon some actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon them? but she has me by deep secrets.—The Italians, they say, can readily remove the too much intrusted.—Oh, their pretty scented gloves! this wench I know has play'd me false, and horned me in my gallants. Oh, Italy, I could resign all my female English liberty to thee, for thy much dearer female pleasure, revenge! Well, what's the matter, dear Tatty.—

*Enter Tattleaid.*

*Tat.* The matter, madam! why, madam, counsellor Puzzle is come to wait on your ladyship about the will and the conveyance of the estate—there must, it seems, be no time lost for fear of things; fye, fye, madam, you a widow these three hours, and not look'd on a parchment yet—Oh, impious! to neglect the will of the dead!

*Wid.* As you say indeed, there is no will of a husband's so willingly obeyed as his last. But I must go in, and receive him in my formalities; leaning on a couch is as necessary a posture, as his going behind his desk when he speaks to a client—But do you bring him in hither till I am ready.— [Exit.]

*Tat.* Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor— [Calling.]

*Enter Puzzle and Clerk.*

*Puz.* Servant, good madam Tattleaid, my ancient friend is gone, but business must be minded—

*Tat.* I told my lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb grief on the couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not; however, since you say it is of such moment, I'll venture to introduce you: please but to repose here a little, while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her.

*Puz.* Alas! alas! poor lady! [Exit Tattleaid.]  
Damn'd hypocrites! well, this nobleman's death is a little



little sudden; therefore pray let me recollect: open the bag, good Tom. Now Tom thou art my nephew, my dear sister Kate's only son, and my heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no occasion any thing; for I would enter thee into business as soon as possible. Know then, child, that the lord of this house was one of your men of honour, and sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all men to be like themselves: now this gentleman intirely trusted me, and I made the only use a man of business can of a trust, I cheated him; for I imperceptibly, before his face, made his whole estate liable to an hundred per annum for myself, for good services, &c. As for legacies, they are good or not, as I please; for let me tell you, a man must take pen, ink, and paper, sit down by an old fellow, and pretend to take directions, but a true lawyer never makes any man's will but his own; and as the priest of old among us got near the dying man, and gave all to the church, so now the lawyer gives all to the law.

*Clerk.* Ay, sir, but priests then cheated the nation by doing their offices in an unknown language.

*Puz.* True—but ours is a way much surer; for we cheat in no language at all, but loll in our own coaches, eloquent in gibberish, and learned in jingle. Pull out the parchment; there's the deed; I made it as long as I could—Well, I hope to see the day, when the indenture shall be the exact measure of the land that passes by it; for 'tis a discouragement to the gown, that every ignorant rogue of an heir should in a word or two understand his father's meaning, and hold ten acres of land by half an acre of parchment—Nay, I hope to see the time when that there is indeed some progress made in, shall be wholly effected; and by the improvement of the noble art of tautology, every inn in Holborn an inn of court. Let others think of logic, rhetoric, and I know not what impertinence, but mind thou tautology—What's the first excellence in a lawyer? Tautology. What's the second? Tautology. What's the third? Tautology: as an old pleader said of action. But to turn



to the deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable parchment.*]  
 ' for the will is of no force if I please, for he was not  
 ' capable of making one after the former, as I ma-  
 ' naged it—upon which account I now wait on my  
 ' lady; by the way, Tom, do you know the true  
 meaning of the word a deed?

*Clerk.* Ay, sir, as if a man should say the deed.

*Puz.* Right; it is emphatically so called, because  
 after it all deeds and actions are of no effect, and you  
 have nothing to do but hang yourself—the only oblig-  
 ing thing you can then do. But I was telling you  
 the use of tautology—Read toward the middle of  
 that instrument.

*Clerk.* [*Reads.*]—I the said earl of Brumpton, do  
 give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the  
 said premises, all the site and capital messuage called  
 by the name of Oatham, and all outhouses, barns,  
 stables, and other edifices and buildings, yards, or-  
 chards, gardens, fields, arbors, trees, lands, earths,  
 meadows, greens, pastures, feedings, woods, under-  
 woods, ways, waters, water-courses, fishing-ponds,  
 pools, commons, common of pasture, paths, heath-  
 thickets, profits, commodities, and emoluments, with  
 their and every of their appurtenances whatsoever, to  
 the said capital messuage and site }  
 belonging, or in any wise apper- } *Puzzle nods and*  
 taining, or with the same hereto- } *sneers as the sync-*  
 fore used, occupied or enjoyed, } *mous words are*  
 accepted, executed, known, or } *repeating, whom*  
 taken as part, parcel, or member } *Lord Brumpton*  
 of the same; containing in the } *scornfully mimics*  
 whole, by estimation, four hun- }  
 dred acres of the large measure, or thereabouts, be-  
 the same more or less; all and singular which the  
 said site, capital messuage, and other the premises,  
 with their and every of their appurtenances, are situ-  
 ate, lying and being—

*Puz.* Hold, hold, good Tom; you do come on in a  
 deed in business, but don't use your nose enough in  
 reading—[*Reads in a ridiculous law tone, till out of*  
*breath.*]—Why, you're quite out; you read to be un-  
 derstood—

derstood—let me see it—I the said earl—Now again, I suppose this were to be in Latin—[Runs into Latin terminations.] making Latin is only making it no English—*Ego prædixi—Comes de Brumpton—totas meas barnos—outhouses & stabulas—yards—* But there needs no further perusal. I now recollect the whole—my lord, by this instrument, disinherits his son utterly; gives all to my lady; and moreover, grants the guardianship of two fortune wards to her; *id est*, to be sold by her; which is the subject of my business to her ladyship, who, methinks, a little overdoes the affair of grief, in letting me wait thus long on such welcome articles—But here—

*Enter Tattleaid, wiping her eyes.*

*Tat.* I have, in vain, done all I can to make her regard me. Pray, Mr. Puzzle, you're a man of sense, & come in yourself, and speak reason, to bring her to some consideration of herself, if possible.

*Puz.* Tom, I'll come down to the hall to you; dear madam, lead on.

[Exit Clerk one way, Puz. Tatt. another.]  
*Ld. Brumpton and Trusty advance from their concealment after a long pause, and staring at each other.*

*Ld. B.* Trusty, on thy sincerity, on thy fidelity to me, thy friend, thy patron, and thy master, answer me directly to one question—Am I really alive? Am I that identical, that numerical, that very same lord Brumpton, that—

*Truf.* That very lord—that very lord Brumpton, the very generous, honest, and good lord Brumpton, who spent his strong and riper years with honour and reputation; but in his age of decay declined from virtue also: that very lord Brumpton, who buried a fine lady, who brought him a fine son, who is a fine gentleman; but in his age, that very man, unseasonably captivated with youth and beauty, married a very fine young lady, who has dishonoured his bed, disinherited his brave son, and dances o'er his grave.

*Ld. B.* Oh, that damned tautologist too!—that Puzzle, and his irrevocable deed! [Pausing.] Well, I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the place where

where once I had a treasure—I'll haunt her, Trusty, gaze in that false beauteous face, till she trembles, till she looks pale, nay, till she blushes—

*Truf.* Ay, ay, my lord, you speak a ghost very much; there's flesh and blood in that expression—that false beauteous face!

*Ld. B.* Then, since you see my weakness, be a friend, and arm me with all your care, and all your reason—

*Truf.* If you'll condescend to let me direct you, you shall cut off this rotten limb, this false, disloyal wife, and save your noble parts, your son, your family, your honour.

Short is the date in which ill acts prevail,  
But honesty's a rock can never fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter Lord Hardy.*

**N**OW, indeed, I am utterly undone—but to expect an evil softens the weight of it when it happens; and pain, no more than pleasure, is in reality so great as in expectation. But what will become of me? How shall I keep myself even above worldly want? Shall I live at home, a stiff, melancholy, poor man of quality; grow uneasy to my acquaintance as well as myself, by fancying I am slighted where I am not; with all the thousand particularities which attend those whom low fortune and high spirit make malecontents? No! we have a brave prince on the throne, whose commission I bear, and a glorious war in an honest cause approaching, [*clapping his hand on his sword.*] in which this shall cut out bread for me, and may, perhaps, equal that estate to which my birth entitled me—But what to do in present pressures—  
Ha, Trim!

[*Calling.*]

*Enter Trim.*

*Trim.* My lord.

*Ld. H.*

*Ld. H.* How do the poor rogues that are to recruit my company?

*Trim.* Do, Sir? They have eat you to your last guinea.

*Ld. H.* Were you at the agent's?

*Trim.* Yes.

*Ld. H.* Well, and how?

*Trim.* Why, sir, for your arrears, you may have eleven shillings in the pound; but he'll not touch your growing subsistence under three shillings in the pound interest; besides which, you must let his clerk, Jonathan Item, swear the peace against you, to keep you from duelling; or insure your life, which you may do for eight *per cent.* On these terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any body else in the regiment; but he has a friendship for you.

*Ld. H.* Oh, I am his humble servant! but he must have his own terms; we can't starve, nor must the fellows want. But methinks this is a calm midnight; I have heard no duns to-day.

*Trim.* Duns, my lord! Why, now your father's dead, and they can't arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with them than I have been. Why, friend, says I, how often must I tell you my lord is not stirring? His lordship has not slept well, you must come some other time; your lordship will send for him when you are at leisure to look upon money affairs; or if they are so saucy, so impertinent as to press a man of your quality for their own, there are canes, there's Bridewel, there's the stocks for your ordinary tradesmen; but to an haughty, thriving, Covent-garden mercer, silk or laceman, your lordship gives your most humble service to him hopes his wife is well; you have letters to write, or you would see him yourself, but you desire he would be with you punctually on such a day, that is to say, the day after you are gone out of town.

*Ld. H.* Go, firrah, you are scurrilous; I won't believe there are such men of quality—d'ye hear, give my service this afternoon to Mr. Cutpurse, the agent, and tell him I am obliged to pay him for his readiness

to

to serve me, for I am resolved to pay my debts forthwith—

[*A voice without.*] I don't know whether he is within or not. Mr. Trim, is my lord within?

*Ld. H.* Trim, see who it is; I am not within, you know—

[*Exit Trim.*]

*Trim.* [*Without.*] Yes, sir, my lord is above; pray, walk up—

*Ld. H.* Who can it be; he owns me too. [*Enter Campley and Trim.*] Dear Tom Campley, this is kind—You are an extraordinary man, indeed, who, in the sudden accession of a noble fortune, can still be yourself, and visit your less happy friends.

*Camp.* No, you are, my lord, the extraordinary man, who, on the loss of an almost princely fortune, can be master of a temper that makes you the envy, rather than pity of your more fortunate, not more happy friends.

*Ld. H.* Oh, sir, your servant!—But let me gaze on thee a little—I han't seen thee since we came home into England—most exactly, negligently, genteely dressed—I know there is more than ordinary in this. [*Beating Campley's breast.*] Come, confess who shares with me here.—I must have her real and poetical name—Come, she is in sonnet, Cynthia; in prose, mistress—

*Camp.* One you little dream of; tho' she is in a manner of your placing there.

*Ld. H.* My placing there!—

*Camp.* Why, my lord, all the fine things you have said to me in the camp, of my lady Charlotte, your father's ward, ran in my head so very much, that I made it my business to become acquainted in that family, which I did by Mr. Cabinet's means, and am now in love in the same place with your lordship.

*Ld. H.* How! in love in the same place with me, Mr. Campley?

*Camp.* Ay, my lord, with t'other sister, with t'other sister.

*Ld. H.* What a dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only man breathing fit to deal with her—But my Lady Charlotte;



Charlotte; there's a woman!—so easily virtuous; so agreeably severe; her motion so unaffected, yet so composed; her lips breathe nothing but truth, good sense, and flowing wit.

*Camp.* Lady Harriot; there's the woman! such life, such spirit, such warmth in her eyes; such a lively commanding air in her glances; so sprightly a mien, that carries in it the triumph of conscious beauty. Her lips are made of gum and balm—There is something in that dear girl that fires my blood above—above—above—

*Ld. H.* Above what?

*Camp.* A grenadier's march.

*Ld. H.* A soft simile, I must confess—But, Oh, that Charlotte! to recline this aching head, full of care, on that tender, snowy, faithful bosom—

*Camp.* Oh, that Harriot! to embrace that beautiful—

*Ld. H.* Ay, Tom; but methinks your head runs too much on the wedding-night only, to make your happiness lasting: mine is fixed on the married state; I expect my felicity from Lady Charlotte, in her friendship, her constancy, her piety, her household cares, her maternal tenderness—You think not of any excellence of your mistress, that is more than skin deep.

*Camp.* When I know her further than skin deep, I'll tell you more of my mind.

*Ld. H.* Oh, fie, Tom! how can you talk so lightly of a woman you love with honour—But tell me, I wonder how you make your approaches in besieging such a sort of creature; she that loves addresses, gallantry, fiddles; that reigns and delights in a croud of admirers. If I know her, she is one of those you may easily have a general acquaintance with, but hard to make particular.

*Camp.* You understand her very well—You must know, I put her out of all her play, by carrying it in a humorous manner; I took care, in all my actions, before I discovered the lover, that she should, in general, have a good opinion of me; and have ever since

since behaved myself with all the good humour and ease I was able ; so that she is now extremely at a loss how to throw me from the familiarity of an acquaintance, into the distance of a lover ; but I laugh her out of it ; when she begins to frown, and look grave at my mirth, I mimic her till she bursts out a laughing——

*Ld. H.* That's ridiculous enough.

*Camp.* By Cabinet's interest over my Lady Brumpton, with gold and flattery to Mrs. Fardingale, an old maid her ladyship has placed about the young ladies, I have easy access at all times, and am this very day to be admitted by her into their apartment—— I have found, you must know, that she is my relation.

*Ld. H.* Her ladyship has chose an odd companion for young ladies.

*Camp.* Oh, my lady's a politician ; ' she told Tatleaid one day, that an old maid was the best guard for young ones ; for they, like eunuchs in a seraglio, ' are vigilant out of envy of enjoyment they cannot ' themselves arrive at.' But, as I was saying, I have sent my cousin Fardingale a song, which she and I are to practise to the spinnet—The young ladies will be by, and I am to be left alone with Lady Harriot ; then I design to make my grand attack, and to-day win or lose her. I know, sir, this is an opportunity you want—If you'll meet me at Tom's, have a letter ready, I will, myself, deliver it to your mistress, conduct you into the house, and tell her you are there, and find means to place you together. You must march under my command to-day, as I have many a one under yours.

*Ld. H.* But, faith, Tom, I shall not behave myself with half the resolution you have under mine ; for, to confess my weakness, though I know she loves me, though I know she is as stedfastly mine, as her heart can make her, I know not how, I have so sublime an idea of her high value, and such a melting tenderness dissolves my whole frame when I am near her, that my tongue falters, my nerves shake, and my heart so alternately

alternately sinks and rises, that my premeditated resolves vanish into confusion, down-cast eyes, and broken utterance.

*Camp.* Ha, ha, ha! this is a campaigner too! Why, my lord, that's the condition Harriot would have me in, and then she thinks she could have me; but I, that know her better than she does herself, know she would insult me, and lead me a two years dance longer, and, perhaps, in the end, turn me into the herd of the many neglected men of better sense, who have been ridiculous for her sake—But I shall make her no such sacrifice. 'Tis well my lady Charlotte's a woman of so solid an understanding; I don't know another that would not use you ill for your high value.

*Ld. H.* But, Tom, I must see your song you have sent your cousin Fardingale, as you call her.

*Camp.* This is lucky enough—[*Aside.*]—No, hang it, my lord, a man makes so silly a figure when his verses are reading—Trim, thou hast not left off thy loving and thy rhyming; Trim's a critic: I remember him a servitor at Oxon: [*Gives a paper to Trim.*] I give myself into his hands, because you shan't see them till I am gone—My lord, your servant—you shan't stir.

*Ld. H.* Nor you neither, then. [*Struggling.*]

*Camp.* You will be obeyed.

[*Exeunt*; Lord Hardy waits on him down.]

*Trim.* What is in this song—Ha!—don't my eyes deceive me?—a bill of three hundred pounds! [*Reads.*]

Mr. Cash,

Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or bearer, the sum of three hundred pounds, and place it to the account of

Sir,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS CAMPLEY.

[*Pulling off his hat, and bowing.*] Your very humble servant, good Mr. Campley. Ay, this is poetry; this is a song indeed—Faith, I'll set it, and sing it myself—Pray pay to Mr. William Trim—so far in recitative—Three hundred—[*Singing ridiculously.*]

*Joufly.*]—hun—dred—hundred—Hundred thrice repeated, because 'tis three hundred pounds: I love repetitions in music, when there is a good reason for it—Po—ds, after the Italian manner. If they would bring me such sensible words as these, I would outstrip all your composers for the music prize. This was honestly done of Mr. Campley: though I have carried him many a purse from my master, when he was ensign to our company in Flanders. [*Enter Lord Hardy.*] My lord, I am your lordship's humble servant.

*Ld. H.* Sir, your humble servant. But, pray, my good familiar friend, how came you to be so very much my humble servant all of a sudden?

*Trim.* I beg pardon, dear sir; my lord, I am not your humble servant.

*Ld. H.* No?

*Trim.* Yes, my lord, I am; but not as you mean—but I am—I am, my lord—In short, I am overjoyed.

*La. H.* Overjoyed! thou art distracted—What ails the fellow? Where is Campley's song?

*Trim.* Oh, my lord one would not think it was in him! Mr. Campley is really a very great poet—As for the song, it is only as they all end in rhyme—owe, woe; isses, kisses; boy, joy—but, my lord, the other in long heroic blank verse: [*Reading it with a great tone.*] Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or order, the sum of—How sweetly it runs!—Pactolian guineas chink in every line.

*Ld. H.* How very handsomely this was done in Campley! I wondered, indeed, he was so willing to shew his verses. In how careless a manner that fellow does the greatest actions!

*Trim.* My lord, pray, my lord, shan't I go immediately to Cutpurse's?

*Ld. H.* No, sirrah; now we have no occasion for it.

*Trim.* No, my lord, only to stare him full in the face after I have received this money, not say a word, but keep my hat on, and walk out: or, perhaps, not hear, if any I meet with speak to me: but grow stiff, deaf,

deaf, and short-sighted to all my old acquaintance, like a sudden rich man as I am; or, perhaps, my lord, desire Cutpurse's clerk to let me leave fifty pounds at their house, payable to Mr. William Trim, or order—till I come that way—or a month or two hence, may have occasion for it—I don't know what bills may be drawn upon me——Then, when the clerk begins to stare at me, till he pulls the great goose quill from behind his ear, [*Pulls a handful of farthings out.*] I fall a reckoning the pieces, as I do these farthings.

*Ld. H.* Well, firrah, you may have your humour, but be sure you take fourscore pounds, and pay my debts immediately—if you meet any officer you ever see me in company with, that looks grave at Cutpurse's house, tell him I'll speak with him—We must help our friends—But learn moderation, you rogue, in your good fortune; be at home all the evening after, while I wait at Tom's to meet Campley, in order to see lady Charlotte——

My good or ill in her alone is found,

And in that thought all other cares are drown'd.

[*Exit.*

*Trim.* Oh dear, dear, three hundred pounds. [*Exit.*

*Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton, and Trusty.*

*Sab.* Why, my lord, you can't in conscience put me off so; I must do according to my orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't consider the charges I have been at already.

*Ld. B.* Charges! for what?

*Sab.* First, twenty guineas to my lady's woman for notice of your death, (a fee I've before now known the widow herself go halves in) but no matter for that—in the next place, ten pounds for watching you all your long fit of sickness last winter——

*Ld. B.* Watching me? Why I had none but my own servants by turns.

*Sab.* I mean attending to give notice of your death. I had all your long fit of sickness, last winter, at half a crown a day, a fellow waiting at your gate to bring me intelligence, but you unfortunately recovered, and I lost all my obliging pains for your service.

B

*Ld. B.*



*Ld. B.* Ha! ha! ha! Sable, thou'rt a very impudent fellow. Half a crown a day to attend my decease, and dost thou reckon it to me?

*Sab.* Look you, gentlemen, don't stand staring at me—I have a book at home, which I call my doomsday-book, where I have every man of quality's age and distemper in town, and know when you should drop—Nay, my lord, if you had reflected upon your mortality, half so much as poor I have for you, you would not desire to return to life thus—in short, I cannot keep this a secret, under the whole money I am to have for burying you.

*Ld. B.* Trusty, if you think it safe in you to obey my orders after the deed Puzzle told his clerk of, pay it him—

*Truf.* I should be glad to give it out of my own pocket, rather than be without the satisfaction of seeing you witness to it.

*Ld. B.* I heartily believe thee, dear Trusty—

*Sab.* Then, my lord, the secret of your being alive is now safe with me.

*Truf.* I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconscionable dog. [*Aside.*]—My lord, you must to your closet—I fear somebody's coming—

[*Exeunt Sab. one way, and Ld. B. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE draws and discovers Lady Charlotte reading at a table—Lady Harriot playing at a glass to and fro, and viewing herself.

*L. Ha.* Nay, good sage sister, you may as well talk to me, [*Looking at herself as she speaks,*] as sit staring at a book, which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look on me now, and deny it if you can.

*L. Ch.* You are the maddest girl— [*Smiling.*]

*L. Ha.* Look ye, I knew you could not say it, and forbear laughing— [*Looking over Charlotte.*]—Oh, I see his name as plain as you do—F—r—a—n—Francis, 'tis in every line of the book.

*L. Ch.* [*Rising.*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent company—but granting

'twere

'twere as you say, as to my lord Hardy, 'tis more excusable to admire another, than one's self——

L. Ha. No, I think not—Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's person, but I don't admire myself——Pish! I don't believe my eyes have that softness—[*Looking in the glass.*] They an't so piercing: no, 'tis only stuff, the men will be talking——Some people are such admirers of teeth—Lord, what signifies teeth! [*Shewing her teeth.*] A very black-amoer has as white teeth as I——No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men——

L. Cb. Ay, but Mr. Campley will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear self——

L. Ha. Oh, what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder—A confident opinionative fop——No, indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung of both sexes,

The public envy, and the public care.

I shan't be so easily caught—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

L. Cb. Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

L. Ha. Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art—Speak your soul—Look you there—[*Hauling her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure, when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude of your mien!

L. Cb. Well, simpleton, if I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

L. Ha. Pshaw! pshaw! talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

L. Cb. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late—But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

L. Ha. The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the

forward thing did not think of getting me so easily—  
Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please—  
What makes the value of dear china, but that 'tis  
so brittle!—were it not for that, you might as well  
have stone mugs in your closet—

*L. Cb.* Hift, hift, here's Fardingle.

*Enter Fardingle.*

*Far.* Lady Harriot, lady Charlotte—I'll entertain  
you now; I've a new song, just come hot out of the  
poet's brain. Lady Charlotte, my cousin Campley  
writ it, and it's set to a pretty air, I warrant you.

*L. Ha.* 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his writ-  
ing. [*Flings away.*]

*Far.* Come, come, this is not one of your tringham  
trangham, witty things, that your poor poets write;  
no, 'tis well known my cousin Campley has two  
thousand pounds a year—But this is all dissimulation  
in you.

*L. Cb.* 'Tis so indeed, for your cousin's song's very  
pretty, Mrs. Fardingle. [*Reads.*]

Let not love on me bestow,  
Soft distress, and tender woe;  
I know none but substantial blisses,  
Eager glances, solid kisses;  
I know not what the lovers feign,  
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain;  
Then prythee give me, gentle boy,  
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

But Harriot thinks that a little unreasonable, to ex-  
pect one without enduring t'other.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* There's your cousin Campley to wait on you  
without—

*Far.* Let him come in—we shall have the song  
now—

*Enter Campley.*

*Camp.* Ladies, your most obedient servant—Your  
servant, lady Charlotte—Servant, lady Harriot—*[Har-  
riot looks grave upon him.]* What's the matter, dear lady  
Harriot—Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily  
concerned—*[Pulls out a bottle.]* This is a most excel-  
lent spirit—snuff it up, madam.

*L. Ha.*

*L. Ha.* Pish—the familiar coxcomb frets me heartily—

*Camp.* 'Twill be over, I hope, immediately.

*L. Cb.* Your cousin Fardingle has shewn us some of your poetry; there's the spinnet, Mr. Campley, I know you're musical.

*Camp.* You should not have called it my poetry.

*Far.* Who waits there—Pray bring my lute out of the next room—[*Enter servant with a lute.*] You must know I conn'd this song before I came in, and find it will go to an excellent air of old Mr. Laws's, who was my mother's intimate acquaintance: my mother's, what do I talk of? I mean my grand-mother's—Oh, here's the lute—Cousin Campley, hold the song upon your hat. [*Aside to him.*] 'Tis a pretty gallantry to a relation.

*Sings and squalls.*

*Let not love, &c.*

Oh, I have left off these things many a day.

*Camp.* No; I profess, madam, you do it admirably—but are not assured enough—Take it higher—[*In her own squall.*]—Thus—I know your voice will bear it.

*L. Ha.* Oh, hideous! Oh, the gross flatterer—I shall burst—Mrs. Fardingle, pray go on, the music fits the words most aptly—Take it higher, as your cousin advises.

*Far.* Oh, dear madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

*L. Cb.* We know it, good madam, we know it—But pray—

*Far.* Let not love, and substantial blisses, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the tune. [*Curtsies to the company.*] Now I took it higher.

*L. Ha.* Incomparably done! nothing can equal it, except your cousin sang his own poetry.

*Camp.* Madam, from my lord Hardy—[*Delivers a letter to Lady Charlotte.*] How do you say, my lady Harriot, except I sing it myself! then I assure you I will.

*L. Cb.* I han't patience, I must go read my letter.

[*Exit.*  
*Camp.*



*Camp.* [*Sings.*] Let not love, &c.

*Far.* Bless me, what's become of lady Charlotte?

[*Exit.*]

*L. Ha.* Mrs. Fardingle, Mrs. Fardingle, what, must we lose you? [*Campley runs to the door, takes the key out, and locks her in.*] What means this insolence? a plot upon me. Do you know who I am?

*Camp.* Yes, madam, you're my lady Harriot Love-ly, with ten thousand pounds in your pocket; and I am Mr. Campley, with two thousand a year—of quality enough to pretend to you—And I do design, before I leave this room, to hear you talk like a reasonable woman, as nature has made you. Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce, and discompose yourself and your dress.

*L. Ha.* If there are swords, if they are men of honour, and not all dastards, cowards that pretend to this injured person—— [*Running round the room.*]

*Camp.* Ay, ay, madam, let 'em come—That's putting me in my way, fighting's my trade—but you've used all mankind too ill to expect so much service—— in short, madam, were you a fool, I should not desire to expostulate with you—— [*Seizing her hand.*]

*L. Ha.* Unhand me, ravisher—[*Pulls her hand from him, and runs round the room, Campley after her.*]

*Camp.* But, madam, madam, madam, why madam! Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you, [*Sings.*]  
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you.

*L. Ha.* Age, wrinkles, small-pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to youth and bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a creature.

*Camp.* No such matter, Lady Harriot; I would not be a vain coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your servant. Was I immediately transformed because I became your lover?

*L. Ha.* My lover, sir? did I ever give you reason to think I admitted you as such?

*Camp.* Yes, you did in your using me ill—for if you did not assume upon the score of my pretending to you, how do you answer yourself some parts of your behaviour to me as a gentleman—'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good sense I know you  
mistress



mistress of. Do but consider, madam, I have long loved you—bore with this fantastic humour through all its mazes—Nay, do not frown—for 'tis no better

I say, I have bore with this humour, but would you have me with an unmanly servitude feed it?—No, I love with too sincere, too honest a devotion, and would have your mind as faultless as your person, which 'twould be, if you'll lay aside this vanity of being pursued with sighs, with flatteries, with nonsense.——[*She walks about less violently, but more confused.*] Oh, my heart akes at the disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it—[*Aside.*] Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you are in my power; I should be then too generous to thwart your inclination.

*L. Ha.* That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey reason as soon as I see it—[*Aside.*] Since so, Mr. Campley, I can as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an error, [Looking down on her fan.

*Camp.* Nay, that's too great a condescension. Oh, excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but justice in you to demand my knees, [*Kneeling.*] my sighs, my constant, tenderest regard and service—And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em——

*L. Ha.* Nay, Mr. Campley, you wont recal me to a fault you have so lately shewn me—I will not suffer this—no more ecstasies! But pray, sir, what was't you did to get my sister out of the room?

*Camp.* You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord Hardy there, who writ to her by me—For he is no ravisher, as you called me just now.—He is now in the house—And I would fain gain an interview.——

*L. Ha.* That they may have—But they'll make little use of it: for the tongue is the instrument of speech to us of a lower form; they are of that high order of lovers, who know none but eloquent silence, and can utter themselves only by a gesture that speaks their passion inexpressible——and what not fine things.

*Camp.* But pray let's go into your sister's closet, while they are together.

*L. Ha.* I swear I don't know how to see my sister—she'll laugh me to death to see me out of my par-touffes, and you and I thus familiar—However, I know she'll approve it.

*Camp.* You may boast yourself an heroine to her, and the first woman that was ever vanquished by hearing truth, and had sincerity enough to receive so rough an obligation, as being made acquainted with her faults—Come, madam, stand your ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus.

[*She leaning on Campley.*]

*L. Ha.* Who'll believe a woman's anger more? I've betray'd the whole sex to you, Mr. Campley.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Lord Hardy and Campley.*

*Camp.* My lord, her sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither—But be yourself—Charge her bravely—I wish she were a cannon—An eighteen-pounder for your sake—Then I know, were there occasion, you'd be in the mouth of her—

*Ld. H.* I long, yet fear to see her—I know I am unable to utter myself—

*Camp.* Come, retire here 'till she appears.

*Enter Lady Charlotte.*

*L. Ch.* Now is the tender moment now approaching. [*Aside.*] There he is [*They approach and salute each other, trembling.*] Your lordship will please to sit; [*After a very long pause, stolen glances, and irresolute gestures.*] your lordship, I think, has travelled those parts of Italy where the armies are—

*Ld. H.* Yes, madam.

*L. Ch.* I think I have letters from you, dated Mantua.

*Ld. H.* I hope you have, madam, and that their purpose—

*L. Ch.* My lord? [*Looking serious and confused.*]

*Ld. H.* Was not your ladyship going to say something?

*L. Ch.* I only attended to what your lordship was going to say—That is, my lord—But you were, I believe, going to say something of that garden of the world, I say—I am very sorry your misfortunes in England

England are such as make you justly regret your leaving that place.

*Ld. H.* There is a person in England may make those losses insensible to me.

*L. Cb.* Indeed, my lord, there have so very few of quality attended his majesty in the war, that your birth and merit may well hope for his favour.

*Ld. H.* I have, indeed, all the zeal in the world for his majesty's service, and most grateful affection for his person, but did not then mean him.

*L. Cb.* But can you indeed impartially say that our island is really preferable to the rest of the world, or is it an arrogance only in us to think so?

*Ld. H.* I profess, madam, that little I have seen has but more endeared England to me; for that medley of humours which perhaps distracts our public affairs, does, methinks, improve our private lives, and makes conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing—Every where else, both men and things have the same countenance—In France you meet with much civility and little friendship; in Holland, deep attention, but little reflection; in Italy, all pleasure, but no mirth—But here with us, where you have every where pretenders, or masters in every thing, you can't fall into company, wherein you shall not be instructed or diverted.

*L. Cb.* I never had an account of any thing from you, my lord, but I mourned the loss of my brother, you would have been so happy a companion for him—With that right sense of yours—My lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but justice—But you sent me word of your seeing a lady in Italy very like me——Did you visit her often?

*Ld. H.* Once or twice, but I observed her so loose a creature, that I could have killed her for having your person.

*L. Cb.* I thank you, sir; but Heaven that preserves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me—But your fellow-traveller—His relations themselves know not a just account of him.

*Ld. H.* The original cause of his fever was a violent passion for a fine young woman he had not power to

England

—speak to—but I told her his regard for her as passionately as possible.

*L. Ch.* You were to him, what Mr. Campley has been to you—Whither am I running—Poor—your friend—Poor gentleman.

*Ld. H.* I hope, then, as Campley's eloquence is greater, so has been his success.

*L. Ch.* My lord?

*Ld. H.* Your ladyship's.

*Enter Lady Harriot.*  
*L. Ha.* Undone! undone! Tattelaid has found, by some means or other, that Campley brought my Lord Hardy hither; we are utterly ruined, my lady's coming—

*Ld. H.* I'll stay and confront her.

*L. Ch.* It must not be—we are too much in her power.

*Enter Campley.*

*Camp.* Come, come, my lord, we're routed horse and foot—Down the back stairs, and so out.

[*Exeunt*]

*Ladies.* Ay, ay—

*L. Ha.* I tremble every joint of me—

*L. Ch.* I'm at a stand a little, but rage will recover me; she's coming in—

*Enter Widow.*

*Wid.* Ladies, your servant—I fear I interrupt you, have you company? Lady Harriot, your servant, Lady Charlotte, your servant? What, not a word—Oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon—Lady Charlotte did I say? My young Lady Brumpton, I wish you joy.

*L. Ch.* Oh, your servant, Lady Dowager Brumpton—That's an appellation of much more joy to you—

*Wid.* So smart, madam; but you should, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, madam, your conduct is seen through—

*L. Ch.* My conduct, Lady Brumpton!

*Wid.* Your conduct, Lady Charlotte!

[*Coming up to each other.*]

*L. Ch.* Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin disguises—

*Wid.* I seen? By whom!

*L. Ch.*

*L. Ch.* By an all-piercing eye; nay, by what you much more fear, the eye of the world—The world sees you, or shall see you: it shall know your secret intemperance, your public fasting—Loose poems in your closet, an homily on your toilette—Your easy skilful-practised hypocrisy, by which you wrought on your husband basely to transfer the trust and ward of us, two helpless virgins, into the hands and care of—I cannot name it—You're a wicked woman.

*L. Ha.* [*Aside.*] Oh, rare sister! 'Tis a fine thing to keep one's anger in stock by one; we that are angry and pleased every half hour, have nothing at all of this high-flown fury! Why, she rages like a princess in a tragedy! Blessings on her tongue——

*Wid.* Is this the effect of your morning lectures, your self-examination, all this fury.

*L. Ch.* Yes, it is, madam; if I take pains to govern my passions, it shall not give licence to others to govern 'em for me——

*Wid.* Well, lady Charlotte, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care, while there are locks and bars, to keep you from Lord Hardy—From being a leger lady, from carrying a knapsack.

*L. Ch.* Knapsack! Do you upbraid the poverty your own wicked arts have brought him to—Knapsack! Oh, grant me patience, can I hear this of the man I love? Knapsack! I have not words.

[*Stamps about the room.*]

*Wid.* I leave you to cool upon it; love and anger are very warm passions——

[*Exit.*]

*L. Ha.* She has locked us in——

*L. Ch.* Knapsack! Well, I will break walls to go to him—'I could sit down and cry my eyes out! Dear sister, what a rage have I been in?' Knapsack! I'll give vent to my just resentment—Oh, how shall I avoid this base woman, how meet that excellent man! 'What an helpless condition are you and I in now? If we run into the world, that youth and innocence, which should demand assistance, does but attract invaders. Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our sex is naturally indigent of protection?'—I hope 'tis in fate to crown our loves;



for it is only in the protection of men of honour that we are naturally truly safe; for the

And woman's happiness, for all her scorn,

Is only by that side whence she was born.

Exit Trim. Do you see Trim's gallantry? I shall laugh out.

ACT III.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

Ld. H. THAT jade Tattelaid saw me upon the stairs, for I had not patience to keep my concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you. Camp. But we have advice, however, it seems, from the garrison already—this mistress of Trim's is a mighty lucky accident——

Trim. Ay, gentlemen, she has free egress and regress, and you know the French are the best bred people in the world—she'll be assistant—but, faith, I have one scruple that hangs about me—and that is—Look you, my lord, we servants have no masters in their absence—In a word, when I am with mademoiselle, I talk of your lordship as only a particular acquaintance, that I do business indeed for you sometimes—I must needs say, cries I, that indeed my Lord Hardy is really a person I have a great honour for.

Ld. H. Pish! is that all? I understand you—your mistress does not know that you do me the honour to clean my shoes or so, upon occasion—Pr'ythee, Will, make yourself as considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your lesson is this—She out of her respect to me, and understanding Mr. Campley was an intimate of my friend my Lord Hardy, and condescending (though she is of a great house in France) to make mantua's for the improvement of the English—which gives her easy admittance—She, I say, moved by these promises, has vouchsafed to bring a letter from my Lady Harriot to Mr. Campley, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also, that she is dressed in the latest French

cut; her dress is the model of their habit, and herself of their manners—for she is—But you shall see her—

*[Exit. Enter woman's happiness for all her scorn.]*

*Ld. H.* This gives me some life!—Cheer up, Tom—but behold the solemnity—Do you see Trim's gallantry? I shall laugh out.

*Enter Trim leading in Mademoiselle.*

*Trim.* My dear Lord Hardy, this is Mademoiselle d'Epingle, whose name you've often heard me sigh—*[Lord Hardy salutes her.]* Mr. Campley—Mademoiselle d'Epingle. *[Campley salutes her.]*

*Mad.* Votre servante, gentlemen, votre servante—

*Cam.* I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your dress—shall I beg the favour you'd condescend to let Mr. Trim lead you once round the room, that I may admire the elegance of your habit—

*[Trim leads her round.]*

*Ld. H.* How could you ask such a thing?

*Cam.* Pshaw, my lord, you're a bashful English fellow—You see she is not surpris'd at it, but thinks me gallant in desiring it—Oh, madam, your air!—The negligence, the disengagement of your manner! Oh, how delicate is your noble nation—I swear, there's none but the clumsy Dutch and English would oppose such polite conquerors!—When shall you see an English woman so dressed?

*Mad.* De Engelse! poor barbarians, poor savages, dey know no more of de dress, but to cover dere nakedness *[Glides along the room.]* Dey be cloded, but no dressed—But, Monsieur Terim, which Monsieur Campley?

*Trim.* That's honest Tom Campley—

*Cam.* At your service, mademoiselle—

*Mad.* I fear I incur de censure, *[Pulling out the letter, and recollecting as loth to deliver it.]* but Mr. Terim being your intimate friend, and I designing to honour him in de way of an husband—So, so, how do I run away in discourse—I never make promise to Mr. Terim before, and now do it par accident—

*Cam.* Dear Will Trim is extremely obliging in having prevail'd upon you to do a thing, that the severity of your virtue, and the greatness of your quality, (though a stranger in the country you now ho-

nour

‘nour by your dwelling in it)’ would not let you otherwise condescend to—

*Mad.* Oh, monsieur! Oh, monsieur! you speak my very thoughts—Oh, I don’t know how! Pardon me to give a billet—it, so look! Oh fy! I cannot stay after it—[Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the room, then quite out, re-enters.] I beg ten thousand pardons for go so mal-a-propos. [Curtsies as going.]

*Ld. H.* Your servant, good madam—Mr. Trim, you know you command here—pray, if Madame d’Epingle will honour our cottage with longer stay, wait on her in and entertain her—Pray, sir, be free—

*Trim.* My lord, you know your power over me, I’m all complaisance— [Leads her out.]

*Camp.* Now to my dear epistle—

“Sir,

“There is one thing which you were too generous to touch upon in our last conversation—We have reason to fear the widow’s practices in relation to our fortune, if you are not too quick for her—I ask lady Charlotte whether this is not her sense to Lord Hardy—She says nothing, but lets me write on—These people always have, and will have admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HARRIOT LOVELY.”

My obedient servant! Thy obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—ten thousand thousand kisses on thee—Thou dear paper—Look you, my lord—What a pretty hand it is?

*Ld. H.* Why, Tom, thou dost not give me leave to see it—you snatch it to your mouth so—you’ll fustle the poor lady—

*Camp.* Look you, my lord, all along the lines, here went the pen, and through the white intervals her snowy fingers. Do you see, this is her name—

*Ld. H.* Nay, there’s lady Charlotte’s name too in the midst of the letter—Why, you’ll not be so unbecomingly conscionable—you’re so greedy, you’ll give me one kiss sure—

*Camp.*

*Camp.* Well, you shall, but you're so eager—don't bite me—for you shan't have it in your own hands—there, there, there—Let go my hand—O

*Ld. H.* What an exquisite pleasure there is in this foolery.—— But what shall we do?

*Camp.* I have a thought; pr'ythee, my lord, call Trim.

*Ld. H.* Ha, Trim——

*Camp.* Hold, Mr. Trim—You forget his mistress is there.

*Ld. H.* Gra'mercy—Dear Will Trim, step in hither.

*Camp.* Ay, that's something—— [*Enter Trim*] Trim, have not I seen a young woman sometimes carry Madam d'Epingle's trinkets for her, coming from my lady Brumpton's.

*Trim.* Yes, you might have seen such a one, she waits for her now.

*Camp.* Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dressed in that wench's clothes and attend your mistress in her stead thither? They'll not dream we should so soon attempt again.

*Trim.* Yes, I'll engage.

*Camp.* Then, we'll trust the rest to our good genius; I'll about it instantly——Harriot Lovely——

[*Exeunt, kissing the letter.*]

*Enter Widow and Tattleaid.*

*Wid.* This was well done of you; be sure you take care of their young ladyships; you shall, I promise you, have a snip in the sale of them.

*Tat.* I thank your good ladyship.

*Wid.* Is that the porter's paper of how-d'ye's?

*Tat.* Yes, Madam, he just sent it up; his general answer is, that you are as well as can be expected in your condition; but that you see nobody.

*Wid.* That's right—[*Reading names*] Lady Riggle. Lady Formal—Oh, that Riggle! a pert ogler—an indiscreet, silly thing, who is really known by no man, yet for her carriage justly thought common to all; and as Formal has only the appearance of virtue, so she has only the appearance of vice—— 'What chance, I wonder, put these contradictions to each other into the same coach, as you say they called.'

—Mrs.



—Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Winnifred Glebe, who are they?

Tat. They are the country great fortunes, have been out of town this whole year; they are those whom your ladyship said upon being very well-born, took upon them to be very ill bred.

Wid. Did I say so? Really I think it was apt enough; now I remember them——Lady Wrinkle: Oh, that smug old woman! there is no enduring her affectation of youth; but I plague her; I always ask whether her daughter in Wiltshire has a grandchild yet or not——Lady Worth: I can't bear her company, she has so much of that virtue in her heart, which I have in my mouth only. [*Aside.*]

—Mrs. After-day: Oh, that's she that was the great beauty, the mighty toast about town, that's just come out of the small-pox; she is horribly pitted, they say; I long to see her, and plague her with my condolence. 'Tis a pure ill-natured satisfaction to see one that was a beauty unfortunately move with the same languor, and softness of behaviour, that once was charming in her; to see, I say, her mortify, that used to kill; ha, ha, ha!——The rest are a catalogue of mere names or titles they were born to; an insipid croud of neither good nor bad. But you are sure these other ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming?

Tat. No, dear Madam; they are to ask for me.

Wid. I hear a coach—— [*Exit Tat.*] I have now an exquisite pleasure in the thought of surpassing my Lady Sly, who pretends to have out-grieved the whole town for her husband. They are certainly coming. Oh, no! here let me——thus let me sit and think——[*Widow on her couch; while she is raving, as to herself, Tattleaid softly introduces the ladies.*] Wretched, disconsolate as I am! Oh, welcome, welcome, dear, killing anguish! Oh, that I could lie down and die in my present heaviness! But what—how? Nay, my dear, dear lord, why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me? Wottoo, Wottoo! fright thy own trembling, shivering wife——

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me—— [*Pushes Tat.*

Tat. But which does distraction lead me to talk of charms?



THE FUNERAL

*Tat.* Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your ladyship's own woman. 'Tis I, Madam, that dress you, talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the house every day; 'tis I ———

*Wid.* Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left? Speak to me not, hold me not; I'll break the listening walls with my complaints. [*Looks surprised at seeing the company, then severely at Tattleaid.*] Ah Tattleaid! ———

*1 La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her; we would come in spite of her; we are your friends, and are as concerned as you are.

*Wid.* Ah, Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone woman! Oh, me! alas, alas! Oh, Oh! [*All join in her notes.*] I swoon! I expire! [*Faints.*]

*2 La.* Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is cordial to her. [*Exit Tattleaid.*]

*3 La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have patience; his lordship was old. To die is but going before in a journey we must all take.

*Enter Tattleaid, loaded with bottles; 3d Lady takes a bottle from her and drinks.*

*4 La.* Lord, how my Lady Fleer drinks! I have heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*]

*1 La.* But, Madam, don't you hear what the town says of the jilt, Flirt, the men liked so much in the Park?——Hark ye——was seen with him in a hackney coach——'and silk stockings'——key-hole——his wig——on the chair—— [*Whispers by interruption.*]

*2 La.* Impudent flirt, to be found out!

*3 La.* But I speak it only to you.

*4 La.* Nor I, but to one more. [*Whispers next woman.*]

*5 La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Madam. [*Whispers the Widow.*]

*Wid.* Sure 'tis impossible! the demure, prim thing——Sure all the world is hypocrisy——Well, I thank my stars, whatsoever sufferings I have, I have none in reputation. I wonder at the men; I could never think her handsome. She has really a good shape and complexion, but no mien; and no woman has the use of her beauty without mien. Her charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does distraction lead me to talk of charms?

*1 La.*

1 *La.* Charms! a chit's, a girl's charms!—Come, let us widows be true to ourselves, keep our countenances and our characters, and a fig for the maids, I mean the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our knowledge, why should not we for their ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' Sunday morning at church, I curtsied to you, and looked at a great fuff in a glaring light dress, next pew. That strong, masculine thing is a knight's wife, pretends to all the tenderness in the world, and would fain put the unweildy upon us, for the soft, the languid. She has of a sudden left her dairy, and sets up for a fine town lady; calls her maid Cissy, her woman, speaks to her by her surname of Mrs. Cherryst, and her great foot-boy of nineteen, big enough for a trooper, is stripped into a laced coat, now Mr. Page, forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh, I have seen her—Well, I heartily pity some people for their wealth; they might have been unknown else—You would die, Madam, to see her and her equipage: I thought the honest fat tits, her horses, were ashamed of their finery; they dragged on, as if they were all at plough, and a great bashful look'd booby behind, grasp'd the coach, as if he had held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some people think there is nothing but being fine to be genteel: but the high prance of the horses, and the brisk insolence of the servants in an equipage of quality, are inimitable: but to our own beasts and servants.

6 *La.* Now you talk of an equipage, I envy this lady the beauty she will appear in in a mourning coach; it will so become her complexion; I confess I myself mourned for two years for no other reason. Take up that hood there. Oh, that fair face with a veil!

*Wid.* Fie, fie, ladies?—But I have been told, indeed, black does become

7 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it, there is young Notbrain has long had (I'll be sworn) a passion for this lady: but I'll tell you one thing I fear she'll dislike, that is, he is younger than she is.

8 *La.*

3 *La.* No, that's no exception; but I'll tell you one, he is younger than his brother.

*Wid.* Ladies, talk not of such affairs. Who could love such an unhappy relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle story?

4 *La.* Why, he toasts you, and trembles where you are spoke of. It must be a match.

*Wid.* Nay, nay, you rally, you rally; but I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do.

[*Tattleaid whispers the Widow.*]

*Wid.* But I must beseech you, ladies, since you have been so compassionate as to visit and accompany my sorrow, to give me the only comfort I can now know, to see my friends chearful, and to honour an entertainment Tattleaid has prepared within for you. If I can find strength enough, I'll attend you; but I wish you would excuse me, for I have no relish of food or joy, but will try to get a bit down in my own chamber.

1 *La.* There is no pleasure without you.

*Wid.* But, Madam, I must beg of your ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh calamity, as to mention Nutbrain any more. I am sure there is nothing in it. In love with me, quoth-a! [*It led off.*]

[*Exeunt Ladies, &c.*  
*Enter Mademoiselle, and Campley in women's clothes, carrying her things.*]

*Mad.* I am very glad to be in de ladies antichamber; I was shamed of you, you yon such impudent look: besides, me wonder you were not seized by the constable, when you pushed de man into de kennel.

*Camp.* Why, should I have let him kissed me?

*Mad.* No; but if you had hit him wit fan, and say, why, sure, saucy-box, it been enough; beside, what you hitted de gentleman for offer kisse me?

*Camp.* I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleased with it.

*Mad.* Please! no; but me rader be kisse den you, Mr. Terim's friend be found out. Could not you say, when he kisse me, sure, saucy-box, dat's meat for your master. Besides, you take such strides when you

you walk.—Oh, fie! dese little pette tiny bits a woman steps. [*Showing her step.*]

*Camp.* But, pr'ythee, Mademoiselle, why have you lost your English tongue, all of a sudden? Methought, when the fellow called us French whores, as we came along; and said we came to starve their own people, you gave him pretty plain English; he was a dog, a rascal, you'd send to the stocks—

*Mad.* Ha, ha, ha! I was in a passion, and betrayed myself; but you are my lover's friend, and a man of honour, therefore know you will do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. Campley, you must know I can speak as good English as you; but I don't, for fear of losing my customers: the English will never give a price for any thing they understand. Nay, I have known some of your fools pretend to buy with good-breeding, and give any rate, rather than not be thought to have French enough to know what they are doing; 'strange and far-fetched things they only like; don't you see how they swallow gallons of the juice of tea, while their own dock-leaves are trod under foot.' Mum—my Lady Harriot. [*Enter Lady Harriot.*] Madame, votre servante, servante—

*L. Ha.* Well, Mademoiselle, did you deliver my letter?

*Mad.* Oui—

*L. Ha.* Well, and how? Is that it in your hand?

*Mad.* Oui—

*L. Ha.* Well, then, why don't you give it me?

*Mad.* Oh, fie, lady! dat be so right Englise; de Englise mind only de words of de lovers, but de words of de lovers are often lie, but de action no lie.

*L. Ha.* What does the thing mean? Give me my letter.

*Mad.* Me did not deliver your letter.

*L. Ha.* No!

*Mad.* No, me tell you me did drop it to see Mr. Campley, how cavalier take it up. As dese me did drop it, so Monsieur run to take it up.

[*They both run to take it up, Mad. takes it up.*]  
Dus he do—dere de letter—Very well, very well. Oh, l'amour! You act de manner Mr. Campley



Campley—take it up better than I; do you no see it?

[*They both run, Harriot gets it.*]

*L. Ha. [Reads.]*

“Madam,

I am glad you have mentioned what indeed I did not at that time think of, nor if I had, should I have known how to have spoken of. But bless me more than fortune can, by turning those fair eyes upon, Madam,

Your most faithful,

Most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS CAMPLEY.”

What does he mean?—But bless me more, by turning—Oh, ’tis he himself! [*Looking about, observes Camp. smile.*] Oh, the hoyden! the romp!—I did not think any thing could add to your native confidence; but you look so very bold in that dress, and your arms fall off, and your petticoats, how they hang—

*Camp.* Mademoiselle voulez vous de salville l’eau de Hongrie, chez Monsieur Marchant de Montpellier—Dis for your teet. [*Shewing his trinkets.*] De essence, a little book French for teach de elder broders make compliments. Will you, I say, have any thing that I have? Will you have all I have, Madam?

*L. Ha.* Yes, and for the humour’s sake, will never part with this box while I live. Ha, ha, ha!

*Camp.* But, Lady Harriot, we must not stand laughing; as you observe in your letter, delays are dangerous in this wicked woman’s custody of you; therefore, I must, Madam, beseech you, and pray, stay not on niceties, but be advised.

*L. Ha.* Mr. Campley, I have no will but yours.

*Camp.* Thou dear creature!—But [*Kisses her hand.*] hark’e, then you must change dresses with Mademoiselle, and go with me instantly.

*L. Ha.* What you please.

*Camp.* Madame d’Epingie, I must desire you to comply with a humour of gallantry of ours; you may be sure I’ll have an eye over the treatment you have upon



upon my account—only to change habits with Lady Harriot, and let her go while you stay.

*Mad.* Wit all my heart. [*Offers to undress herself.*]

*L. Ha.* What, before Mr. Campley?

*Mad.* Oh, Oh, very Anglaise! Dat is so Englise; all women of quality in France are dress and undress by a valet de chambre, de man chamber-maid help complexion better den de woman. [*Apart to Har.*]

*L. Ha.* Nay, that's a secret in dress, Mademoiselle, I never knew before; and am so unpolished an English-woman, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before my husband. Oh, indecency! Mr. Campley, do you hear what Mademoiselle says?—

*Mad.* Oh, hift! — Bagatelle.

*L. Ha.* Well, we'll run in, and be ready in an instant. [*Exeunt La. Harriot and Mademoiselle.*]

*Camp.* Well, I like her every minute better and better. What a delicate chastity she has! 'There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, (tho' they are honest too) that they lose their husbands' hearts for faults, which, if they have either good-nature or good-breeding, they know not how to tell them of. But,' how happy am I in such a friend as Hardy, such a mistress as Harriot!

Continue, Heav'n, a grateful heart to bless  
With faith in friendship, and in love success.

[*Exit.*]

## A C T IV.

*Enter Widow and Trusty.*

*Widow.*

**M**R. Trusty, you have, I do assure you, the same place and power in the management of my Lord Brumpton's estate, as in his life-time. I am reduced to a necessity of trusting him. [*Aside.*] However Tatleaid dissembles the matter, she must be privy to lady Harriot's escape, and Fardingle is as deep as them both, and I fear will be their ruin, which it is my

care and duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in lady Charlotte's affairs, she is able to pay services done for both. You have sense, and understand me.

[Exit Widow.

*Truf.* Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could wish another could with as much detestation as I do; but my poor old lord is so strangely, so bewitchedly enamoured of her, that even after this discovery of her wickedness, I see he could be reconciled to her; and though he is ashamed to confess to me, I know he longs to speak with her. If I tell lord Hardy all, to make his fortune, he would not let his father be dishonoured by a public way of separation. If things are acted privately, I know she will throw us all; there is no middle way; I must expose her, to make a re-union impracticable. Alas, how is honest truth banished the world, when we must watch the seasons and soft avenues to men's hearts, to gain it entrance, even for their own good and interest.

[Exit.

*Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.*

*Ld. H.* I forget my own misfortunes, dear Campley, when I reflect on your success.

*Camp.* I assure you it moderates the swell of joy that I am in, to think of your difficulties. I hope my felicity is previous to yours: my lady Harriot gives her service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our marriage, till your and lady Charlotte's affairs are in the same posture.

*Ld. H.* Where is my lady?

*Camp.* She is at my aunt's, my lord. But, my lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust matters with Mr. Trim, for leaving his mistress behind me; I fear he'll demand satisfaction of me.

*Trim.* No, Sir; alas, I can know no satisfaction while she is in jeopardy! therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by storming the castle, or other feat of arms, like a true enamoured swain as I am.

*Camp.* Since we are all three then expecting lovers, my lord, pr'ythee let us have that song of your's which suits our common purpose.

*Ld. H.*

‘ *Ld. H.* Call in the boy.

‘ *Enter a Boy, who sings the following Song.*

‘ Ye minutes, bring the happy hour,  
 ‘ And Chloe blushing to the bower ;  
 ‘ Then shall all idle flames be o’er,  
 ‘ Nor eyes or heart e’er wander more ;  
 ‘ Both, Chloe, fix’d for e’er on thee ;  
 ‘ For thou art all thy sex to me.

‘ A guilty is a false embrace ;  
 ‘ Corinna’s love’s a fairy-chace ;  
 ‘ Be gone, thou meteor, fleeting fire,  
 ‘ And all that can’t survive desire.  
 ‘ Chloe my reason moves and awe ;  
 ‘ And Cupid shot me when he saw.

‘ *Trim.* Look you, gentlemen, since, as you are  
 ‘ pleased to say, we are all lovers, and consequently  
 ‘ poets, pray do me the honour to hear a little air of  
 ‘ mine. You must know, then, I once had the mis-  
 ‘ fortune to fall in love below myself ; but things  
 ‘ went hard with us at that time, so that my passion,  
 ‘ or, as I may poetically speak, my fire, was in the  
 ‘ kitchen : it was towards a cook-maid ; but before I  
 ‘ ever saw Mrs. Deborah.

‘ *Ld. H.* Come on then, Trim, let us have it.

‘ *Trim.* I must run into next room for a lute. [*Exit.*

‘ *Camp.* This must be diverting. Can the rogue  
 ‘ play ?

‘ *Re-enter Trim, with a pair of tongs.*

‘ *Trim.* Dear Cynderaxa herself very well under-  
 ‘ stood this instrument, I therefore always sung this  
 ‘ song to it, as thus :

‘ Cynderaxa, kind and good,  
 ‘ Has all my heart and stomach too ;  
 ‘ She makes me love, not hate my food,  
 ‘ As other peevish wenches do.

‘ When Venus leaves her Vulcan’s cell,  
 ‘ Which all but I a coal-hole call,  
 ‘ Fly, fly, ye that above stairs dwell,  
 ‘ Her face is wash’d, ye vanish all.

‘ And

- ‘ And as she’s fair, she can impart
- ‘ That beauty to make all things fine ;
- ‘ Brightens the floor with wond’rous art,
- ‘ And at her touch the dishes shine.

- ‘ *Ld. H.* I protest, Will, thou art a poet indeed.
- ‘ And at her touch the dishes shine——And you touch
- ‘ your lute as finely.’

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* There is one Mr. Trusty below, would speak with my lord.

*Ld. H.* Mr. Trusty, my father’s steward ! What can he have to say to me ?

*Camp.* He is very honest, to my knowledge.

*Ld. H.* I remember, indeed, when I was turned out of the house, he followed me to the gate, and wept over me, for which I have heard he had like to have lost his place. But, however, I must advise with you a little, about my behavior to him. Let us in. Boy, bring him up hither ; tell him I’ll wait on him presently. [*Exit Boy.*] I shall want you, I believe, here Trim. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Boy and Trusty.*

*Boy.* My lord will wait on you here immediately.

[*Exit Boy.*]

*Truf.* ’Tis very well. These lodgings are but homely for the earl of Brumpton. Oh, that damned strumpet ! that I should ever know my master’s wife for such. How many thousand things does my head run back to ! After my poor father’s death, the good lord took me, because he was a captain in his regiment, and gave me education. I was, I think, three-and-twenty when this young lord was christened—What ado there was about calling him Francis ! [*Wipes his eyes.*] These are but poor lodgings for him. I cannot bear the joy, to think that I shall save the family from which I have had my bread.

*Enter Trim.*

*Trim.* Sir, my lord will wait on you immediately.

*Truf.* Sir, ’tis my duty to wait on him——[*As Trim is going.*] But, sir, are not you the young man that

attended him at Christ-church in Oxford, and have followed him ever since?

*Trim.* Yes, sir, I am.

*Truf.* Nay, sir, no harm; but you'll thrive the better for it.

*Trim.* I like this old fellow; I smell more money.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

*Truf.* I think it is now eight years since I saw him; he was not then nineteen, when I followed him to the gate, and gave him fifty guineas, which I pretended his father sent after him.

*Enter Lord Hardy.*

*Ld. H.* Mr. Trusty, I am very glad to see you; you look very hale and jolly; you wear well; I am glad to see it—But your commands to me, Mr. Trusty?

*Truf.* Why, my lord, I presume to wait upon your lordship—My lord, you are strangely grown; you are your father's very picture; you are he, my lord; you are the very man that looked so pleased to see me look so fine in my laced livery, to go to court. I was his page, when he was just such another as you. He kissed me afore a great many lords, and said I was a brave man's son, that had taught him to exercise his arms. I remember he carried me to the great window, and bid me be sure to keep in your mother's sight in all my finery. She was the finest young creature; 'the maids of honour hated to see her at court.' My lord then courted my good lady. She was as kind to me on her death-bed; she said to me, Mr. Trusty, take care of my lord's second marriage, for that child's sake: she pointed as well as she could to you; you fell a-crying, and said, she should not die; but she did, my lord; she left the world, and no one like her in it. Forgive me, my honoured master, [*Weeps, runs to my lord, and hugs him.*] I've often carried you in these arms that grasp you, they were stronger then; but if I die to-morrow you're worth five thousand pounds by my gift; 'tis what I've got in the family, and I return it to you with thanks—but alas, do I live to see you want it?

*Ld. H.* You confound me with all this tenderness and generosity.

*Truf.*



*Truf.* I'll trouble you no longer, my lord—but

*Ld. H.* Call it not a trouble; for

*Truf.* My good lord, I will not, I say, indulge myself in talking fond tales that melt me, and interrupt my story; my business to your lordship, in one word, is this; I am in good confidence at present with my lady Dowager, and I know she has some fears upon her, which depend upon the nature of the settlement to your disfavour; and under the rose—be yourself—I fear your father has not had fair play for his life—be composed, my lord. What is to be done in this? We'll not apply to public justice in this case, till we see farther; 'twill make it noisy, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a detachment of your company, seize the corpse as it goes out of the house this evening to be interred in the country, 'twill only look like taking the administration upon yourself, and commencing a suit for the estate; she has put off the lying in state, and lady Harriot's escape with Mr. Campley makes her fear he will prove a powerful friend, both to the young ladies and your lordship. She cannot with decency be so busy, as when the corpse is out of the house, therefore hastens it. I know your whole affair; leave the care of lady Charlotte to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that she may'n't be frightened, and dispose of her safely to observe the issue.

*Ld. H.* I wholly understand you, it shall be done.

*Truf.* I'm sure I am wanted this moment for your interest at home. This ring shall be the passport of intelligence, for whom you send to assault us, and the remittance of it sealed with this, shall be authentic from within the house.

*Ld. H.* 'Tis very well.

*Truf.* Hope all you can wish, my lord, from a certain secret relating to the estate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I see you. [Exit.]

*Ld. H.* Your servant—This fellow's strangely honest—Ha! Will.

*Enter 'Campley and' Trim.*

Will, don't the recruits wait for me to see them at their parade before this house?

*Trim.* Yes, and have waited these three hours.

*Ld. H.* Go to them, I'll be there myself immediately: we must attack with them, if the rogues are sturdy, this very evening.

*Trim.* I guess where—I'm overjoyed at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in chief.

*Ld. H.* I design you shall. [*Trim runs out jumping.*]

*Camp.* You seem, my lord, to be in deep meditation!

*Ld. H.* I am so, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with. [*Ex.*]

*Enter Trim, with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a Cane.*

*1 Sol.* Why then I find, Mr. Trim, we shall come to blows before we see the French—

*Trim.* Hark'ee, friend, 'tis not your affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us commanders —

*2 Sol.* The French! pox, they are but a company of scratching civet-cats—They fight?

*Trim.* Hark'ee, don't bluster—were not you a little mistaken in your facings at Steenkirk?

*2 Sol.* I grant it; you know I have an antipathy to the French—I hate to see the dogs—Look you here, gentlemen, I was shot quite through the body—Look you.

*Trim.* Pry thee, look, where it entered at your back.

*2 Sol.* Look you, Mr. Trim, you will have your joke, we know you are a wit—But what's that to a fighting man?

*Enter Kate.*

*Kate.* Mr. Trim,—Mr. Trim—

*Trim.* Things are not as they have been, Mrs. Kate, I now pay the company—and we that pay money expect a little more ceremony—

*Kate.* Will your honour please to taste some right French brandy?

*Trim.* Art thou sure, good woman, 'tis right? [*Drinks.*] How—French—pray—nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the men— [*Drinks.*]

*Kate.* Pray, good master, have you spoke to my lord about me?

*Trim.* I have, but you shall speak to him yourself —thou

—thou hast been a true campaigner, Kate, and we must not neglect thee—Do you sell grey pease yet of an evening—Mrs. Matchlock—*[Drinks again.]*

*Kate.* Any thing to turn the penny; but I got more by crying pamphlets this year, than by any thing I have done a great while—Now I am married into the company again, I design to cross the seas next year. But, master, my husband, a Temple porter, and a parliament-man's footman, last night by their talk made me think there was danger of a peace; why, they said all the prime people were against a war.

*Trim.* No, no, Kate, never fear, you know I keep great company; all men are for war, but some would have it abroad, and some would have it at home in their own country.

*Kate.* Ay, say you so? drink about, gentlemen, not a farthing to pay; a war is a war, be it where it will;—but pray, Mr. Trim, speak to my lord, that when these gentlemen have shirts I may wash for them.

*Trim.* I tell you, if you behave well to-night, you shall have a fortnight's pay each man as a reward; but there's none of you industrious: there's a thousand things you might do to help out about this town—as to cry—puff—puff pies. Have you any knives or scissars to grind—or late in an evening, whip from Grubstreet strange and bloody news from Flanders—votes from the House of Commons—buns, rare buns—old silver lace, cloaks, suits, or coats—old shoes, boots or hats. But here, here, here's my lord a coming—here's the captain; fall back into the rank—There move up in the center.

*Enter Lord Hardy and Campley.*

*Ld. H.* Let me see whether my ragged friends are ready and about me.

*Kate.* Ensign Campley, ensign Campley, I am overjoyed to see your honour; ha! the world's surely altered, ha!

*Camp.* It is so, 'faith, Kate; why, art thou true to the cause, with the company still, honest Amazon!

*Kate.* Dear soul, not a bit of pride in him; but

won't your honour help me in my business? With my lord? Speak for me, noble ensign, do.

*Camp.* Speak to him yourself, I'll second you.

*Kate.* Noble captain, my lord, I suppose Mr. Trim has told your honour about my petition: I have been a great sufferer in the service; 'tis hard for a poor woman to lose nine husbands in a war, and no notice taken; nay, three of them, alas, in the same campaign, where the woman stands that says it, I never stripped a man 'till I first tried if he could stand on his legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair plunder, except our adjutant, and he was a puppy that made my eighth husband run the gauntlet for not turning his toes out.

*Ld. H.* Well, we'll consider thee, Kate; but fall back into the rear. A roll of what gentlemen soldiers.

*Trim. to Bumkin.* Do you hear that, my lord himself can't deny but we are all gentlemen as much as his honour—

*Ld. H. reading.* Gentlemen soldiers quartered in and about Guy-Court in Vinegar Yard, in Russel-Court in Drury-Lane; belonging to the honourable captain Hardy's company of foot—So, answer to your names, and march off from the left—Corporal Swagger, march easy that I may view you as you pass by me; drums, Simon Ruffle, Darby Tatoo—there's a shilling for you—Tatoo, be always so tight: how does he keep himself so clean?

*Trim.* Sir, he is a tragedy-drum to one of the play-houses.

*Ld. H.* Private gentlemen—Alexander Cowitch, Humphrey Mundungus, William Faggot, Nicholas Scab, Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Duff, Humphrey Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.

*Camp.* What, is Matchlock come back to the company? that's the fellow that brought me off at Steenkirk.

*Ld. H.* No, Sir, 'tis I am obliged to him for that; [Offering to give him money] there, friend; you shall want for nothing, I'll give thee a halbert too.

*Kate.* O brave me! shall I be a serjeant's lady—

*Trim.* I'll come take your orders.

faith I'll make the drums, and the corporals wives, and company-keepers know their distance.

*Camp.* How far out of the country did you come to list? Don't you come from Cornwall? How did you bear your charges?

*Match.* I was whipt from constable to constable—

*Trim.* Ay, my lord, that's due by the courtesy of England to all that want in red coats; besides, there's an act that makes us free of all corporations, and that's the ceremony of it.

*Camp.* But what pretence had they for using you so ill, you did not pilfer?

*Match.* I was found guilty of being poor.

*Camp.* Poor devil!

*Ld. H.* Timothy Ragg—Oh, Ragg! I thought when I gave you your discharge just before the peace, we should never have had you again; how came you to list now?

*Ragg.* To pull down the French king.

*Ld. H.* Bravely resolved—but pull your shirt into your breeches, in the mean time—Jeffrey Tatter—what's become of the skirts and buttons of your coat?

*Tatter.* In our last cloathing, in the regiment I served in before, the colonel had one skirt before, the agent one behind, and every captain of the regiment a button.

*Ld. H.* Hush, you rogue, you talk mutiny. [*Smiling.*]

*Trim.* Ay, sirrah, what have you to do with more knowledge than that of your right hand from your left? [*Hits him a blow on the head.*]

*Ld. H.* Hugh Clump—Clump, thou growest a little too heavy for marching.

*Trim.* Ay, my lord, but if we don't allow him the pay, he'll starve, for he's too lame to get into the hospital.

*Ld. H.* Richard Bumpkin—Ha! a perfect country hick—how came you, friend, to be a soldier?

*Bump.* An't please your honour, I have been crossed in love, and am willing to seek my fortune.

*Ld. H.* Well, I've seen enough of them—if you mind your affair, and act like a wise general, these fellows may do—come, take your orders. [*Trim*



*puts his hat on his stick, while my lord is giving him the ring, and whispers orders.]* Well, gentlemen, do your business manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

*All.* Bless your honour. [*Exe. Lord H. and Campley.*]

*Trim.* Now, my brave friends and fellow-soldiers — [*aside.*] I must fellow-soldier them just before battle, like a true officer, though I cane them all the year round beside — [*Strutting about.*] Major-General Trim, no, pox, Trim sounds so very short and priggish — that my name should be a monosyllable! But the foreign news will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier Trimont. Seigneur Trimoni, or count Trimuntz, in the German army, I shall perhaps be called; ay, that's all the plague and comfort of us great men, they do so toss our names about — But, gentlemen, you are now under my command — Huzza! thrice — faith, this is very pleasing, this grandeur! why, after all, it is upon the neck of such scoundrels as these gentlemen, that we great captains build our renown — A million or two of these fellows make an Alexander, and as that my predecessor did in the tragedy of him on the very same occasion, going to storm for his Statira, so do I for my dear sempstresses, madam d'Epingle.

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;

'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.

*Now —* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. *Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.*

*Tru.* SHE knows no moderation in her good fortune; 'she has, out of impatience to see herself in her weeds, ordered her mantua-woman to 'kitch up any thing immediately' — You may hear her and Tattleaid laugh aloud — she is so wantonly merry.

*Ld. B.* But this of Lady Charlotte is the very utmost of all ill — 'Pray read — but I must sit — my late fit of the gout makes me act with pain and constraint — let me see —'

*Tru.* She writ it by the page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their passages.

*L. B.*

*Ld. B. [reads.]*

“ You must watch the occasion of the servants being gone out of the house with the corpse; Tattle-aid shall conduct you to my Lady Charlotte’s apartment—away with her—and be sure you bed her—

Your affectionate sister, Mary Brumpton.”

Brumpton! The creature—She called as Frank’s mother was? Brumpton! the succuba! What a devil incarnate have I had in my bosom? Why, the common abandoned town-women would scruple such an action as this—“Tho’ they have lost all regard to their own chastity, they would be tender of another’s—why sure she had no infancy—She never had virginity, to have no compassion through memory of her own former innocence”—This is to forget her very humanity—her very sex—Where is my poor boy? where’s Frank? does not he want! how has he lived all this time?—not a servant, I warrant, to attend him—what company can he keep? what can he say of his father?

*Truf.* Though you made him not your heir, he is still your son—and has all the duty and tenderness in the world for your memory ———

*Ld. B.* It is impossible, Trusty, it is impossible—I will not rack myself with the thought. That one I have injured can be so very good—Keep me in countenance—tell me he hates my very name—wou’d not assume my title, because it descends from me—What’s his company?

*Truf.* Young Tom Campley, they are never asunder.

*Ld. B.* I am glad he has my pretty tattler—the chearful innocent—Harriot—I hope he’ll be good to her—he’s good-natured and well-bred—

*Truf.* But, my lord, she was very punctual in ordering the funeral ——— she bid Sable be sure to lay you deep enough ——— she had heard such stories of the wicked sextons taking up people — but I wish, my lord, you would please to hear her and Tattleaid once more ———

*Ld. B.* I know to what thy zeal tends—but I tell you, since you cannot be convinc’d but that I have still a softness for her—I say tho’ I had so, it should never make me transgress that scrupulous honour that

becomes a peer of England——if I could forget injuries, done myself thus gross——I never will to those done my friends——You knew Charlotte's worthy father——no——there's no need of my seeing more of this woman——I behold her now with the same eyes that you do——there's a meanness in all she says or does——she has a great wit but a little mind——something ever wanting to make her appear my Lady Brumpton——she has nothing natively great. You see I love her not——I talk with judgment of her——

*Truf.* I see it, my good Lord, with joy I see it——nor care how few things I see more in this world——my satisfaction is compleat——welcome old age——welcome decay——'tis not decay, but growth to a later being. *[Exit, leading Ld. B.]*

*Re-enter Trusty meeting Cabinet.*

*Truf.* I have your letter, Mr. Cabinet.

*Cab.* I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my nature to be guilty of so much baseness; but being born a gentleman, and bred out of all road of industry in that idle manner too many are, I soon spent a small patrimony; and being debauched by luxury, I fell into the narrow mind to dread no infamy like poverty——which made me guilty, as that paper tells you——and had I not writ to you, I am sure I never could have told you of it.

*Truf.* It is an ingenuous, pious penitence in you——my Lord Hardy——(to whom this secret is inestimable) is a noble-natured man——and you shall find him such——I give you my word——

*Cab.* I know, Sir, your integrity——

*Truf.* But pray be there——all that you have to do is to ask for the gentlewoman at the house at my Lord Hardy's——she'll take care of you——And pray have patience, where she places you, 'till you see me.

*[Exit Cab.]* My Lord Hardy's being at an house where they receive lodgers, has allowed me convenience to place every body I think necessary to be by at her discovery——This prodigious welcome secret! I see, however impracticable honest actions may appear, we may go on with just hope.

How could it then, Robin, leave thy nuts and me?

All that is ours, is to be justly bent,  
 And Heav'n in its own cause will bless th' event.  
 [Exit.]

*Enter Trim and his Party.*

*Trim.* March up, march up——Now we are  
 near the citadel—and halt only to give the necessary  
 orders for the engagement—Ha! Clump, Clump,  
 When we come to Lord Brumpton's door, and you  
 see us conveniently disposed about the house——  
 you are to wait till you see a corpse brought out of  
 the house——then to go up to him you observe the  
 director, and ask importunately for an alms to a  
 poor soldier——for which you may be sure you  
 shall have a good blow or two——but if you have  
 not, be saucy till you have——Then when you see  
 a file of men got between the house and the body  
 —A file of men, Bumpkin, is six men—I say, when  
 you see the file in such a posture, that half the file  
 may face to the house, half to the body——you are  
 to fall down, crying murder, that the half file faced  
 to the body may throw it and themselves over  
 you——I then march to your rescue——Then,  
 Swagger, you and your party fall in to secure my  
 rear, while I march off with the body——These  
 are the orders——and this, with a little improve-  
 ment of my own, is the same disposition Villeroy  
 and Catinat made at Chiari. [Marches off with his  
 party.]

*Enter Widow in deep mourning, with a dead squirrel on  
 her arm, and Tattleaid.*

*Wid.* It must be so—It must be your carelessness—  
 What had the page to do in my bed-chamber?

*Par.* Indeed, Madam, I can't tell—But I came in  
 and catch'd him wringing round his neck——

*Wid.* Tell the rascal from me—he shall romp with  
 the footmen no more——No——I'll send the rogue  
 in a frock to learn Latin among the dirty boys that  
 come to good—I will—But it is ever so among these  
 creatures that live on one's superfluous affections; a  
 lady's woman, page, and squirrel, are always rivals.

Poor harmless animal——pretty ev'n in death.

Death might have over-look'd thy little life——

How could'st thou, Robin, leave thy nuts and me?

How was't, importunate dearest, thou should'st die ?  
 • Thou never didst invade thy neighbour's soils :  
 • Never mad'st war with specious shews of peace :  
 • Thou never hast depopulated regions,  
 • But chearfully didst bear thy little chain,  
 • Content—So I but fed thee with this hand.

*Tat.* Alas ! alas ! we are all mortal : consider, Madam, my Lord's dead too.

*Wid.* Ay, but our animal friends do wholly die ; an husband or relation, after death, is rewarded or tormented—that's some consolation—I know her tears are false, for she hated Robin always—  
*[aside.]* But she's a well-bred dishonest servant, that never speaks a painful truth—But I'll resolve to conquer my affliction—Never speak more of Robin—Hide him there—But to my dress—How soberly magnificent is black—and the train—I wonder how widows came to wear such long tails !

*Tat.* Why, Madam, the stateliest of all creatures has the longest tail, the peacock, nay't has of all creatures the finest mien too—except your ladyship, who are a phoenix—

*Wid.* Ho ! brave Tattleaid—But did not you observe what a whining my Lady Sly made, when she had drank a little ? Did you believe her ? Do you think there are really people sorry for their husbands ?

*Tat.* Really, madam, some men do leave their fortunes in such distraction, that I believe it may be—  
*[Speaks with pins in her mouth.]*

*Wid.* But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus—I protest, when all my equipage is ready, and I move in full pageantry, I shall fancy myself an ambassadress from the commonwealth of women, the distressed state of Amazonia—to treat for men—But I protest I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave face—methinks they should laugh out like 'two fortune-tellers, or' two opponent lawyers that know each other for cheats.

*Tat.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! I swear to you, madam, your ladyship's wit will choke me one time or other—I had like to have swallowed all the pins in my mouth—

*Wid.* But, Tatty, to keep house six weeks, that's  
 ' another



‘another barbarous custom; but the reason of it, I suppose, was, that the base people should not see people of quality may be as afflicted as themselves—

‘*Tat.* No; ’tis because they should not see them as merry as themselves.

‘*Wid.* Ha! ha! ha! hussey, you never said that you spoke last—why ’tis jest—’tis satire—I’m sure you saw it in my face, that I was going to say it—’twas too good for you—Come, lay down that sentence and the pin-cushion, and pin up my shoulder—Hark’ye, hussey, if you shou’d, as I hope you won’t, outlive me, take care I an’t buried in flannel, ’twould never become me, I’m sure—That they can be as merry: well, I’ll tell my new acquaintance—What’s her name?—she that reads so much, and writes verses—her husband was deaf the first quarter of a year—I forget her name—That expression she’ll like—Well, that woman does divert me strangely.—I’ll be very great with her—she talk’d very learnedly of the ridicule, ’till she was ridiculous—then she spoke of the decent—of the agreeable—of the insensible—she designs to print the discourse—but of all things I like her notion of the insensible.

‘*Tat.* Pray, madam, how was that?

‘*Wid.* A most useful discourse to be inculcated in our teens—the purpose of it is to disguise our apprehension in this ill-bred generation of men, who speak before women what they ought not to hear—As now, suppose you were a spark in my company, and you spoke some double entendre—I look thus! but be a fellow, and you shall see how I’ll use you—The insensible is useful upon any occasion, where we seemingly neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary common case—Now, suppose a coxcomb dancing, prating, and playing his tricks before me to move me—without pleasure or distaste in my countenance I look at him—just thus—but—Ha! ha! ha! I have found out a supplement to this notion of the insensible, for my own use, which is infallible, and that is, to have always in my head all that they can say

or do to me—so never be surprised with laughter,  
the occasion of which is always sudden—

*Tat.* Oh, my Lady Brumpton [*Tattleaid bows and cringes.*] My lady, your most obedient servant—

*Wid.* Look you, wench, you see, by the art of insensibility, I put you out of countenance, though you were prepared for an ill reception—

*Tat.* Oh! madam—how justly are you formed for what is now fallen to you, the empire of mankind—

*Wid.* O sir, that puts me out of all my insensibility at once—that was so gallant— [*A noise within.—Bring him along, bring him along.*] Ha! what noise is that—that noise of fighting—Run, I say—Whither are you going—What, are you mad—Will you leave me alone—Can't you stir—What, you can't take your message with you—Whatever 'tis, I suppose you are not in the plot; not you—Nor that now they're breaking open my house for Charlotte—Not you—Go see what's the matter, I say—I have nobody I can trust—One [*Exit Tattleaid.*] minute I think this wretch honest, and the next false—Whither shall I turn me?

*Tat.* Madam—Madam! [*Re-entering.*]

*Wid.* Madam, madam, will you swallow me gaping—

*Tat.* Pray, good my lady, be not so out of humour—But there is a company of rogues have set upon our servants and the burial man's, while others ran away with the corpse—

*Wid.* How, what can this mean? what can they do with it! Well, 'twill save the charge of interment—But to what end?

*Enter Trully, and a servant bloody and dirty, hauling in Clump and Bumpkin.*

*Ser.* I'll teach you better manners—I'll poof soldier you—You dog you, I will—Madam, here are two of the rascals that were in the gang of rogues that carried away the corpse—

*Wid.* We'll examine them apart—Well, sirrah, what are you? whence came you? what's your name? sirrah. [*Clump makes signs as a dumb man.*]

*Ser.* O, you dog, you could speak loud enough just now,

now, sirrah, when your brother rogues mauled Mr. Sable—we'll make you speak, sirrah——

*Wid.* Bring the other fellow hither—I suppose you will own you knew that man before you saw him at my door?

*Clump.* I think I have seen the gentleman's face.  
[*Bowing to Bumpkin.*]

*Wid.* The gentleman's! the villain mocks me—But, friend, you look like an honest man, what are you? whence come you? What are you, friend?

*Bump.* I se at present but a private gentleman, but I was listid to be a serjeant in my lord Hardy's company—I se not ashamed of my name, nor of my kop-tin——

*Wid.* Leave the room all. [*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleaid.*]  
—Mr. Trusty—Lord Hardy! O that impious young man—thus, with the sacrilegious hands of ruffians to divert his father's ashes from their urn, and rest—I suspect this fellow. [*Aside.*] Mr. Trusty, I must desire you to be still near me—I'll know the bottom of this, and go to lord Hardy's lodgings, as I am, instantly—'Tis but the backside of this street, I think—Let a coach be called—Tattleaid, as soon as I am gone—conduct my brother and his friends to lady Charlotte, away with her—bring Mademoiselle away to me—that she may not be a witness—Come, good Mr. Trusty. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lord Hardy, leading Harriot; Campley and Trim.*

*L. Ha.* Why then I find this Mr. Trim is a perfect general—but I'll assure you, sir, I'll never allow you an hero, who could leave your mistress behind you; you should have broke the house down, but you should have brought Mademoiselle with you.—

*Trim.* No, really, madam, I have seen such strange fears come into the men's heads, and such strange resolutions into the women's, upon the occasion of ladies following a camp, that I thought it more discreet to leave her behind me—my success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here——

*L. Ha.* A good intelligent arch fellow this. [*aside.*] But were not you saying, my lord, you believed

lieved lady Brumpton would follow hither?—if so, pray let me be gone——

*Ld. H.* No, madam; I must beseech your ladyship to stay, for there are things alledged against her which you, who have lived in the family, may, perhaps, give light into, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

*L. Ha.* Nay, my lord, that's generous to a folly, for even for her usage of you, (without regard to myself) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come into the head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing woman.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* My lady Brumpton's below——

*L. Ha.* I'll run then——

*Camp.* No, no, stand your ground; you're a soldier's wife. Come, we'll rally her to death.——

*Ld. H.* Pr'ythee entertain her a little, while I go in for a moment's thought on this occasion. [*Exit.*

*L. Ha.* She has more wit than us both——

*Camp.* Pshaw, no matter for that——Be sure, as soon as the sentence is out of my mouth, to clap in with something else—and laugh at all I say; I'll be grateful, and burst myself at my pretty witty wife—We'll fall in slap upon her—She shan't have time to say a word of the running away. [*Enter Lady Brumpton and Trusty.*] O, my lady Brumpton, your ladyship's most obedient servant. This is my lady Harriot Campley——Why, madam, your ladyship is immediately in your mourning—Nay, as you have more wit than any body, so (what seldom wits have) you have more prudence too—Other widows have nothing in readiness but a second husband—but you, I see, had your very weeds and dress lying by you——

*La. H.* Ay, madam; I see your ladyship is of the order of widowhood, for you have put on the habit——

*Wid.* I see your ladyship is not of the profession of virginity, for you have lost the look on't——

*Camp.* You're in the habit—That was so pretty; nay, without flattery, lady Harriot, you have a great deal of wit, ha! ha! ha!

*La. H.* No, my lady Brumpton here is the woman of

of wit; but indeed she has got but little enough, considering how much her ladyship has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

*Wid.* I'm sorry, madam, your ladyship has not what's sufficient for your occasions, or that this pretty gentleman can't supply them—[*Campley dancing about and trolling.*] Hey-day, I find, sir, your heels are a great help to your head—They relieve your wit, I see; and I don't question but ere now they have been as kind to your valour; ha! ha!

*Camp.* Pox, I can say nothing, 'tis always thus with your endeavours to be witty. [*Aside.*] I saw, madam, your mouth go, but there could be nothing offered in answer to what my lady Harriot said—'Twas home—'Twas cutting satire—

*Ld. H.* Oh, Mr. Campley! But pray, madam, has Mr. Cabinet visited your ladyship since this calamity—How stands that affair now?

*Wid.* Nay, madam, if you already want instructions—I'll acquaint you how the world stands, if you are in distress—but I fear Mr. Campley overhears us.

*Camp.* And all the tune the pipers played, was toll-toll-doroll—I swear, lady Harriot, were I not already yours, I could have a tendre for this lady.

*Wid.* Come, good folks, I find we are very free with each other—What makes you two here? Do you board my lord, or he you? Come, come, ten shillings a head will go a great way in a family—What do you say, Mrs. Campley, is it so? Does your ladyship go to market yourself?—Nay, you are in the right of it—Come—can you imagine what makes my lord stay?—He is not now with his land steward—not signing leases, I hope; ha! ha! ha!

*Camp.* Hang her, to have more tongue than a man and his wife too—

[*Aside.* Enter Lord Hardy.

*Ld. H.* Because your ladyship is, I know, in very much pain in company you have injur'd—I'll be short—Open those doors—there lies your husband's, my father's body, and by you stands the man accuses you of poisoning him!

*Wid.* Of poisoning him!

*Truf.* The symptoms will appear upon the corpse.



*Ld. H.* But I am seized by nature—How shall I view a breathless lump of clay—Him whose high veins conveyed to me this vital force and motion. I cannot bear this sight—

I am as fix'd and motionless as he—

*[They open the coffin, out of which jumps Lady Charlotte.]*

Art thou the ghastly shape my mind had form'd!

Art thou the cold inanimate—Bright maid!

Thou giv'st new higher life to all around.

Whither does fancy, fir'd with love convey me!

• Whither transported by my pleasing fury!

• The season vanishes at thy approach;

• 'Tis morn, 'tis spring—

• Daisies and lilies strow thy flow'ry way.

Why is my fair unmov'd—My heav'nly fair;

Does she but smile at my exalted rapture?

*L. Ch.* Oh, sense of praise to me unselt before,

Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive ear:

How sweet applause is from an honest tongue!

• Thou lov'st my mind—Hast well affection plac'd;

• In what, nor time, nor age, nor care, nor want can

alter.

Oh, how I joy in thee—My eternal lover;

• Immutable as the object of thy flame!

• I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,

• Pure I approach thee—Nor did I with empty shows

• Gorgeous attire, or studied negligence;

• Or song, or dance, or ball, allure thy soul;

• Nor want, or fear, such arts to keep or lose it

Nor now with fond reluctance doubt to enter

My spacious, bright abode, this gallant heart.

*[Reclines on Hardy.]*

*L. Ha.* Ay, marry—these are high doings indeed;

the greatness of the occasion has burst their passion

into speech—Why, Mr. Campley, when we are near

these fine folks, you and I are but mere sweet-hearts

—I protest—I'll never be won so; you shall begin

again with me.

*Camp.* Pr'ythee, why dost name us poor animals!

They have forgot there are any such creatures as their

old acquaintance Tom and Harriot.

*Ld. H.* So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

*Camp.* My lord, I never thought to see the minute wherein I should rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily. *[Embracing.]*

*L. Ch.* Harriot. } *Embracing.*

*L. Ha.* Charlotte. }

*Wid.* Sir, you're at the bottom of all this—I see your skill at close conveyances—I'll know the meaning instantly of these intricacies; 'tis not your seeming honesty and gravity shall save you from your deserts——My husband's death was sudden—You and the burial fellow were observ'd very familiar—Produce my husband's body, or I'll try you for his murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou hellish engine!

*Truf.* Look you, madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach people in misery—you're undone—madam

*Wid.* What does the dotard mean? Produce the body, villain, or the law shall have thine for it——*[Trusty Exit hastily.]* Do you design to let the villain escape? How justly did your father judge, that made you a beggar with that spirit—You mentioned just now, you could not bear the company of those you'd injur'd.

*Ld. H.* You are a woman, madam, and my father's widow—But sure you think you're highly injured me.

*[Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe:]*

*Wid.* No, sir, I have not, will not injure you—I must obey the will of my deceased lord to a tittle—I must justly pay legacies. Your father, in consideration that you were his blood, would not wholly alienate you—He left you, sir, this shilling, with which estate you now are earl of Brumpton.

*Ld. H.* Insolent woman—It was not me my good father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The guilt was thine, he did an act of justice.

*Lord Brumpton entering with Trusty.*

*Ld. B.* Oh, unparalleled goodness! *[Tattelaid and Mademoiselle as the other door enters.]*

*Truf.* Oh, Tattelaid—His and our hour is come!

*Wid.*

*Wid.* What do I see, my lord, my master, husband living!

*Ld. B.* [Turning from her, running to his son.] Oh, my boy, my son——Mr. Campley——Charlotte——Harriot——[All kneeling to him.] Oh, my children——Oh, Oh, these passions are too strong for my old frame——Oh, the sweet torture, my son, my son! I shall expire in the too mighty pleasure! my boy!

*Ld. H.* A son, an heir! a bridegroom in one hour! Oh, grant me Heaven, grant me moderation!

*Wid.* A son, an heir! Am I neglected then? What! can my lord revive, yet dead to me? Only to me deceased——to me alone, Deaf to my sighs, and senseless to my moan?

*Ld. B.* 'Tis so long since I have seen plays, good madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

*Wid.* You can remember though a certain settlement, in which I am thy son and heir——great Noble, that I suppose not taken from a play, that's as irrevocable as law can make it, 'that if you scorn me——your death and life are equal——Or I'll still wear my mourning, 'cause you're living.'

*Truf.* Value her not, my lord; a prior obligation made you incapable of settling on her, your wife.

*Ld. B.* Thy kindness, Trusty, does distract thee—I would indeed disengage myself by any honest means, but, alas, I know no prior gift that avoids this to her——'Oh, my child.'

*Truf.* Look you, madam, I'll come again immediately——Be not troubled, my dear lords——[Exit.]

*Camp.* Trusty looks very confident, there is some good in that.

*Re-enter Trusty with Cabinet.*

*Cab.* What! my lord Brumpton living?——nay then——

*Truf.* Hold, sir, you must not stir, nor can you, sir, retract this for your hand-writing——My lord, this gentleman, since your supposed death, has lurked about the house to speak with my lady, or Tattleaid, who, upon your decease, have shunned him, in hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever——Now, as he was prying about, he peep'd into your closet——where he

saw

saw your lordship reading—struck with horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the disturber of your ghost for alienation of your fortune from your family—he writ me this letter, wherein he acknowledges a private marriage with this lady, half a year before you ever saw her.

*All.* How! [*All turn upon her disdainfully.*]

*Wid.* No more a widow then; but still a wife.

[*Recovering from her confusion.*]

I am thy wife—thou author of my evil.

‘Thou must partake with me an homely board,

‘An homely board that never shall be chearful;

‘But ev’ry meal embitter’d with upbraidings,’

Thou that could’st tell me, good and ill were words,

When thou could’st basely let me to another,

Yet could’st see sprights, great unbeliever!

Coward! bugg-bear’d penitent—

‘Stranger henceforth to all my joys, my joys,

‘To thy dishonour; despicable thing,

‘Dishonour thee!’ Thou voluntary cuckold!

Thou disgrace to thy own sex, and the whole human

May scorn and beggary pursue thy name, [race!

And dark despair close up a life of shame.

[*Cabinet sneaks off.* *Widow flings after him,*

*Tattleaid following.*]

*Ld. B.* I see you’re all confused as well as I—Ye

are my children—I hold you all so. And for your

own use will speak plainly to you, I cannot hate that

woman: nor shall she ever want. Though I scorn to

bear her injuries——yet had I ne’er been roused

‘from that low passion to a worthless creature——

‘but by disdain of her attempt on my friend’s child.’

I am glad that scorn’s confirmed by her being that

fellow’s—whom for my own sake I only will condemn.

Thee, Trusty, how shall we prosecute with equal praise

and thanks for this great revolution in our house.

*Truf.* Never to speak on’t more, my lord.

*Ld. B.* You are now, gentleman, going into cares

at a crisis in your country.

And on this great occasion, Tom——I’ll mount

Old Campley which thy father gave me,

And attend thee a chearful gay old man,

who, upon now, as he was

lying about the bed, he peep’d into your closet—where he

- ' Into the field to represent our country.  
 ' My rough Plebeian Britons, not ye slaves  
 ' To France, shall mount thy father's son  
 ' Upon their shoulders. Echo loud their joy—  
 ' While I and Trusty follow weeping after;  
 ' But be thou honest, firm, impartial,  
 ' Let neither love, nor hate, nor faction move thee,  
 ' Distinguish words from things, and men from crimes;  
 ' Punctual be thou in payments, not basely  
 ' Screen thy faults 'gainst law, behind the  
 ' Law thou makest—  
 ' But thou, against my death, must learn a superero-  
 ' gatory morality. [To Lord Hardy.  
 ' As he is to be just, be generous thou:  
 ' Nor let thy reasonable soul be struck  
 ' With sounds and appellations; title is  
 ' No more, if not significant  
 ' Of something that's superior in thyself  
 ' To other men, of which thou may'st be  
 ' Conscious, yet not proud—But if you swerve  
 ' From higher virtue than the crowd possess,  
 ' Know they that call thee honourable mock thee.  
 ' You are to be a peer by birth, to judge,  
 ' Upon your honour, others lives and fortunes;  
 ' Because that honour's dearer than your own.  
 ' Be good, my son, and be a worthy lord:  
 ' For when our shining virtues bless mankind,  
 ' We disappoint the livid malecontents,  
 ' Who long to call our noble order useless.  
 ' Our all's in danger, sir, nor shall you dally  
 ' Your youth away with your fine wives.  
 ' No, in your country's cause you shall meet death,  
 ' While feeble we with minds resigned do wait it.  
 ' Not but I intend your nuptials as soon as possible, to  
 ' draw intails and settlements. How necessary such  
 ' things are, I had like to have been a fatal instance,  
 ' *Camp.* But, my lord, here are a couple that need  
 ' not wait such ceremonies. Please but to sit; you  
 ' have been extremely moved, and must be tired.  
 ' You say we must not spend our time in dalliance:  
 ' you will see, my lord, the entertainment reminds  
 ' us also of nobler things; and what I designed for  
 ' my own wedding, I'll compliment the general with.  
 ' The



‘ The bride dances finely——Trim, will you dance  
 ‘ with her?’

‘ Trim. I would, but I can’t—There is a country-  
 ‘ man of hers without by accident.

‘ Camp. Ay, but is he a dancer?’

‘ Trim. Is a Frenchman a dancer? Is a Welshman  
 ‘ a gentleman? I’ll bring him in——

‘ {Here a dance, and the following songs.

## S O N G I.

‘ On yonder bed supinely laid,

‘ Behold thy lov’d expecting maid;

‘ In tremor, blushes, half in tears,

‘ Much, much she wishes, more she fears.

‘ Take, take her to thy faithful arms,

‘ Hymen bestows thee all her charms.

‘ Heav’n to thee bequeaths the fair,

‘ To raise thy joy, and lull thy care;

‘ Heav’n made grief, if mutual, cease,

‘ But joy divided, to increase:

‘ To mourn with her exceeds delight,

‘ Darkness with her, the joys of light.

## S O N G II.

‘ Arise, arise, great dead, for arms renown’d,

‘ Rise from your urns, and save your dying story,

‘ Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown’d,

‘ For mighty William seizes all your glory.

‘ Again the British trumpet sounds;

‘ Again Britannia bleeds;

‘ To glorious death, or comely wounds,

‘ Her godlike monarch leads.

‘ Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe;

‘ Celestial minds from clay untie.

‘ Let coward spirits dwell below,

‘ And only give the brave to die.’

Ld. B. Now, gentlemen, let the miseries which I  
 have but miraculously escaped, admonish you to have  
 always inclinations proper for the stage of life you are  
 in. ‘ Don’t follow love, when nature seeks but ease,  
 ‘ otherwise you will fall into a lethargy of your dis-  
 ‘ honour, when warm pursuits of glory are over with  
 ‘ you; for fame and rest are utter opposites.’

You

You who the path of honour make your guide,  
Must let your passion with your blood subside.  
And no untim'd ambition, love, or rage,  
Employ the moments of declining age;  
Else boys will in your presence lose their fear,  
And laugh at the grey head they should revere.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## EPILOGUE.

**L**OVE, hope, and fear, desire, aversion, rage,  
All that can move the soul, or can assuage,  
Are drawn in miniature of life, the stage.  
Here you can view yourselves, and here is shown,  
To what you're born, in sufferings not your own.  
The stage to wisdom's no fantastic way,  
Athens herself learn'd virtue at a play.  
Our author me to-night a soldier drew;  
But faintly writ, what warmly you pursue:  
To his great purpose, had he equal fire,  
He'd not aim to please only, but inspire;  
He'd sing what hovering fate attends our isle,  
And from base pleasure rouse to glorious toil.  
Full time the earth to a new decision brings,  
While William gives the Roman eagle wings:  
With arts and arms shall Britain tamely end,  
Which naked Picts so bravely could defend;  
The painted heroes on th' invaders press,  
And think their wounds addition to their dress:  
In younger years we've been with conquest blest,  
And Paris has the British yoke confess'd;  
Is't then in England, in bless'd England, known,  
Her kings are nam'd from a revolted throne?  
But we offend——You no examples need;  
In imitation of yourselves proceed;  
'Tis you your country's honour must secure;  
Be all your actions worthy of Namur:  
With gentle fires your gallantry improve;  
Courage is brutal, if untouch'd with love.  
If soon our utmost bravery's not display'd,  
Think that bright circle must be captives made;  
Let thoughts of saving them our toils beguile,  
And they reward our labours with a smile.

F I N I S.









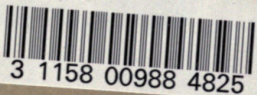
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